



THE ANGEL OF HOPE.

HARUTUNE

OR

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN THE ORIENT.

BY

H. S. JENANYAN.

*Professor of St. Paul's Institute, Taurus, Cilicia; also Founder and Principal
of Asia Minor Apostolic Institute, Jerusalem.*

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

TORONTO:

WILLIAM BRIGGS,

111 BROADVIEW STREET WEST.

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1898

ENTERED according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year
one thousand eight hundred and ninety-eight, by WILLIAM
BRIGGS, at the Department of Agriculture.

DEDICATED

TO

Asia Minor Apostolic Institute

(OF ICONIUM AND TARSUS),

WHICH, IN ITS BIRTH, EXISTENCE AND GROWTH, HAS COST

THE AUTHOR AND HIS DEVOTED WIFE MUCH

ANXIETY, HARDSHIP AND LABOR,

WHILE THE RESULTS ACCOMPLISHED HAVE GIVEN THEM

GREAT JOY, PLEASURE AND UNBOUNDED HOPE.



PREFACE.

THE title of this volume indicates its scope and spirit. Harutune, as the central figure, is led by Divine providence from a babe in swaddling clothes to a responsible and important position. The present home, social and religious life of the Orient is pictured by many facts entertaining and instructive, and in many cases very touching. Over one hundred native proverbs and poems—many of them very beautiful—are interwoven throughout.

The field of the events of this volume being for the most part Armenia and Asia Minor, the cradle-land of Christianity, it naturally deals with subjects suggestive and profitable to Bible students—many Scripture narratives having been symbolized through present manners and customs of the people. The whole book is adapted to interest every class; the illustrations—many of which are from original native drawings or rare prints—in themselves being a panorama well worth study to obtain better knowledge of the Orient.

Certain chapters are written specially for the benefit of the youth, thus making the volume suited to the home, Sunday School libraries and young people's societies: consequently any young man or woman interested in missions

PREFACE.

cannot help but be inspired and encouraged for life-long usefulness, seeing how God could save and use even Harutune, the cobbler's son, for His honor and glory.

The closing chapters are brief and vivid accounts of the late events, when many thousands of Armenian Christians as heroes and heroines suffered divers persecutions while holding fast their faith in Christ, even unto death. The martyrdom of several persons is related in particular.

This book is dedicated to Asia Minor Apostolic Institute, which exists to give relief to widows and orphans of devastated regions, and the proceeds from its sale will be devoted for the work of the Institute.

It is earnestly hoped that this volume, written with many prayers, will carry its mission for good wherever it goes; and by each and every reader recommending it to their friends, such a sale shall be had as will materially aid in establishing the Institute on a permanent basis for perpetual service to the land and people and to our God.

H. S. JENANYAN.

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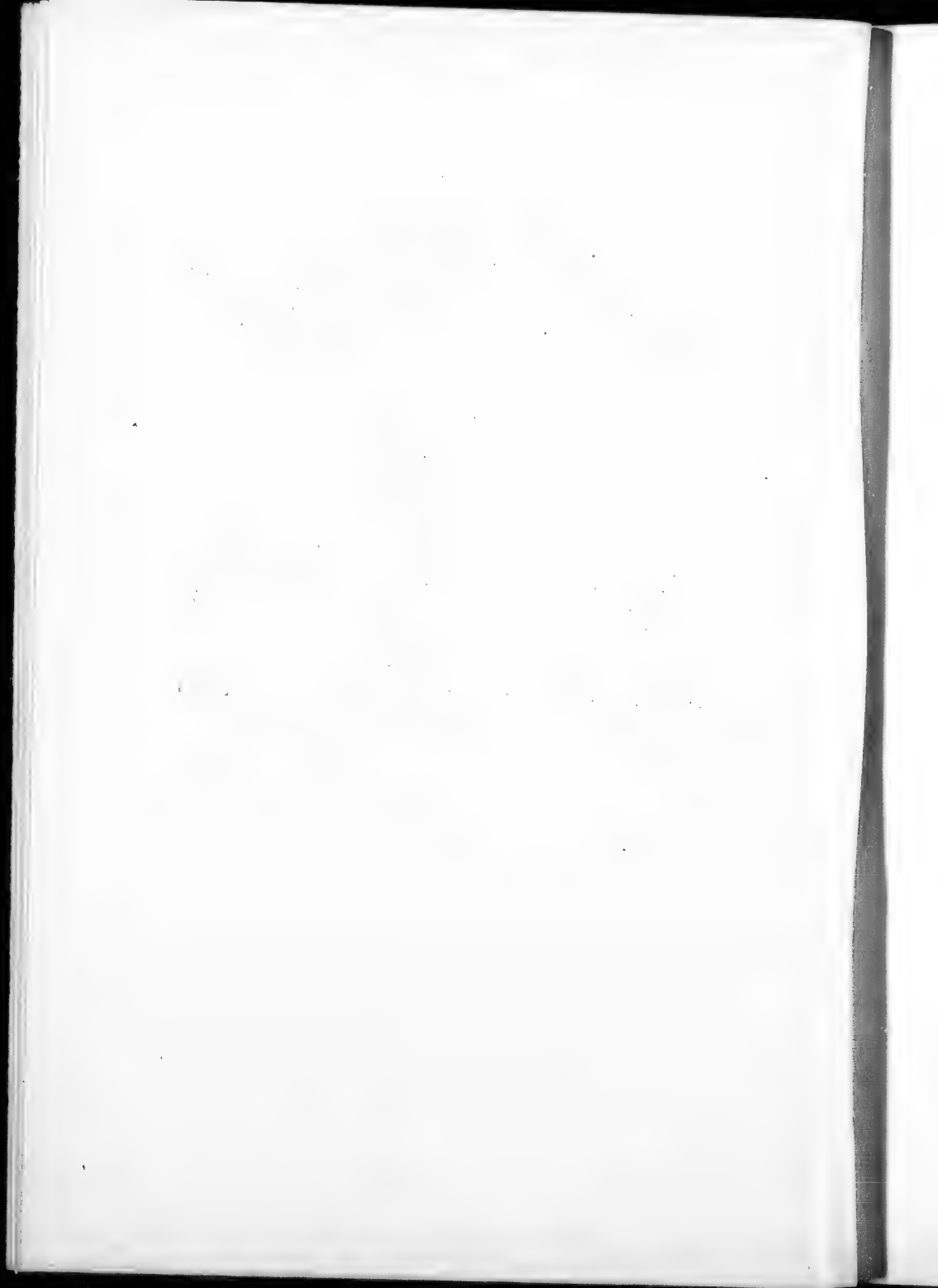
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HARUTUNE

OR

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS IN THE ORIENT.

CHAPTER I.

GRANDFATHER'S HOUSE.

"A hundred men make an encampment, but one woman makes a home."

"The gem of the sky is the sun ; the gem of the home is the child."

GRANDFATHER MELKON derived his name from the traditional name of one of the three kings or wise men who visited the infant Jesus with gifts. He lived in a city of Marash, in Armenia, where at that time there were no manufactories, and where even now none is to be found. Consequently, as everything had to be done by hand, there were not very many rich people. All stood on a common level, with ordinary employments. Oriental peasants often ask, "If I am a master and thou art a master, who shall drive the asses?"

Grandfather Melkon was only a poor travelling cobbler, and life for him was a hard struggle ; but he won great favor and confidence among the villagers by his integrity. Not being able to read or write,

he kept all his accounts in his memory, to be settled at the time of the harvest or of the grape-crop, the peasants readily accepting his statements.

But affairs did not always go smoothly. Once a conflict occurred between villages. Melkon was captured, and charged with being a spy. He was tied to a tree, to be hanged after sunset. Soon the Governor of the place was surprised to see a village chief, well armed, with loins girded, coming rapidly toward him. Another chief, and still a third one, in like manner followed. After a solemn silence the perplexed Governor asked :

"What is the matter ? You seem greatly excited."

Each one took out in turn a piece of rope from his bosom, pointed to a certain tree near by, and said : "You have captured our favorite Kara Goetz, the black-eyed, and we hear you will hang him. He is the bag of our salt. Here is the rope, here the tree ; hang us first and then you may hang him."

The Governor saw danger in offending such chiefs, and calling the captive, said : "As you are the favorite of the villagers, you shall also be my favorite. You may freely travel in any part of this district in peace." Thus the native proverb was well proven :

"Three things are discovered only in the following way : a hero in war, a friend in necessity, and a wise ruler in anger."

The village life was always very simple. People, both men and women, with equal responsibility, were occupied with their flocks, farms and vineyards. Some of the courageous ones came to the city to earn more money.

There, for instance, stands a villager on a city street, inviting the passers-by to examine his wooden spoons (kashuk) and his ladles (chomcha), which were made by the family in long winter days, and are now ready for sale among the city folks. Notice that young man, a long bow with string attached in one hand and a club in the other. Going from house to house he calls out, "Pambook Atarum!"—I beat cotton. As the bunches of cotton are brought out to him, by means of the club and bow-string he renders the cotton soft and fluffy, thus preparing it for spinning and for bedding purposes. In return for his work he is rewarded with cotton, and after two or three months' labor carries to his village a large amount of it to supply the women and the weavers of white cloth. Another villager is engaged carrying and selling water on the city streets in the hot, dreary summer days. The water is in a clean sheep-skin tied on his back, and as he marches along he calls out: "Bouz Gibee soo! Tazeh poonar sooyou!"—Ice-cold water! Fresh spring water!

If the water-carrier be a Christian man, and meets priests, pastors, or any clerical representatives while on their hard and wearisome journey in their noble mission, he freely refreshes them with a "cup of cold water in the name of a disciple." Occasionally some wealthy person, touched with the need of the laboring people, will pay the carrier the full value of the water he has with him, and send him to supply these thirsty sufferers. Then we soon hear him crying out, "Hayden! Zebeel Oollah!"—Hurry up! free gift of



WATER-CARRIER.



COTTON-BEATER.



SPOON-SELLER.



"HAMMAL"—EXPRESSMAN.

EASTERN TRADES.

God! Immediately a large crowd of destitute ones surround him and receive the water "without money and without price."

We must not overlook the strong village "Ham-mal," bending under a heavy load of perhaps from three hundred to five hundred pounds. There being no express or freight companies, the loads are often carried by donkeys, camels or horses; but for valuable and even for breakable goods Hammal is the safest conveyance. He works hard, and you cannot but pity him as he goes up and down the country, the perspiration rolling down his face in streams.

Once in awhile he may rest on a high stone or broken wall by the wayside; then continuing his journey he reaches his destination. Is he not an illustration of the great Burden-Bearer, of whom it is said, "Cast thy burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Compared with many such hard toilers, grandfather Melkon was considered fortunate in his manner of earning a living as a cobbler. He might work part of the time in the villages and spend most of the winter at home, and grandmother being a good woman, tho' ignorant, their whole pleasure consisted in simple home life, with plain living and devotion to their faith. Their house was two stories high, the basement being used for storage and also as a shelter for the donkey and cattle.

The upper part had a large piazza and one room, with mud floor; but without a window; this room had to serve for work, cooking, eating, sitting and sleeping. Grandfather liked to rule in his home, and

while he was in the house all went well ; wife, sons, daughters, brides and grandchildren each feared, loved and served him. He did not want any of his sons, even after they were married, to leave the home, rather enjoying the ever-increasing family over which he reigned as patriarch—for in many Oriental homes twenty to thirty live under one roof.

This family was very healthy, seldom affected by sickness ; in fact, in all that country the worst diseases which prevail in many civilized lands were never seen or heard of. In case of sickness no doctor was called, for in that whole city of forty thousand population there was none to be considered a doctor. Certain ordinary men and women claimed to know something about fever, etc., but these were commonly called butchers or executioners.

Once, as the result of a long journey on foot, grandfather was taken ill with fever and his family asked him to have one of these so-called doctors sent for. He positively declined, telling a story about a king who, being sick, called for doctors one by one. When brought into his presence the king asked the first one, "In your practice did anyone die?" "Ah, no sire!" was the answer. Immediately he was dismissed. The same question was put to the second one, who replied, "By accident ten persons died." That did not satisfy the king, who questioned the third. He trembled, not understanding the motive of his sovereign, but truthfully replied that under his practice scores died. The king said, "You have had a good experience ; you shall attend me."

In telling this story grandfather said, "Those so-

called doctors practised butchery on the poor and fed on the rich. Deliver me from such. Let me alone. If I must die, no remedy can be found; but if God wills I shall live, I shall live." Earnest prayers were offered on his behalf and he was spared to his dear ones nearly fourscore years.

As the head of a large family he had many cares, especially the marrying of two daughters, which cost him much perplexity and expense. But he was never over-anxious for the future, cheerfully bearing each day's burden as it came, remembering, as those in the East say, "The grief of the morrow is not to be eaten to-day."

According to the customs of the times there must be given with each of his daughters, "Jeheez"—that is, a dowry—comprising several suits of clothing, house ornaments, embroidery, copper dishes for cooking and for table use, bedding, and certain articles of jewellery, such as necklaces, earrings, forehead chains and bracelets. As he did not wish them to be married without these respectable outfits, he worked hard and made many sacrifices that he might fulfil his parental duty to his children while yet he was living.

When Stephen, his son, was eighteen years old, it was time to select a maiden. This right naturally belonged to the parents. They anxiously looked around in the church, talked over the matter at weddings, and called at private houses. They did not search for one wealthy, or simply beautiful, but the vital points were to find a girl from a good respectable family, of unblemished character, and with capacity for making a home.

The choice finally fell upon Juhar (gem), a beautiful girl of fourteen and a gardener's daughter.

Stephen was allowed, with some friends, to call upon this family. He had never seen the girl, but while she served the coffee, standing modestly with tray in hand, he had ample opportunity to observe and approve of the choice made for him. With graceful bow the maiden passed out, and Stephen, with full satisfaction, was ready to be engaged. The following Sunday the young couple, with many friends, were brought to the church, and solemnly and religiously the engagement ceremony was performed. This did not mean that they could henceforth see each other frequently, or correspond; on the contrary, the maiden had to use a head-covering so that when by chance she met Stephen anywhere her face could be quickly covered as a sign of modesty.

Stephen did not even dare to pass the home of Juhar. His only opportunity of seeing her was in the churchyard on Sundays, when he could watch her covered figure pass by.

After many visitations from friends, and frequent exchange of presents, in due season the happy wedding took place. For days grandfather's house was filled with guests. In accordance with Oriental hospitality daily suppers were given. Musicians rendered voluntary service for their friend Stephen. A large crowd escorted the bride and groom to the church, and after the ceremony all returned to the groom's house for further merriment and celebration.

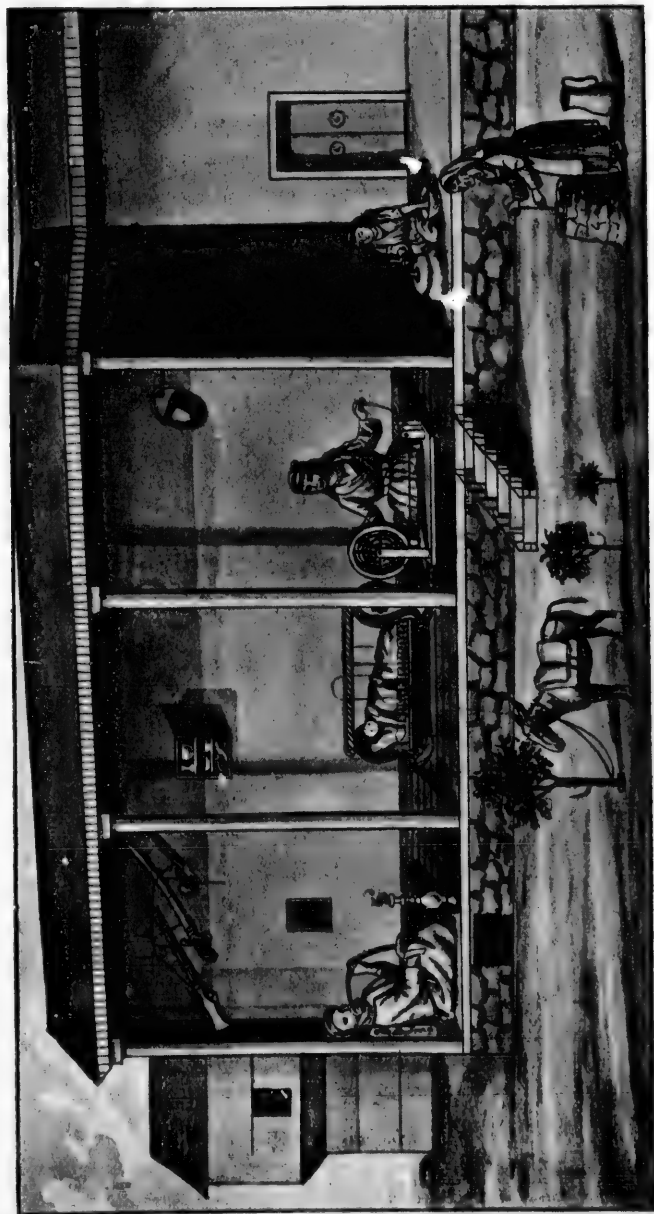
Juhar was like a bright star in the family circle.

As a bride it was her duty and privilege to be first to rise, waiting with basin and towels for the daily ablutions of the entire family ; then to prepare breakfast, and, when evening came, to wash the feet of guests, serve supper, and be the last one to retire. This she did daily without murmuring. If she felt like complaining, she could not, for it was the custom that brides should not talk to any one for two or three years excepting their husband, and then in such low tones that no one else could hear. This may seem hard, but it trained Juhar to be a peaceful, patient wife and mother.

An Easter Sunday brought great joy and gladness to this home, when a little boy came. The poor mother had to stay in a dark room forty days, not being allowed to go out except before sunrise or after sunset, to avoid the popular fear of a curse coming upon the little one. As usual, baby was put in swaddling clothes, with hands and feet all wrapped in a large covering—nothing to be seen but his face peeping out from the cap.

While no enthusiasm could have been shown for the coming of a girl, grandfather, grandmother and parents received many hearty congratulations from relatives, friends and neighbors, who flocked in with gifts of sweetmeats for the mother, clothing, gold and silver pieces for the babe, the latter being sewed on to his cap as a beginning to his bank account.

Will you spend a day in that home ? In the corner of the porch grandfather is mending old shoes or making sandals for shepherds and villagers. When tired he calls for his *nargeleh* (water pipe) and reclines



GRANDFATHER MELKON'S HOME.

From original drawing by a native.

to enjoy a smoke. The young mother sits spinning near by, occasionally touching the wooden cradle where her babe is sleeping, and silently watching for her husband's return from his shop. At last he comes, with something in his hand which he dares not hand Juhar; his mother must have it and share with each member of the family. Should he have any delicacy for his bride it must be kept till after dark and then quietly eaten by the two.

It is supper time. Unexpected guests come in from village or city, who are naturally asked to the evening meal. A cloth is spread on the floor; bread, rolled thin as a wafer, is folded and put before everybody. The male guests sit first while Juhar and the mother serve. First comes a copper tray of "boolgoor pilav"—cracked wheat boiled in meat broth—another dish of "dolma" egg plant, or tomatoes stuffed with seasoned meat and rice; also certain sweets. Everyone helps himself by wooden spoons or by dipping up with the thin bread, all from the same dish, tho' each knows and keeps to his own corner. After they are through the women and girls may eat what is left. The room is arranged with cushions and rugs; there they sit on the floor for a time and talk, smoke, or drink their strong coffee.

It is time to retire. Bedding is brought from the wardrobe and spread on the floor. Last of all, Juhar rests from her long day's work, while snugly bound in his cradle near by sleeps the baby, who was named Harutune, which means resurrection, in honor of his being an Easter child.

CHAPTER II.

THE CHILD AND THE CHURCH.

AN interesting procession entered St. Stephen's Church the first Sunday after Harutune's birth, when grandparents, father and godfather, with many relatives and friends, took him for baptism. They carried a dish of hot water for the ceremony. The godfather put on a long white robe, took baby in his arms and followed the priest and the choir boys with their lighted candles to the baptistry at the left of the altar, where the priest first asked the godfather :

"As sponsor, in behalf of this child, what do you want?"

The reply was : "Faith, hope, charity and baptism." After pouring holy oil upon water in the marble basin, the child was taken and immersed thrice by the priest.

Again the godfather was asked : "What is your further desire for this child?" He answered : "Cleansing of sins and righteousness with baptism—freedom from Satan and subjection to God." Then Meroon—holy oil, emblem of the Spirit—was put on the hands that they might do His will ; the eyes, to see God's glory and look to Jesus ; the forehead, to stand for testimony ; the ears and nose, to sanctify the hearing and smelling ; the mouth, to speak the truth : the



ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, MARASH.

From original drawing by a native.

shoulders, to carry the cross of Christ; and last, the feet, to walk in paths of godliness. Each was touched by the priest, with appropriate prayer, and it was believed that by this baptism and anointing the child was regenerated, and thus received into the membership of the Armenian Church—a church which has stood for Christ from the earliest centuries, and which in all probability received the Gospel direct from Christ and the apostles. His name has ever been adored there, His words firmly honored and His cross faithfully borne.

None was happier than grandfather Melkon when Harutune was thus baptized into the Church. With all his ignorance, and notwithstanding the distance of his home from St. Stephen's Church of over a mile, he never failed to attend service there every morning and evening. No summer heat or winter cold prevented this devotion, and when out of the city struggling for a living, with each morning and evening his face was turned toward the church while offering his earnest prayers.

When Harutune was four years old he was often led by his grandfather's hand to St. Stephen's, and there remaining with him down in a corner tried to imitate the forms of worship, in kneeling, bowing down, and standing. Among the educated during this service appropriate petitions to God are made, but the ignorant are contented with the repetition of the Lord's Prayer and certain Psalms of David.

This church was a large structure. On its eastern side it had three altars, decorated with finely wrought

gold embroidered altar cloths, on which were gold and silver candlesticks, a carefully preserved communion set, crosses, silver covered Bible or Psalms, and beautiful ancient paintings on the walls on every side.

In the dark centuries some erroneous forms crept in, and the Holy See in various times and manners tried to bring the Armenian Church under their control; but the Armenians would not yield or accept the supremacy of the Pope, even under trial and persecution. The administration of their Church is essentially Episcopal. Their spiritual heads are called "Catholicos." These are three in number. The one in Echmiadzin, Russia, is most powerful; another one is in Aghtamar, an island on Lake Van; and the third is at Sis, near Tarsus. There are also two patriarchs or political heads, residing in Constantinople and Jerusalem. The other officers of the Church are bishops, vartabeds, priests and deacons. The priests can marry, and the deacons can do so if they do not intend to become vartabeds or bishops—who are not allowed that privilege. The latter are mostly either teachers or superiors in the monasteries, or else are in charge of certain dioceses. Often their lot is cast in hard places.

In after years Harutune had the privilege of meeting the late Kefsizian, Catholicos of Sis Diocese, in his historical seat, and also at Tarsus. Among many things he said: "My son, forget not that you are the child of the Armenian Church, and when you go to England or America, with an opportunity to speak, tell our sister churches that we Armenians are

not heathen or barbarian—our church is of the apostolic type of Christianity. In the middle ages, and in times of adversity, she was much disturbed by certain erroneous teachings, and we are aware that these errors in our present church ought to be reformed and bettered in this enlightened age, and are aiming and working to that end. Give them our Christian greetings. Let them pray for us, and realize our true and sad conditions. Our church has the material and elements in it to make itself a power in the world. Let them help us and uphold us to that end.” He was a man of four-score years, venerable, intelligent and active. He had done, seen and endured much for the cause of the church.

The following is what may be termed the national greeting of the present Catholicos, who from a poor peasant boy rose to be a priest, bishop, patriarch and now the head of the whole Armenian Church :

“Mugurditch, Servant of Jesus Christ, and, by the inscrutable will of God, Chief Bishop and Catholicos of all the Armenians; Supreme Patriarch of the national pre-eminent Throne of the Apostolic Mother Church of Ararat, in Holy Catholic Etchmiadzin :

“Salutations to thee, Apostolic Church of Armenia, born in Christ by the good tidings of Thaddeus and Bartholomew and Gregory, nurtured and developed in godly faith :

“Salutations to thee, Mother Mount Zion of God—Jerusalem ; in thee appeared the Light of the World, the Incarnate Saviour, the Only-Begotten, who came down from the Father, He who laid the foundations

of the Church of Ararat of Holy Etchmiadzin, built in Light :

"Salutations to you, Catholicoses and Patriarchs, who are brothers with me in equal yoke to conduct and to bear the services of the Church of Christ. Know ye how great is our responsibility in the presence of the great Chief Shepherd ? For every one of us is to give an account for his fold :

"Salutations to you, Preachers of the Church, ye who teach and deliver the message of the Gospel. Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, for great is their grief, and their sins are forgiven them, saith God :

"Salutations to you, Priests of the Most High God, who dispense the Holy Sacrament of the Church, and are educators and guardians of the Holy Family. Know ye how great is your office ?"

To the Armenian clergy of to-day life's noble mission has become a constant struggle. From within and without, on every side, danger threatens. Persecution and even death follow their footsteps. Without any salary or comfortable homes, their living is mostly dependent upon meagre incomes from certain churches. While going from place to place they will wait either to be invited in or to have some faithful woman send them a prepared meal. They are not apostles, but live a life quite similar in hardships, poverty, persecution and sacrifice. They do not endure these things for the sake of remuneration or for honor from man, though highly honored in the circle in which they are known. Their life and death may have no earthly record among the heroes and

martyrs, nevertheless many of them out of submission and full consecration, with unbounded love for Christ, and hoping for the life to come and the joy set before them, are like their divine Master "counting not the shame, enduring the cross."

As for the masses, owing to sad circumstances they are ignorant and unable to tell much of the teachings of the Bible, or explain about Christ and His attributes. Ask them not how much they know or say, but let their faith be tested. Yea, it has been often tried by famine, fire and sword, and they have ever been found willing to die for Christ.

Christians everywhere have most fervently prayed for the missionaries in Armenia, who have been well protected by the Turkish Government and officials, out of policy and diplomacy, but how much have they thought of and prayed for the people, the clergy and the church?—true heroes who are daily passing through fire and blood!

The present head of the church, under the great burden of seventy years and much painful responsibility, in tenderly closing his salutation to the Armenian Church, on December 15th, 1893, wrote: "But what is the help of man? O that the compassionate Samaritan might pass by you! Pray for me, my spiritual co-workers, for I know that most heavy is the cross that the Church of Armenia has laid upon my shoulders.

"And thou, church and people of Armenia, who have chosen me to be your shepherd, I depend as a refuge upon your prayers, and I believe that the



CATHOLICOS, THE HEAD OF THE ARMENIAN CHURCH, ETCHMIADZIN, RUSSIA.

Lord will hear your supplications and keep me for the beloved church. I shall live for you, and you for Christ. Amen."

While this noble message and salutation from the head of the church is inspiring, one cannot overlook the fact that in many places, through lack of liberty and through ignorance, the church, clergy and people have become dark, lax and heretical, and the shepherds unable to feed the flocks properly. They were men of the laboring classes, who, though able to read the ancient Armenian language in which the Bible was written, were unfitted to understand it for themselves or to explain it to their congregations. Their whole work was to perform the ritualistic service of the church, which they faithfully did every morning and evening, while on special occasions only they ventured to preach to the people.

At times they originated some very good ideas. Once, a priest, in expounding the theme of God's goodness and wisdom, said, "How well it is that hawks are not large birds, for, if so, besides capturing chickens and small birds, they might carry off our children. And if such fruits as water melons and squashes grew on trees how unfortunate it would be, for we could not rest safely under the shade of the trees."

Again, "How grateful we should be that God has not given wings to the ox, the horse or the camel, for, while flying, they might have lighted upon our dwellings and broken them in."

While such sermons were not unprofitable, more often through lack of knowledge the teachers gave expression to their own erroneous imaginations.

Once it is related of a priest that while preaching he referred to Christ performing many miracles. Wherever he went this same statement was repeated, "Christ performed many miracles."

The people became weary hearing the word "miracle," without knowing its meaning. At last a man in his audience asked, "Holy Father, please tell us some of those marvellous miracles which Christ performed." The priest hesitated for a moment, and then with perfect assurance said, "At one time Christ made five men eat five thousand loaves of bread." "Didn't they burst out?" was the anxious inquiry. "That part of it is the miracle," said the priest.

It is said of another priest that he was in the habit of exaggerating in his sermons. One day he was speaking of "sons of God" to whom giants were born. He said, "Those sons were great, very great. They could stand up in the deepest of the ocean with the waters not coming up to their loins, and in their hands catch fish from the bottom of the ocean, then raise them up to the sun, roast them and eat them."

Such a state of things was indeed very sad, and has been the cause of mocking, laughter and rebuke, but we must think of the times and circumstances. Happily there has come much enlightenment, and both religious and educational progress have followed. In any case it is better to pity rather than reproach, to help rather than rebuke.

Let the churches of any Christian, civilized people be closed, or, through persecution, their native language forgotten and themselves unable to understand the services of the church even in their sacred mother

tongue: and, with the educational centres abandoned, how many hundred years would that nation continue to be Christian, civilized, educated and prosperous? One or two centuries would suffice to break the candlestick, to mar the glory, and cause the national grandeur and honor to be humiliated!

The Armenian Church for fifteen centuries has undergone the above experience in its bitterest reality, and is it strange that the people have become poor, ignorant, corrupt and forgetful?

Often were the bishops and priests in the battle-field with their flocks fighting the enemy of the church. Often were they in chains, in imprisonments, in hostage, with the pagan, Mohammedan and so-called Christian courts; often were they carried away into captivity and massacred by their captors. How could they give more attention than they did give to the education and enlightenment of their people, and to the purity of their church? Even to-day the best intellect of the Armenian clergy, the lovers of the reform and purity of the church and people, are either in exile or bondage. Thus "the gold became dim, the most fine gold changed, the stones of the sanctuary are poured out in the top of every street."

When they fought for existence, when they struggled for a Christian name and died for the faith, who reached forth to help them? Who saved them? From every hill their bitter cries are echoed. The valleys have been crimsoned by their life-blood, and on the sites of their churches and homes the only signs of their existence are their bones and their

graves. Who has been their friend but Christ, whom they loved and adored, for whom they struggled, for whom they died.

Christ is loving, is forbearing, is patient, but He is also just. He will not forget the service and sacrifice rendered in His name, neither will the selfish and indifferent go unpunished. The time is coming and will surely come when all the churches and nations shall be brought into judgment. The Armenian Church may then attain her ancient glory and with white-robed clergy and people, martyrs and saints, as an adored bride coming out from tribulation, enter into the glory of her true and only head—Christ.

*“Why art thou troubled, Church of God?
Why dost thou sigh with pain?
From whom do all thy sufferings come?
Of whom dost thou complain?

“Is there no cure for wounds, no friend
To lend a pitying ear?
Why art thou troubled, Church of God?
Weep not. See Jesus near.

“Sorrow and hardship are for all,
Though differing forms they wear.
The path He gave us teems with thorns,
The feet must suffer there.

“Remembering this, wilt thou not drink
Thy cup of tears and care?
’Tis proffered by thy Saviour’s hand,
His love is mingled there.”

*From a collection of Armenian poems rendered into English verse by Miss Alice Stone Blackwell, of Boston, Mass., and published in book-form. Several other poems throughout this volume are printed by her kind permission.

CHAPTER III.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

“ How fallen this country ! Once the Eastern Queen,
Whose sceptre swayed beyond Euphrates' flood,
The Light of Asia ! Drear is now the scene
On which her palaces and temples stood.
Where too the champions of the holy rood,
The saints and martyrs, whom the church upreared,
Where Jew and Gentile met in brotherhood !
Strange that where Paul and Peter preached the Word,
No font should now be found, no Sabbath bell be heard.”

THE nations which were once civilized, Christianized and progressive, through whose labor and influence Europe has been enlightened and evangelized, have undergone terrible persecutions, in which tens of thousands were put to death for their faith, and the survivors subjected to hardships and deprivation. They have left as an heritage a corrupted Christianity, ignorance, poverty, and never-ending suffering and sorrow. Consequently the churches and the people “ who, as to the time, had to be the teachers of many nations, became in need of some one to come and teach them the very first oracles of the Word of God.”

So the Macedonian call from the West to the East was re-echoed. The bitter Eastern cry for help was

heard, and Occidental Christians, daughters of the early Asiatic churches, responded by the nineteenth century missionary effort. Look for a moment how the sons and daughters of European and American Christians are scattered in Armenia, Asia Minor and Palestine, teaching and preaching the same Gospel their ancestors received from this same Orient. With all the difficulties their success has been great, and "the poor again have had the Gospel preached to them."

Let us dwell for a moment in that interior city, Marash. An American missionary was preaching to a small group of hearers, when there entered a band of young men to listen to the service. On coming out one of them mocked and blasphemed. A Christian woman gently spoke: "My brother, you had one soul and sold it to the devil; if God demands it, what will you give Him?" These words were as bread cast upon the water, to be found after many years.

Stephen, the son of grandfather Melkon, was one of that number. Though in his early years trained in a pious home, he was worldly-minded, and as he grew to manhood took great pleasure in strong drink and gay times.

In those days the young men took no delight in mental attainments, nor in going to clubs, theatres, concerts, reading-rooms, etc., as there were none; neither were they allowed the company of the gentler sex. By themselves they must originate some entertainment, and the chief of these amusements were occasional visits to gardens and springs, where they

would eat and drink, and sing native love songs; then share in athletic games, including the tournament, and in extreme merriment dance amongst themselves. Those who knew not how to dance said: "The floor is uneven."

Stephen was a great wrestler, and attracted large crowds every Sunday to a park near the spring of the city. To his fame in this art may be added that of his talent for singing, so that no prominent wedding was complete without Stephen and his friends. The following native love song, taken from "Armenian Poems," will serve to illustrate the Oriental expression and ideas so often exhibited in the far Armenian land:

* THOU AND I.

I would I were the lake, so blue and calm,
And thou, fair maiden, with reluctant pride,
Would'st see thy picture, delicate and faint,
Thy sacred image, in my depths abide.

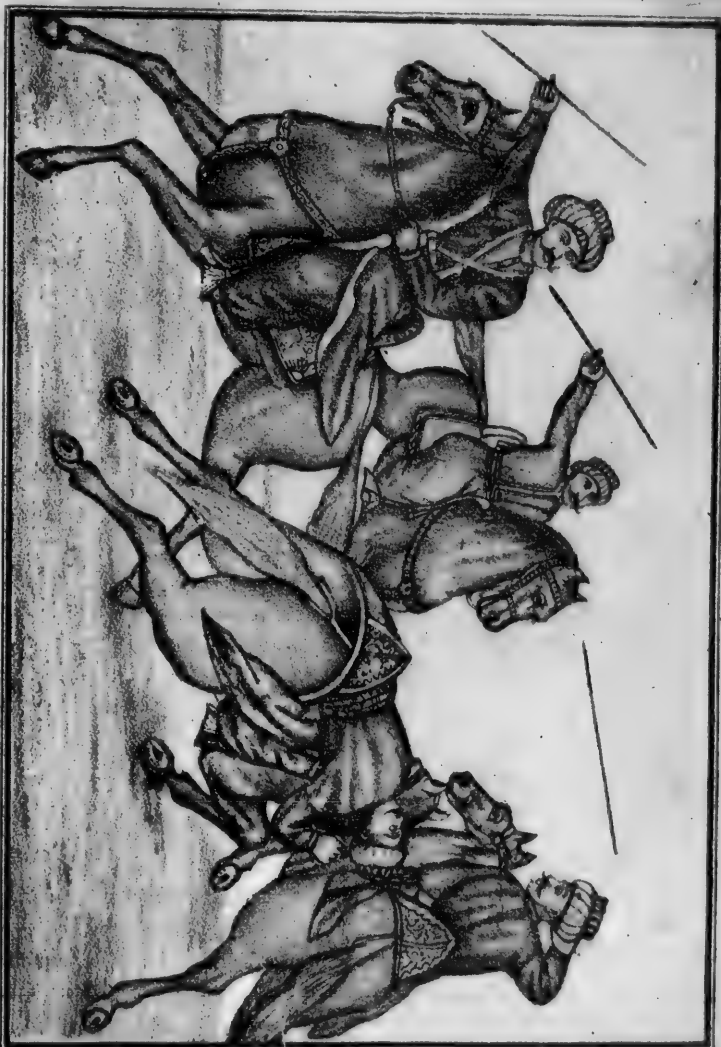
I would I were the forest, dark and vast,
And that thou there might'st come to muse alone,
And, ere I knew it, I might overhear
What thy lips murmur in an undertone.

Or would that thou might'st sit beneath a tree,
Singing a pure, sweet song; and leaf and bough,
With admiration trembling, would descend
And form a coronal to wreath thy brow.

I would I were the face of the blue sky,
That so from heaven I might send down on thee
A multitude of stars, as 'twere my tears;
Ah, do not tread upon them scornfully!

* From the "Armenian Poems."

(جبر و کونسل)



A TOURNAMENT BY NATIVES OF ASIA MINOR.

From an old and rare print.

Would I the writer were, and thou the theme !
 Would thou affection wert, and I the heart !
 I the bouquet, and thou its silken string ;
 When thou art loosed, the flowers will fall apart.

Oh, would I were a lover of sweet song,
 And thou my lyre, angel for whom I pine !
 And that thy chords beneath my unskilled hands
 Might vibrate till thy heart responds to mine !

Stephen, once so fond of pleasure and vanity, had become much subdued and changed by his youthful marriage with Juhar, the sweet maiden of fifteen. She, with her charming black eyes and fine countenance, her abundant dark hair in twenty or thirty braids falling over and adorning her features, and her graceful manner, drew all the affection and attention of her young husband.

Orientalists say, "A wife is half of a man's self," but Juhar proved to be more than half. Her very look breathed innocence and purity. It penetrated and calmed any uncontrolled spirit which may yet have been striving in Stephen's heart. "As the rock not moved by a lever of iron will be opened by the root of a green tree," he could well say of his wife in his native song :

*" I sigh not while thou art my soul ; fair one thou art to me
 A golden cup with water filled of immortality.
 I sit me down, that over me may fall thy shadow sweet ;
 Thou art a gold-embroidered tent to shield me from the heat.
 Thy teeth are pearls and diamonds, the gates of dulcet tones ;
 Thine eyes are gold-enamelled cups adorned with precious
 stones.

* From the "Armenian Poems."

Thou art a rare and priceless gem, most wonderful to see,
A ruby rich of Mount Bedakhsh, my love, thou art to me.

“A young vine in the garden fresh thou art to me, my fair,
Enshrined greenness, and set round with roses everywhere;
I, like the love-lorn nightingale, would hover over thee,
A landscape of delight and love, my queen, thou art to me.”

For a time Stephen was very hostile to evangelical Christianity, even ill-treating his devoted wife because she once went with some relatives to hear a missionary sermon, but her sweet patience won the day, and her husband became greatly attracted by the foreign messengers of the Gospel.

Once while working in his shop he saw two American missionaries hurriedly passing. It was a terribly stormy day in winter, and he learned that they went a long way to visit a poor sick man. Such an example of Christian love and zeal made a deep impression, giving a new idea of the missionaries and their work, and drawing him still more to attend their preaching. Thus, having a taste of better things, he wavered between the world and the church for years.

There were two stumbling blocks in his way. One, his habit of drinking; the other, the reproachful reputation a “Protestant” then bore. Often he would ask his Protestant friends to bring a paper from the missionaries saying, “You come to our church and we will let you drink.” He made his own wine, and filling a large jar would say: “When this wine is all gone I will drink no more and join the church.” But a new supply was always at hand.



STEPHEN AND HIS WIFE JUHAR.

From original drawing by a native.

As for the second reason, being a prominent man in society, he did not like to be called a "Protestant." Often such were persecuted, sometimes very severely.

A preacher coming from a neighboring town made a great stir in the city by his preaching. A large mob got a donkey, placed him on it facing backward, put the donkey's tail in his hand, and amid blows, hooting, cursing and laughing, he was put out of the city. Stephen knew all about this and was not yet ready to bear the cross. He hesitated for years, till one day a missionary told him that "the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all who hold the truth in unrighteousness." Stephen felt it was hard to further "kick against the pricks," and he fully surrendered to Christ. Juhar, his faithful wife, followed his example and did what she could to prove her love and loyalty to Jesus. To celebrate the happy change in their personal and family life they prepared a feast, gladly welcoming the guests one Saturday night.

At such feasts all sit on cushions upon the floor around the room. A guest entering the door gives a general salutation, by raising his hand to his forehead with a slight bow. If he is a man of years or influence all stand and give him the high corner seat. Then, sitting, each one present turns to the new comer, giving another salutation with a word of welcome. Even for a strange guest this mode of salutation is followed, serving for an introduction to all. At such times the conversation is carried on publicly, so that each one may hear, while all quietly listen to the one who is speaking.

When the guests were gathered Juhar came forward with water, basin and towel, and each washed his hands. Then three low stools were brought to the centre of the room and upon each was placed a large copper tray a yard in diameter; thin bread and napkins, with wooden spoons, were put thereon, and from ten to twelve guests surrounded each tray. These were all men, the women having to enjoy the feast later on in another room.

The meal was served in courses. Soup was brought in a large bowl, each dipping from his own side, followed by a whole lamb stuffed with seasoned rice and baked in the public oven—the most honored guest being invited to pull it in pieces with his newly washed hands and give a share to each tray. Stew of meat with okra, or egg plant, and tomato were among the side dishes, as well as sarma, seasoned rice and meat rolled in grape leaves or cabbage. Roasted chicken was eaten with relish, and the dessert was then brought in: soodloo—rice pudding—and paklava, the king of all desserts. This latter consists of from thirty to forty very thin layers of dough, seasoned with plenty of butter, honey and walnuts, cut in small oblong pieces, well baked, and with melted honey poured over all. Watermelons, pears, freshly picked figs, and pomegranates followed. Amber-colored grapes completed the courses.

Then was brought in that large jar which had so often furnished wine for Stephen. All helped to break it with happy hearts, feeling that not only had Stephen and his wife changed for a better life, but

also that a stumbling-block had been removed. So with songs and thanksgiving the memorable event closed.

In all these courses there was the giving of morsels to each other's hand and mouth with much merriment, showing that "when he had dipped the sop, he gave it to Judas Iscariot," was a customary friendly service.

Stephen was poor and only with great sacrifice gave this feast. Juhar was a hard worker in the home, with small children and no servant or help in the house, yet she fulfilled all her duties cheerfully and faithfully. Harutune, their eldest child, often noticed his mother leaning over the cradle of his little brother, keeping silent for a long time. He asked her why she did that.

She answered, "My child, I am praying for your baby brother."

"Did you do that for me?" was his childish question.

"Yes, my son, you are the child of many prayers."

Both father and mother considered it their duty and privilege themselves to lead their children to Christ, and with all their poverty and life struggle, never failed in their efforts with Harutune.

In the home of these young parents the altar for family prayers was always kept burning, as the means of temporal and spiritual blessings. Harutune, sitting at his father's knee, was taught the vital truths of Christ and the way of salvation.

Stephen soon became prominent in the new church

home, with its congregation of over eight hundred. Though unable to read or write, he was quick to learn, and for many years has had the privilege of acting as one of the church deacons.

Juhar never omitted her duty as a Christian mother: often she would take Harutune, on his return from school, to the dark corner of their little house and putting her hands upon his head, would pray with and for him, with longing and with tears which fell upon the cheeks of her boy as an anointing. And God answered the earnest petitions of this father and mother for Harutune's conversion and full consecration to the ministry, and manifested His saving love to the child while he was only nine years old. Thus a new seed was planted in the Lord's vineyard and the labors, longing, and tearful prayers of the parents were crowned with joy and gladness.

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE SIGHTS IN SCHOOL.

"TAKE this book home and read it," said the missionary to the young father Stephen, at the close of service. The answer came: "I am sorry, but cannot take the book." "Why?" "Because I cannot read. Though born and raised in this city, with its 40,000 population, I had no school opportunity. Neither myself nor wife nor my parents can read or write."

The force of this answer can well be understood, for in those days there was no school in the place; only a few here and there had learned how to read at the knee of some priest in his workshop, or near the loom. The priests themselves knew very little, and owing to the poverty of the people had to earn their daily bread while faithfully serving morning and evening in the church. These services mostly consisted of chanting psalms, hymns and the reading portions of Scripture, all in ancient classic Armenian.

The missionary well realized the whole situation and was much touched by the sad answer of Stephen. "Have you any child?" he asked. "Yes, I have a son five years old. He was born Easter-day, so we called him Harutune, and we wish him to be a minister of the Gospel, though we do not see how it can be

done." "Bring that child to me and I will do what I can for him," said the man of God.

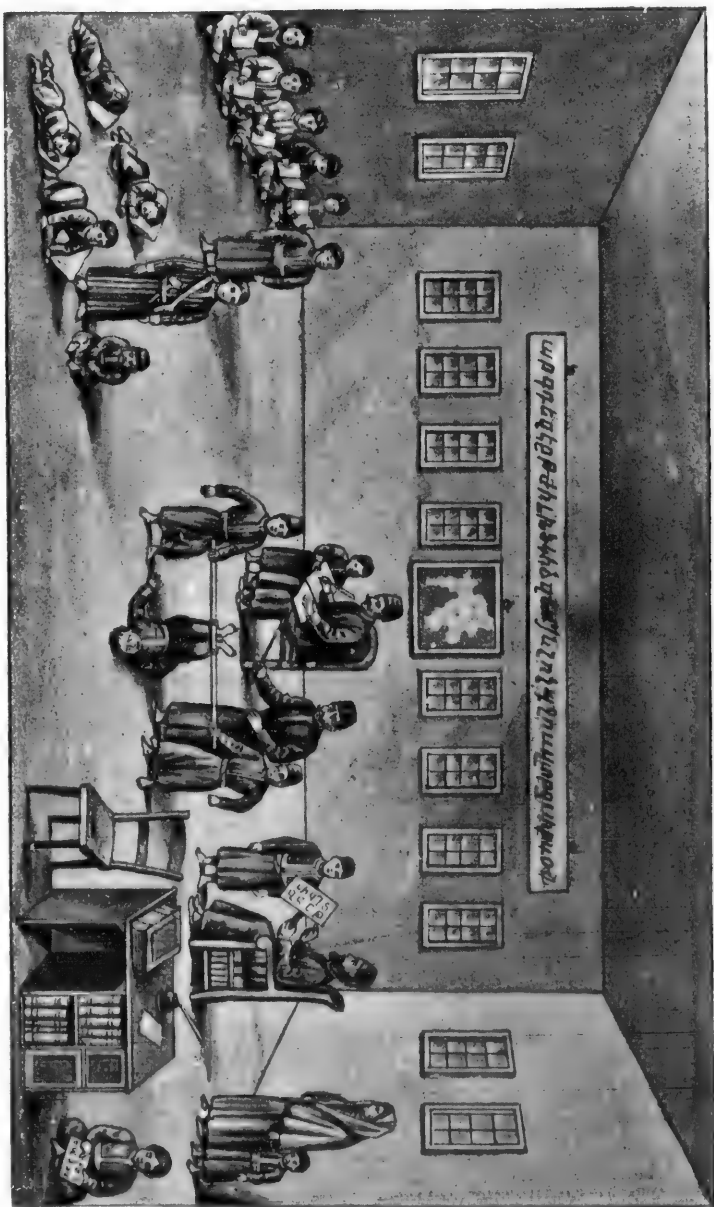
Early next morning the little boy was taken to the missionary by his anxious father. The lad was very shy and somewhat frightened, but the foreigner was pleasant, gave him some picture cards and took him to the school, which was conducted by three native teachers. Here Harutune felt more at home, seeing many children like himself. His great desire, as well as that of his father, was to learn how to read the Bible. Many boys from fifteen to twenty years old had just come and started the alphabet.

Armenians were well trained, and very fond of education, away back before the time of Christ. Four hundred years after Christ their present alphabet was invented by Mesrob. He was a bishop, and his chief aim in this invention was to translate the Holy Bible in the native tongue. To this end he, with his scholars, rendered great service, and the Bible was translated into Armenian early in the fifth century.

Following his example, most of the Armenian literature is in the line of theology, Christian evidence, sermons, songs, etc. At that time when a boy went to school the main object was, so soon as the alphabet was learned, to at once begin to read the Bible. The teachers did not know much beyond that, but they did their best to teach the scholars all they knew.

Will you visit the school?

Irregularities and strange sights must be pardoned, because the different grades have to be gathered in one room. Many grown boys, not having been trained



THE SCHOOL HARKTUNE FIRST ATTENDED.

From original drawing by a native.

before, must often be severely dealt with. Do not be surprised at the noise when three teachers are trying hard to teach and keep in order one hundred and fifty boys of every type, temper and age, all in one room—some learning lessons, others asking the teacher questions, and wrong-doers under punishment, the most severe kind of which is inflicted by the “flakha”—a strong club, with a hole near each end, into which a rope is tied. The feet are put in the opening, the club turned until the rope tightly squeezes them, and the victim, lying on his back with feet soles upward, is severely flogged. Although the missionaries objected to its usage, the teachers on desperate occasions found this would bring to terms many rough, unruly boys.

In yonder corner do you see several children lying down? They are tiny ones, only three or four years old. No cradles are allowed in school, though some are here small enough to occupy them, so the teachers out of pity allow them each day a certain time to lie down on their small cushions and sleep. Some, just waking, are looking around to see if it is time to get up. Near them you see a little boy with an alajah garment, (coat of many colors), and brass ink-horn thrust into his girdle. It is little Harutune, just seven years old, watching over and trying to take care of the sleeping children. Though some may run away to escape punishment, generally all the children like the school and consider it a privilege to attend—a privilege of which many are deprived.

Girls are not allowed in this school, nor was there

any school for them at that time. To speak of a girl going to school was utterly out of place. Sometimes at noon little girls brought lunch to their brothers, and had just a glimpse of what the school looked like. Poor things, how many of them longed for such opportunities.

The noon recess lasted one hour. Some rich children carried lunch, or it was brought by their sisters. They could also spend a little money for sweets and fruits, which were often sold by pedlars around the school. But how hard it was for the poor! Many of them came without any breakfast; had nothing for noon; and at night they might only have a little bread and cheese, or simply bread with a boiled vegetable.

The faithful teachers, besides imparting what they knew through the books, often gave certain instructions necessary in their practical life. Here is the substance of one of these lectures. All the children are sitting on the floor, eagerly listening:

"Scholars," said their teacher, "you must keep your hands folded in front all the way from the school to your home. Never quarrel or speak with each other as you go.

"Older ones of you must take care of the little ones of your neighborhood and not leave them till they are safe home. Never look at a Turkish child.

"When you meet a girl do not speak to her. If she speaks to you do not answer. Look down to the ground. Be modest.

"When at home grumble for nothing. Some of you may be very poor, but fear not. God who has



POPCORN BOY



ICE CREAM MAN



GRAPE SELLER



SHERBET MAN

PEDLARS OF THE EAST.

given the teeth will give the bread. Always be obedient to your mothers and fathers.

"Do not think of taking part in conversations that your parents may have with friends or visitors.

"When any service is needed be the first to respond. When you have brought water to anyone stand still at a distance, your hands folded. Then make the 'Temenna' (bow), take the cup and pass off.

"When sitting before your father never lean on anything, or stretch out your feet, which is disrespectful."

To impress moral thoughts on the minds of the scholars, teachers often gave examples of Eastern proverbs to be written and learned, though many of them were not fully understood by the children. Some were as follows:

"What flowers are to gardens, spices to food, gems to a garment, and the stars to heaven, proverbs are in speech."

"A fig-tree looking on a fig-tree becometh fruitful."

"The body is cleaned by water; the mind is purified by truth."

"Lay thyself low on the threshold of truth."

"Flies espy out the wounds; bees, the flowers; good children, the merits; and bad ones, the faults."

"As a calf, though put among a thousand cows, will find his mother, so a deed, though done in time gone by, will surely find the doer."

"Superior qualities of soul in a brilliant mind are exceptionally charming; a jewel shines all the more brightly when set in gold."

"When the camel wants straw, he stretches out his

neck ; so you cannot obtain truth without exertion."

"Do not lace your boots in a melon field, nor adjust your hat under a plum-tree ; thus avoid suspicion."

"The devil tempts man, but the idle one tempts the devil."

"Towers are measured by their shadows, and great men by those who are envious of them."

"When you cannot afford honey, do not sting."

"There is no malady like love, no foe like folly, no flame like anger, and no delight greater than knowledge."

"How hast thou so profound a lore attained ?
To ask another, I was ne'er ashamed."

This school proved a means of blessing to Harutune.

When about nine years old he was able to read the Bible. One day when reading he happened to see :
"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

"Who is the Son of Man ?" said he. "Christ Jesus," was the answer. He was deeply moved, and in tears went to his mother. "Mother, is it true that Jesus had no place to put His head ? If I had been there I would have given Him my pillow."

The mother answered : "My child, you cannot now give your pillow to Jesus, but you can give your heart that He may dwell in it." Together they knelt and prayed, and this was the occasion when the little boy gave his heart to Christ.

Since those years what a great change has taken place! Now in that city of Marash are Protestant, Gregorian and Catholic schools; about 5,000 boys and girls are under training in different grades. The academy for boys, the theological seminary, and the college for girls are the great pride of the community. The whole country has undergone vast improvement. The Protestant missions alone in Armenia, Asia Minor and Syria have about 700 schools with 32,000 scholars. Robert College, on the Bosphorus, Scutari College for girls, Syrian Protestant College in Beirut, Central Turkey College at Aintab, Euphrates College in the heart of Armenia, Harpoot, Anatolia College in Marsovan, with many hundred high and common schools opened by Gregorians and Jesuits as well as by Protestants, are a standing proof of Christian activity and philanthropy in extending the enlightenment of this nineteenth century. They are indeed the main factors in the future development of the Orient.

Little Harutune, grown in years, with opportunities offered him through such school advantages as have been described, became, to the joy and satisfaction of his devoted parents and early teachers, a living testimony of what God can accomplish from a small beginning.

CHAPTER V.

THE BOY AT HOME.

“Thine own preceptor value more
Than teachers ten of sacred lore ;
And, more than ten preceptors, deem
Thy father merits thy esteem.
But ten times more than even thy sire,
Thy mother dear should love inspire ;
Yea, think that she who gave thee birth
Herself, for thee, exceeds in worth
Whatever else exists on earth.”

“IF I am ‘the child of many prayers’ I must be good,” said little Harutune. He meant it and worked for it. The mother’s love drew him closer—her devotion and prayers entirely changed the boy. There was no danger of Juhar neglecting her child for the sake of society and pleasure. It was her aim to help and do all she could to build her child as a strong Christian character. Harutune in return was conscientious, appreciative, and did his part.

The family were very poor. The mother had small children, and no servant, but Harutune, the eldest, proved a valuable helper. Early in the morning mother and son would rise to make and bake the bread ; the mother rolling out the dough into large

thin sheets which Harutune quickly baked upon an oval sheet of iron resting upon live charcoal. Twice every week this had to be done, and each time some two hundred of those thin wafer-like sheets of bread were made.

To an eager schoolboy, anxious to learn his lessons and be prompt, this meant a great deal. But he did not murmur. No school on Saturday, but that did not permit Harutune to go out for play. It was wash day. The boy had often only one garment to make him respectable for school, and while that was washing he had to stay at home. Meanwhile, helping mother with the wash, hushing and caring for the crying children, he expected no reward other than a sweet smile and loving thanks from his dear mother.

Every Saturday the father gave his son Harutune one metallic (cent). How happy he felt! That was changed into ten mongurs—two being kept for Sunday school, others for small school expenses, as paper, chalk, pen, etc., leaving hardly anything for candy or sweets.

About once a month there was a loaf of sugar brought to the house, and the children had their treat from that. Whenever he had leisure Harutune enjoyed drawing pictures. Just at that time the Government was putting up new telegraph wires in the city, and he tried to imitate the process in the house. He stretched wire across the long piazza, and while pulling it at one end found that the pencil attached to the other end made black marks on paper. This he thought was telegraphing. But with all these



HARUTUNE AT HOME.

From original drawing by a native.

pleasures and work his affections were centred round his mother.

Harutune was very fond of stories, as all children are. Not only would he listen, but he liked to tell others. In this way he amused many children, especially his brothers in the house, which also proved a great help to the mother, as it entertained the children innocently and often profitably.

The following were some of his favorite Oriental stories :

"Once some children, on a bright moonlight night, were looking at a river. They saw the moon in the water, and with surprise told their teacher, who, believing the moon had fallen into the water, helped them bring a log. They pushed one end into the river under a rock where the moon was to be seen, then piling on the other end, teacher and pupils pried so hard that it slipped, and falling on their backs they saw the moon in the sky. 'There,' they said, 'we've got it out at last!'"

"One day Nasreddin Hojah, a funny teacher of the East, was leading his donkey on a lonely road. Two thieves followed. In the East it is considered bad luck to look back, so Hojah did not see the thieves, one of whom took off the donkey's bridle, and, putting it on his own head, walked along, while the other thief led the animal away. After a time Hojah found it hard to pull on the bridle, and looking back, to his surprise saw a man in place of his donkey.

" 'Who are you?' was the question. The man said he had been a wicked son, and his father had cursed

him so that he was turned into a donkey for five years, and the term had now expired. Hojah could not accept such a statement, but the thief said, 'Do you not remember in the Holy Book how a great king became an animal and ate grass?' Hojah thought for a moment, and believing this possible as the result of a curse, let the man go free.

"After a few weeks, our Hojah went to the market to buy another donkey, and he was more than amazed to find his own animal there. Going close to the donkey's ear, he whispered, 'You wicked man, what did you do that your father cursed you again? I will not be fooled into buying you this time.'

"This same Hojah, during the forty days' fast which is kept so strictly each year by the Moslem, missed his snuff more than eating, drinking, or smoking. One day he said to the children, 'Now, children, I am going to take a nap. None of you must touch my snuff-box,' (pointing to it near by) 'nor dare put any of it under my nose while I sleep.' Soon his loud breathing seemed to show that he slept. Then the children took the snuff and did just what he told them not to do. The supposed sleeping man began snuffing with much enjoyment; then said, as he roused up, 'You bad children, why did you put the snuff under my nose? I am not responsible for this. The sin is upon you.'

From time to time Harutune heard that he was betrothed to a little Armenian girl. When he was a baby two years old a little girl was born to a friend of father Stephen, and they were such good friends of many years that to closer cement the friendship

and unite the families it was decided that the little boy and baby girl should be considered engaged.

Now, Harutune was about seventeen years old and the girl fifteen. His parents, too, were more enlightened, and not so bound to old habits and unwise agreements; yet they saw no reason to break an engagement of so long standing, and the mother, with the care of a large family, was earnestly pleading with her son to accept the match, and if possible plan for the marriage, so that she might have a helper in the house. Many influential friends also tried to persuade the youth to this end.

Unfortunately, the mother grew feeble, then was stricken with serious illness, and a crisis came upon Harutune. Must he reject the wishes of the parents, and deprive his dear mother of an intended bride, who would prove a help and comfort in the home? Yet he, looking into the future with high hopes of further education and greater usefulness, could not be reconciled to such an early marriage. In tears he talked with his mother, and in a decided way declined the proposal and offered his time, strength and labor—his all for her. He had pondered the wise saying: "Those who marry thoughtlessly will repent thoughtfully." And again: "An opportunity missed even by a moment cannot be overtaken with a racehorse."

With these trials, abiding poverty and increasing school expenses, the difficulties of Harutune's education grew greater. One day coming from the school, deep was his sorrow, and bitter his cry as he said: "I

do not mind poor clothing, no noon meal, and lack of other comforts, but what can I do without books and other urgent school supplies ? ”

The father, with all his good intentions and wishes for the child, was not able to meet the demand. The mother went and opened her box, took out a little package, and giving it to her husband, said : “ This is all I have possessed in the world from childhood till now. I will gladly give it for the education of my boy ; he is given to the Lord and must be prepared for work. We have put our hands to the plow and must not turn back.” The package contained gold and silver pieces, such as earrings, forehead ornaments, necklace, bracelets, rings, etc. All were sold and thus the boy’s further education was secured.

So he was drawn closer to his mother, who now needed greater care and help, and her son did not fail her in the hour of need. At first no danger was feared, but she rapidly grew worse. Many so-called physicians of the city saw her ; often Harutune carried her on his back through the streets to the doctor’s house, to have all means used that she might be spared as the beloved queen of the home, but no skilful hand was ready, no remedy was found. Patiently she suffered on. Tenderly she was loved and served during her fifteen months’ of illness, waiting each day for the angels of peace to come for the weary sufferer.

At last while husband and children gathered round her death-bed, she committed all to God in prayer, her spirit ascended to rest, and the little helper was

comforted by the thought that he had done all he could for a loving mother.

“ Mother, thou art gone before us, and thy saintly soul is flown,
Where tears are wiped from every eye, and sorrow is
unknown :

From the burthen of the flesh, and from care and fear
released,

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest.

And when the Lord shall summon us, to whom thou wert so
bound,

May we, untainted by the world, as sure a welcome find ;

May each, like thee, depart in peace, to be a glorious guest

Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at
rest.”

CHAPTER VI.

BY THE WAYSIDE.

IT was an interesting sight to see a poor, lame, stammering man with stick in hand, and by his side a little boy holding a book, visit shops and houses, often stopping on the street corners to talk to passers by, or linger by the roadside where Eastern beggars, lame, blind, deformed and aged pleaded for aid, and have a few words with them. It seemed they had access to every place—they were seen in the stores of the wealthy, in the homes of the most influential, as well as in the huts of the poor. They were not employed by any society, nor were they agents for any company. Then what was their errand?

The man, Avedis (good tidings), had been converted to Christ late in life. Though uneducated, poor, with stammering tongue, in his heart burned the love of Christ, and he had no peace unless he did something for the Lord. He found little Harutune, a Christian boy, able to read, who would be a mouthpiece for him. Thus often on week days and every Sunday they were together on their mission of cheer, loved and welcomed by all. Soon an invitation was given them to hold a meeting in the suburbs of their city, in an

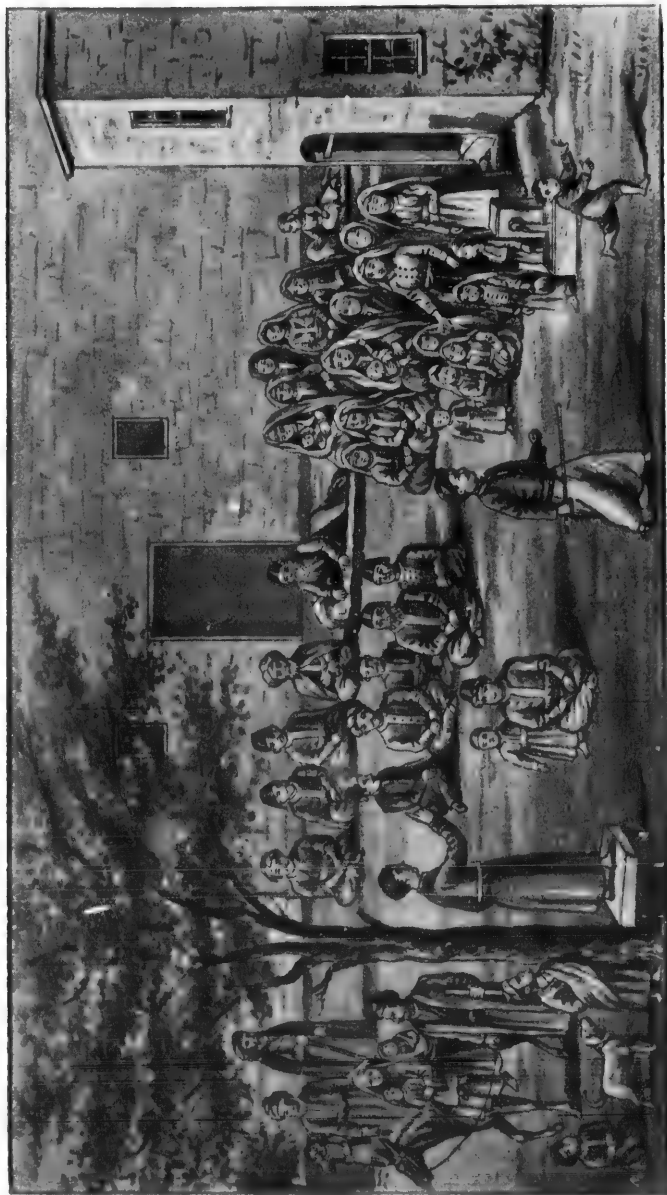
open spot by the spring under the shade of the trees, and there Harutune was to preach.

Will you join the company for one Sunday? All are seated on the ground, women on one side, men on the other, according to Oriental custom. People passing by would stop from curiosity to have a sight and hearing of the unusual occurrence. The feeble and deformed in the neighborhood were brought. Do you see the sick man on his bed brought hither, and listening eagerly?

None could overlook the palsied girl in the farther corner. How happy she was to hear the truth through this boy preacher, who was now only twelve years old. That all might see, he was placed on a stool. Harutune had come to the meeting prepared as best he could; he had written sermons which were simply copied portions of Scripture, containing proverbs or describing miracles. He thought sermons were thus prepared by pastors and missionaries.

His faith was simple, the service humble, yet blessed; even wicked enemies did not hinder this service, because the preacher was only a boy. The place proved very good, as people came in summer for the shade and in winter for sunshine. In that region none had stoves in their homes, and the sun was a blessing to the poor for heat as well as light. So many in shadow and sunshine heard the message gladly and some found the Lord.

Years passed; the boy preacher improved; his library was the Bible and his training was only a common school education. But being made much of



HARTUNE PREACHING UNDER THE TREE.

From original drawing by a native.

and brought forward so young proved a temptation to vanity. For some years it seemed as though the Spirit had left him. Accustomed from childhood to take part in meetings he kept silent. He who had never feared trembled now to offer prayer before others.

About this time it became desirable that he should learn a trade. Weaving alajah (cloth of many colors) on a hand loom, was chosen. We can see him sitting on the ground, a loom before him, his feet on the treadles in a hole half a yard deep, while with shuttle in hand he weaves cloth, occasionally thinking of the words of the patient patriarch: "My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle," and realizing, even in youth, the shortness of life. He worked ten hours each day, weaving fifteen yards, for which he received one cent a yard. He was often weary and discouraged, but by this means he had to support himself. Such a severe struggle for daily bread and the companions he met greatly dampened his spiritual fervor and appeared to injure for a time his prospects. But he never grew quite reconciled to the giving up of all hope of education and of ultimately becoming a preacher of the Gospel. A night school newly opened gave him opportunity for forward steps. A member of the church, a teacher in Sunday school, yet inwardly with the Spirit almost deadened, he was revived after much seeking and prayer. He was led to ask for an appointment to become a preacher in a country town.

The boy's early teacher said: "Harutune, you are

young and have no college or seminary education, how can you dare to go as a preacher?" His answer was sure and simple: "Through prayer I received many blessings; please send me; though feeble I will pray."

Soon after by appointment, very happily, he started, travelling six days on horseback over high mountains and deep valleys, to reach Yerebakan, a country town of several hundred people, where there was a Protestant congregation of over one hundred. Some church officers came to meet and welcome him, and asked, "Did you come to teach in our school?" Presenting the missionary's letter he replied, "Mr. Montgomery sent me to take charge of the pulpit work."

A whisper was heard: "He is just a boy, how can he be our preacher?"

This was very discouraging to a new arrival who had left home and dear ones far away for the first time. Now he was on trial. How would his first efforts result? He spent most of the time in tears and prayer from Thursday till Sunday morning, when he met the congregation, anxiously expectant of his first sermon. The new preacher appeared very nervous and depressed. After the opening exercises he said: "Dear people, I am not ready to preach to you this morning; I have prayed much since coming for God's blessing upon us. Let us now have a prayer-meeting, asking Him to bless us as preacher and people. Let us begin with Him and He with us." Then he was overpowered and hushed to silence. It

seemed as if the Lord himself brought the message to every heart, making such demonstration of His power that the preacher was forgotten. A year passed, each day showing new tokens of God's favor. Scores were led to Christ, many enduring great persecution.

A young man joining the church, his engagement was broken off, which is a dreadful thing in that country. A young bride, Martha, continued coming to the services, and each time that her husband knew it he beat her. Many times this was done. She persisted in coming, willing to endure persecution for the truth's sake, and finally was driven away from home.

A Christian girl was given in marriage to a son in a worldly family. She won her husband not only in love but also in truth, and this brought much trouble. "The chimney never takes fire except from within." The father drove from home his son and bride, and gathering a large force attacked the Christians, with serious results. Some were beaten almost to death, and Harutune providentially escaped from being crushed by a large stone rolled from a house top, which just grazed his head. But soon all was quiet again. The truth was victorious.

A new trial, however, was in store for the young preacher and his people. In that mountainous region the inhabitants, once rebellious under the leadership of their feudal chiefs, had been lately subdued by the Turkish Government, and their leader banished. During the time of his exile he gained the favor and

confidence of the officials, and was liberated, and even given the title of "Pasha;" but he was not changed for the better. As a Persian poet says: "Let the ass of Jesus go to Mecca, when he returns he will still be an ass." So Ahmet Pasha, with ill intentions, was again at his own palace, a few miles from Yerebakan.

The people on every side hastened joyfully to welcome their chief, the old rebellion was stirred up afresh, and peaceful Christians were also asked to join the Turkish, Kurdish and Circassian agitators against the Government of the country.

A message was sent to Harutune and his people to take their part in an expected battle against the soldiers of legal authority. This was by no means desirable. Yet danger was imminent, for the word of the chief was law, and any slight offence might result in death. Nevertheless, the preacher, with a few of his members, in fear and trembling, went to meet and plead with the Pasha. We quote his own words: "Our party, reaching the palace, were much surprised to see a large crowd, all well armed, surrounding it. Telling our errand, we were received into the presence of His Highness.

"For nearly ten minutes we stood reverently before him, our hands folded. At last, raising his head and gazing at us with a piercing look, he asked, 'Who are you?' Learning that we were Protestant Christians, he said, 'Yes, I know you people do not wish to rebel against your Government. Now, I will relieve you for a time, and trust that without your

assistance we shall be victors, then I shall see what shall be done with you.' " He did not realize that "whosoever runs after greatness, greatness runs away from him. He who runs from greatness, greatness follows him."

While this company was in the awful presence many people came from the villages. As soon as they entered the door they dropped on their knees and fell prostrate at his feet; some kissing his feet, others his garment, and more intimate ones venturing to kiss his hand. Such forms are common in the East; the kings in the Bible times required conquered chiefs and princes to kiss their feet. How different the scene when that sinful, but penitent woman, kneeling before the King of kings, kissed His feet, after having washed away the dust with her tears, and when in place of fears and terror love reigned.

For the first time in his experience Harutune now came in contact with farm life, as most of the members of his congregation were thus employed in the valleys and on the hillsides. Ploughing was done in the usual manner with oxen, but sowing was by hand. Both men and women, with equal responsibility, were engaged on the farms.

In the dry seasons, so frequent in the East, how eagerly the people prayed for showers! In case of heavy rain, and the snow on the mountains melting, rivers would overflow, and the fields along their banks would be covered with water. Anxious farmers, not waiting for the ground to dry after the subsidence of the flood, might be seen planting their seed in the

mud. Thus casting their bread upon the waters, they would find it after many days.

In some cases the sowers might be seen weeping. They are using the only grain left in their homes for the food of their children. There is neither time nor money to go to the city to purchase more seed. This is their only chance to sow, if they expect a harvest; therefore, men, wives and children, in hunger and in sadness, not knowing how they will be provided for in the coming days, continue to drop the last of their grain, believing the promise that "those who sow in tears shall reap in joy."

This was proved in the experience of the young mountain preacher. In fear, perplexity and tears he began his first year's ministry, but he gathered a bountiful harvest. The whole atmosphere of the village was changed for the better. Songs of joy were heard from every dwelling. Even the hills echoed the Gospel hymns sung by shepherd boys, with whom the young preacher often spent hours on the mountains or by the wayside. Their life and occupation in many ways suggested the Good Shepherd as He appears in the 23rd Psalm. The large flock scattered on many hills followed the voice of one, while to some, led astray far distant, a sling shot was sent in front as a warning to bring them back.

In these places there were often found the holes and dens of wolves, bears and serpents—enemies of the flock. These holes were closed by the shepherd piling stones in front to avoid any attack on the sheep, and thus the flock fed in green pastures as from a table

prepared for them in the presence of their enemies. They were in the valley of the shadow of death, but feared no evil. In the heat of the day the shepherd sat under a tree beside a spring of cold water, playing tunes with sweet melody on his reed flute. The whole flock were gathered near for rest in green pastures and beside the still waters. Thus the mountain preacher learned much of the Good Shepherd, whose goodness and mercy have followed him all the days of his life.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MAIDEN.

"Dost thou feel troubled at life's darksome sight ?

Live, then, with care, and let thy work be bright.

If thou dost wish thy nights as light as day,

illumine life's lamp with virtue's shining ray."

THE maidens of the Orient are intelligent and attractive, yet unfortunate. You may see them in plain dress, modestly hiding their sweet faces with a head covering; or, among the rich, attired in bright red or blue gorgeous Oriental silk, over which is a fine gold-embroidered velvet jacket, their long, dark hair in many small braids hanging on back and shoulders. Besides the ornaments of rings, earrings, bracelets and necklace, wrought in gold, silver and precious stones, you may also notice rows of gold trinkets hanging on the breast, and in many cases on the forehead and across their braided hair.

But with all this beauty a dark gloom overshadows them—the lack of liberty and opportunity for social, educational and religious development. For this very reason an Eastern mother, while she loves her baby girl, cannot help but be anxious as to her future. In case of poverty, too, the difficulty is far greater.

There is no way of training for life's usefulness, or of earning a livelihood. Either she must prove a constant burden to a struggling family, or under peculiar pressure be almost forced to enter into a married life which may prove a bitter bondage.

Often you will find these maidens condoling with



AN ARMENIAN MAIDEN.

each other. Here are several cases—listen as each tells her experience:

Baydzar (Shining One) is the first to speak: "I hear there is a new school opened in the city, and I wanted to go, but have no shoes, dress or clothing fit to wear; at last my parents made for me a new fistan (plain skirt), and borrowing mother's slippers for the day I went to school. When washday came I had to stay home, and when it was cold, stay in

bed while my dress was washed and dried. At noon I had nothing to eat; while others ate their lunches that was the time for me to borrow their books and study my lessons. All this I did not mind, but, woe to us, one day soldiers came, demanding tax from my father. He had no money. Our copper dishes and bedding they took away, and that not being enough my father was put in prison, my mother and the other children were in great distress and sorrow, so I had to stay at home." These things she told with bitter tears.

Then Azniv (Noble), with glittering eyes, spoke: "Thank God, we are not poor. But my parents said it will not do for a girl fourteen years old to go to school. One day I saw a Bible-woman visiting the neighbors and giving lessons to a young bride. I asked my parents for that privilege; they asked the priest, who angrily refused, and said: 'Keep your daughter away from the influence of those Protestant missionaries.' There seemed no possibility of consent, and one day while mother was busy I watched and went to meet the Bible-woman and begged her to teach me in a certain corner. So I stole away for a few lessons, but in some way my mother found out. So, the other day, while I was taking my lesson, I heard mother calling in an angry voice, and looking up at the sound, my teacher and I were drenched with the dirty water she poured upon us; and, 'though we fled from the rain, we were found under the water-spout.' Oh, dear! there seems no possible way to continue my lessons."

Here spoke the little Aghavnie (Dove): "My case is entirely different. I had occasionally heard from the time I was born that I was engaged to a little boy in a friendly family. When these people saw me they seemed very pleasant and loving, and have occasionally given me presents, which I accepted, thinking nothing of them. Now I was ten years old and was going to the school just opened in our neighborhood, when a message came to my parents, saying: 'As Aghavnie is engaged to our son we do not want her to go to school.' I wept and pleaded with my parents, but they told me, 'Our child, we want you to go to school, but if we permit, the long-standing engagement must be broken. If you should go to school four or five years what will you do then? You cannot be a teacher or bring us and yourself any help by studying; what good will it do? When you are of age your lot may fall to a bad place; this family who want you are respectable, the boy seems good and promising. Perhaps it is just as well to have you give up school and keep up our relation with that family. Some day you will be a good, happy bride.'" This did not satisfy Aghavnie; she sadly quoted the favorite saying: "If you buy cheap meat you will smell what you have saved when it boils."

The tale of Makrouhi (Pure One) was more thrilling. She was a daughter of a rich family, always well dressed and given every opportunity for education. One day, in company with other girls, while returning from school, they were attacked by a band of ruffians, stripped of their gold and silver ornaments, their

earrings snatched away, leaving their ears torn and bleeding, and, worse than all, two of the girls were carried away to some harems, never to be recovered. Another was married by force to a wicked man of different faith and nationality.

“ The forehead pure, the sacred veil
Of the Armenian maid,
Shall rude hands touch, and hell's hot breath
Her innocence invade !
They do it as men crush a flower,
By no compunction stirred ;
They capture an Armenian girl
As they would catch a bird.”

And Makrouhi was carried away to share a similar fate with her companions. A day and night were spent in great agony; she could not eat or sleep, mourning for her sad condition. At night she stole to the house-top. Eagerly watching the passers-by on the street, she recognized a Christian, and gently pleaded to be rescued. When assured of aid, she threw herself down into the out-stretched arms of her deliverer; thus was she saved for life, faith and purity.

While each girl was telling her peculiar and pathetic experience, Khatoun, a crippled girl, fifteen years old, crept toward them and said: “ You all have been unfortunate, but what of me ? ” Pointing to a poor hut, she continued: “ In this place I was born and brought up; my father is dead; my mother poor, so that by spinning or weaving she hardly earns bread enough

for us. For five years I have been thus helpless from paralysis—no hope of medical help or recovery, but much fear of getting worse, and often in hunger and suffering.”

All this time Harutune was sitting in the opposite corner, apparently reading a book, but quietly listening to what was being said. His heart was much touched, and he was willing to do anything in his power to bring a little comfort to those sad hearts. He knew some of these girls, and especially poor Khatoun.

In after years, seeing how the Lord saved and used this palsied woman for a life of cheerfulness and service, he was much encouraged. His words may be quoted: “One Sunday I was preaching in a Marash church. To my great surprise I saw four young men carrying a rough wooden bed, with a woman lying on it. They placed it near the pulpit. She had a bright, sweet face, and eagerly listened to the preaching. After service I went to her and was glad to learn she was palsied Khatoun whom I knew several years before. While holding evangelistic services in another church, Khatoun was carried there on her bed, two miles distant from her home. After the noon meeting she would stay in church all alone waiting for evening service. During the singing her voice rose loud and clear, easily distinguished by its sweetness and fervor. With my wife I visited her at home—a poor, low hut. Khatoun’s bed was brought near the door; there she lay bright and cheerful, her mother close by.

"How are you, sister?" I asked.

"I am very well," was the cheerful reply.

"We are very sorry you are so helpless."

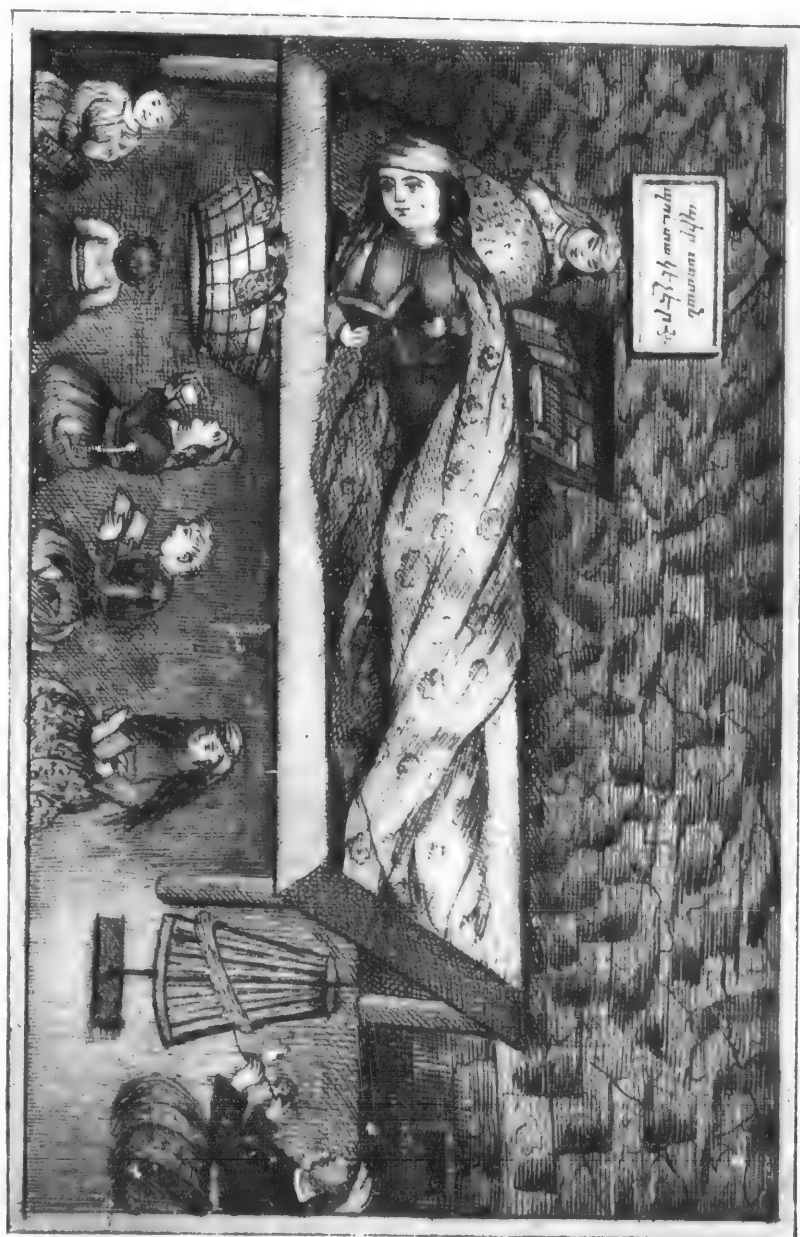
"I am not," she replied. "I have been palsied over fifteen years; for the last ten years I have not been able to turn in bed, always lying on my back. At first I murmured at my misfortune, but now I am happy and thankful to God. On this bed I have found Jesus. I learned to read while thus stricken, and through the Gospel found the way of salvation."

As to this affliction and distress, slowly she pointed to a motto over her bed, reading, "Soon all these will pass away, and rest come."

Around her bed were several poor children. "Who are these?" I enquired.

She said: "They are my scholars. Their parents being poor and living so far from school I offered to teach them to read. Though I cannot move they come one by one, holding their books near my eyes while I explain. These are not all; I have taught some young men who were led to the way of salvation, and out of gratitude they carry me on my bed to any church I desire. The four young men you saw taking me into the church were of that number." So we learned that "Good qualities, though hidden, become unveiled, and shine throughout the world, as the flower of jasmine, although dried up, sends a sweet fragrance everywhere."

We were eager to know how Khatoun was supported. Her mother brought a basket, showing some small holders, lamp mats and tidies neatly worked by



KHAFOLN, THE FALSED MAIDEN.

From original manuscript in a library.

Khatoun while lying flat on her back. By the sale of these articles and the little her mother could make, they lived.

Thus with grateful heart to God I learned that Khatoun, this palsied maiden, was a true preacher, a teacher, a heroine and a saint. She is now with her Lord. "For her to die was gain."

"To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest angel gently comes ;
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again :
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father sends him here.

"Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

"Oh thou who didst mourn on thy way
With longings for the close of day,
He walked with thee, that angel kind,
And gently whispered, ' Be resigned ;'
Be of good cheer, 'tis the end at last,
Thy dear Lord now has given thee rest."

CHAPTER VIII.

LOST SIGHT OF.

“If this world were our abiding-place, we might complain that it makes our bed so hard. But it is only our night-quarters on a journey ; and who can expect home comforts ?”

ROUGH and rocky is the road to success, and we are often lost sight of while journeying over high mountains and deep valleys.

After a year at college Harutune was very happy on being sent to preach for the vacation months in Choek-Merzimen, a town of 5,000 people on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, not very far from ancient Antioch. The whole place abounded in orchards of lemon, orange, pomegranates and fig-trees ; the people lived in little reed huts. One of these huts, though very small, was to serve as a living-room to Harutune and the former preacher Peter, who still resided there. The same room was also to be used for the Sunday services.

The doctrines and mode of worship of the Protestant Church were new things to the people, who were not only ignorant and hostile, but rough and unruly. They did not care for any new teaching, however good it might be, and everywhere they breathed out

threatenings against the new teachers and their small band of followers. As their warnings did not avail much, they determined to use force.

Early one morning the hut was surrounded by two hundred enraged men, with clubs in hand, who demanded their immediate departure, beat them severely and threatened to kill them if they delayed. Their bedding was tied on their backs and they were forced out of the town. Thus walking twelve miles under a hot sun, in paths of danger, the young missionaries arrived at another town, where, in a most wretched corner of an Oriental bakeshop, they found lodging. Here for several days under severe fever and sickness, without medical aid, their lives were in the balance.

Recovering, they returned to Tarsus and were gladly received by the brethren in the city where the Apostle to the Gentiles was born. Reaching there Saturday night, the good deacon entertained them, but nothing was said about their preaching the next day.

Sunday morning, on their way to church, the brethren invited those they met at corners and streets to come and hear the new preachers, who, surprised, looked at each other and inquired, "Who do they mean—is it you?" and naturally asked the brethren, "Do you expect us to preach? You did not say anything about it." The reply was: "What, do you mean to come here and not expect to preach? As for inviting, it is understood that of course you will preach. The idea of St. Paul going to a place and then

waiting for the people to invite him to preach! Here you are in the city of Paul's birth; follow his example, be ready." The lot fell upon Harutune, who preached on a favorite text, from the words of the Apostle, "The love of Christ constraineth us."

This unexpected visit and preaching proved the first step to many services rendered in this region in later years.

After two years' more training, Harutune was sent by the missionaries to take charge of the pulpit work in Tarsus. He was detained on the way in Adana, the capital of the Cilician province, where the church had no pastor and a larger congregation was in great need. A heavy responsibility fell upon the young preacher to stay and take charge of that work, which was a hard task for one so inexperienced. But the Divine Spirit demonstrated His power.

The people here proved eager and thirsty for the truth. On week days from four to six hundred, and on Sundays from eight to twelve hundred, gathered into the church. No paper was printed to give notice, neither were any circulars or signs posted; school children were the message-bearers into the homes inviting and bringing their non-



HARUTUNE,
WHEN PREACHING IN
ADANA.

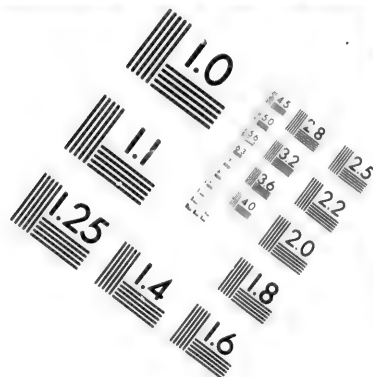
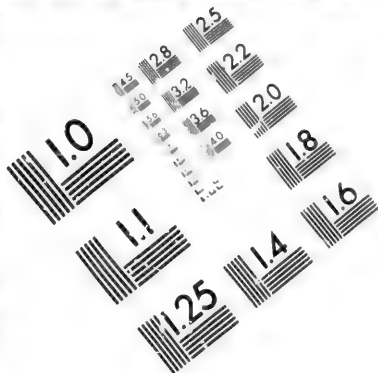
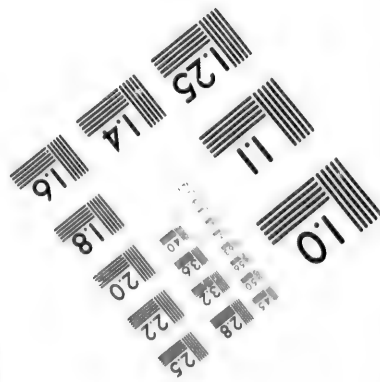
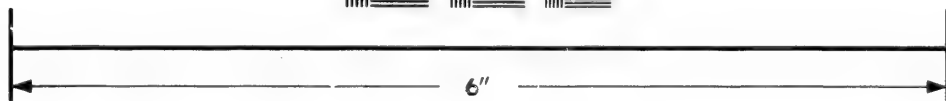
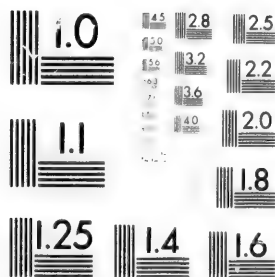


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Christian parents to the services, where scores took part in confession, submission and consecration. Lispering prayers of children moved and mingled with the earnest petitions of older ones. What a sight to see Father Daniel, in the exceptional old age of 110 years, with his friend eighty years old, both backsliders, so broken down and in tears they could not stand on their trembling knees, but their voices and sobbing were heard over the crowd. They both entered into the Kingdom as little children.

There sat a strong, intelligent man, an infidel, who had come with the expressed desire to disturb the meeting. Deeply touched, he rose. "Pray, brother," was the request from the leader. Humbled and trembling he said: "How can I pray? I was an infidel; will God hear my prayer?" From many parts of the church, in various languages, was heard at once: "Pray, the Lord will hear." He did pray. He and many in like contrite spirit found the Lord.

These sights were strange to the people, and the feeling was well expressed by a deacon who said: "What is this place—is it heaven? But there are no tears in heaven, and here we all weep. Certainly this must be the gate to heaven, the Jordan of tears on the way to the Canaan of salvation." It was indeed the very gate of heaven through which scores entered into life eternal.

While in Adana, which is the centre of a great agricultural region, Harutune became well acquainted with farming life.

Though some European implements have lately

been introduced, in most of the fields the work is done as in Bible times.

There is a family—sons, daughters, brides, and even children, at work. The older ones, men and women alike, are reaping with native sickles. The little ones and the delicate are following them, gleaning. Once in a while the father drops a handful purposely to encourage the weary children.

When the reaping is done, the bundles are gathered on a smooth floor for threshing. The instrument used is a heavy board, two yards in length and a yard wide, one side of which is entirely covered with flint stones, one edge of each piercing the board, the other sharp edge out. This side is turned over the grain and drawn round and round by an ox or a horse. To increase the weight of the board so as to help cut the chaff, children are often piled upon it, in merriment and singing. The harvest time is always a joyful season.

None of the animals are muzzled, for it is still the custom to give the scriptural liberty to the ox that treadeth out the corn. After a day or two of such labor, you see a pile of grain and chaff together which must be winnowed. By means of a fork or fan, the trodden straw is tossed up into the air and the chaff separated from the grain by the wind.

Until the Government officers come to measure the wheat and take a tithe, the grain cannot be removed from the field. Meanwhile the owner returns every night and sleeps on his threshing-floor to guard the crop. In their convenient time the officers appear,

take out their share, and the priests or religious teacher will be remembered in good measure. Then, too, all debts will be paid out of the crop.

Happy is he who owns a farm, and after all these demands are met, still has a large quantity of wheat for the year's supply of his family. But woe to him who owns nothing, but has simply entered into partnership with a selfish landlord. He toils hard, and when harvest time comes, after all the claims are met, the landlord has the chief share, and he, with but little left, is scarcely able to pay his debts and has no support for his family.

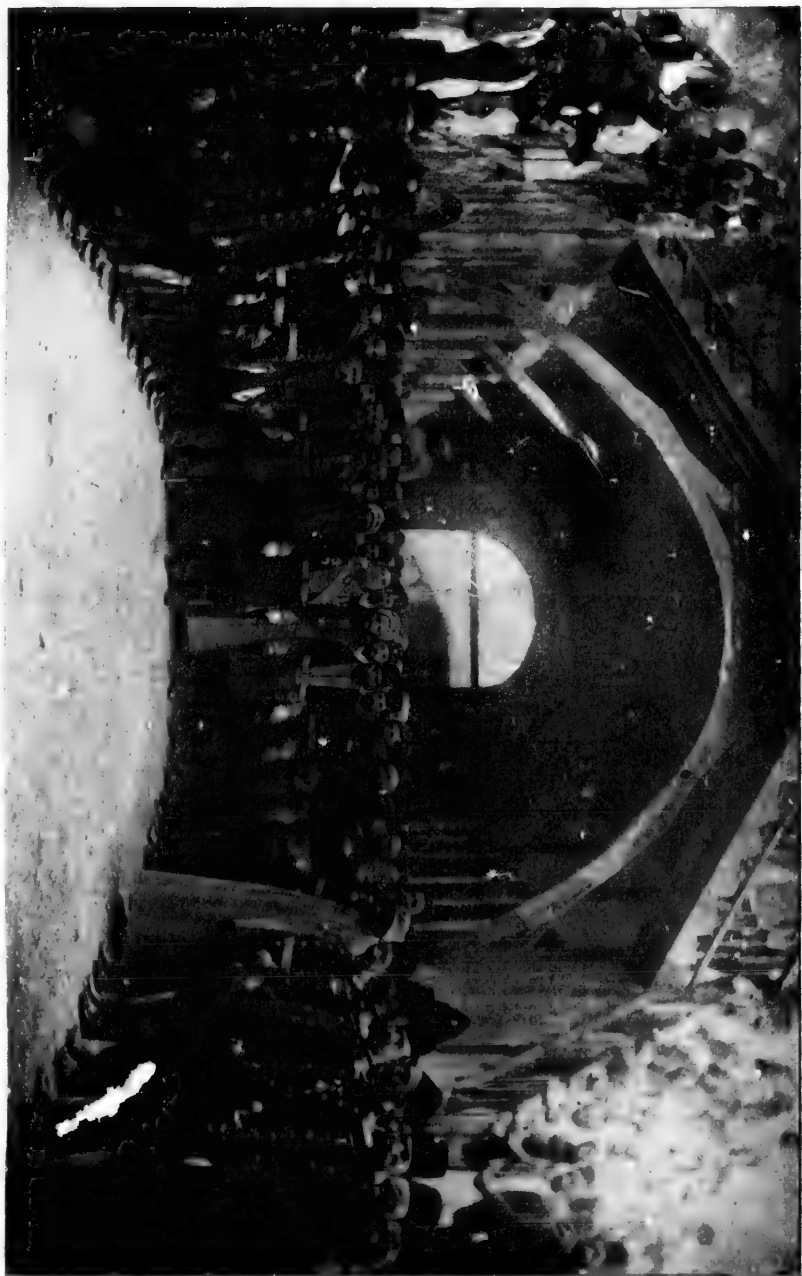
How like his is the case of the sinner who serves in partnership with the prince of this world, and at the end will have to say, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and I am not saved."

After many months of happy and blessed service in Adana a sudden change came. The young pastor was called before the Governor, and a horse was made ready to carry him into exile as a "disturber" of the community. The church friends, lamenting, gathered in the yard of the Government palace for a last farewell.

Harutune entered into the presence of the Governor-General.

"Very strong complaints have been made against you, and I have decided to banish you," said His Excellency.

The condemned one was submissive; yet with tender pathos he pleaded in behalf of his accusers. While speaking kindly of them, he also declared to



THE GOVERNOR GENERAL OF ADANA, WITH HIS MUNICIPAL, MILITARY AND RELIGIOUS STAFF.

the Governor that there was no just cause of complaint against him. He was simply a preacher of the Gospel, yet he was ready to obey the verdict of banishment, believing that wherever he was sent the Almighty God would have some work for him to do.

A silence fell upon the room, and the Turkish Governor in gentle tones and with fatherly look, said: "My son, fear not; by this brief interview I have learned the whole situation; you may remain in this city as a faithful preacher of the truth which you believe in, and a loyal subject to the Government which I represent, and I will give you the needed protection and help." The Governor then continued, in response to the preacher's plea for his adversaries, quoting some sayings of Persian and Turkish poets:

"The prophet said: 'Fair is the dwelling place of those who have bridled anger, and forgiven their adversaries. Return good for evil.'"

"Let us be like trees that yield their fruit to those who throw stones at them."

"Oppose kindness to perverseness. The sharp sword will not cut soft silk. By using sweet words and gentleness you may lead an elephant with a hair."

"A friend is one who, ranked among his foes,
By him he loves, and stoned and beat with blows,
Will still remain as friendly as before,
And to his friendship only adds the more.

"Learn from yon Orient shell to love thy foe
And store with pearls the hand that brings thee woe;
Free, like yon rock, from base vindictive pride,
Imblaze with gems the wrist that tears thy side.



BODY-GUARD.

COLONEL.

MILITARY JUDGE.

MAYOR.

SOME TURKISH OFFICERS EARLY IN THE CENTURY.

From an old and rare print.

“Mark where yon tree rewards the stony shower
With fruit nectareous, or the balmy flower.
All Nature calls aloud, ‘Shall men do less
Than heal the smiter and the railer bless?’”

Following this event, Abedin Pasha, the Governor, requested the preacher to call upon him from time to time and converse on religious and social subjects. He was a man of dignified bearing, as his position required; of scholarly attainments, acquainted with several languages, a wise ruler, a kind friend.

“Only the foolish ask, ‘Is this one of us, or an outside person? To the noble the whole world is family.’”

It was not long ere Harutune decided to leave that country in order to better prepare himself for life's mission. In accordance with Oriental custom hundreds of people came out on the road in tears and prayers to bid him “God-speed.” He had a passport from the Government, and in addition the Governor-General gave him a letter of commendation. Thus, while the quickening spirit carried on its marvellous work in that Cilician capital, Harutune was lost sight of, entering on a New World—America.

CHAPTER IX.

NEW WORLD—NEW EXPERIENCES.

"WHEN you are a stranger in a strange land the Lord will remember what your mother has done for strangers and raise up mother, sisters and friends for you," said Juhar to Harutune as he remonstrated with her for doing the washing, mending and baking for some village theological students, when she was weak and had a large family to care for. Harutune then knew nothing of America, nor did his mother; but circumstances were now changed, and with the idea of making full preparation for life's usefulness he left for the New World, taking his place among the steerage passengers, and reaching New York July 21st, 1884. As he remarked later, when speaking of his miserable voyage and sea-sickness, "At the beginning of the voyage I felt all things were passing away—later, wished all things *had* passed away—at last all things *did* pass away, and yet I lived."

The noises of the great city of New York—its elevated trains, rushing cable cars and hurrying crowds—quite bewildered the poor friendless young man, and made him think there must be some uprising in the city; but he soon learned this was the

every-day condition. Through a Christian sailor he was directed to the Bowery Mission for lodgings.

To one who had seen nothing but good in the Americans, as represented by the missionaries, and who came to the United States with the idea that it was a paradise below, the strange, immodest signs and sights on the streets were very shocking. As he said to a friend, "If I had known what Bowery meant I would not have ventured to lodge there, however cheap it might have been." He derived much pleasure and benefit from the daily meetings in the mission, and was led to see the minister, its president, Rev. A. G. Ruliffson, who was also superintendent of Bethany Institute, and whose home was the first entered by the stranger. A young lady in the parlor asked, "Do you want to see my father?" Going upstairs she was heard to exclaim: "Another foreigner has come to take your time." Harutune said to himself: "Is this the kind of treatment meted out to me by the first young lady that I meet in America, the daughter of a minister?"

Soon he was to be found in the afternoon prayer-meeting at the Y. M. C. A. Hall. After the service a gentleman approached him saying: "You seem a stranger; where are you from?" Hearing the names Adana and Tarsus, he said: "I read in the London papers of a revival in that region, and of a young preacher whose labors were blessed; do you know anything about that work?" The stranger showed some letters which he bore from the missionaries and native churches, and the inquirer, the late Mr. William

F. Lee, with great interest, offered his kind service as a friend to this friendless one, a stranger in a strange land.

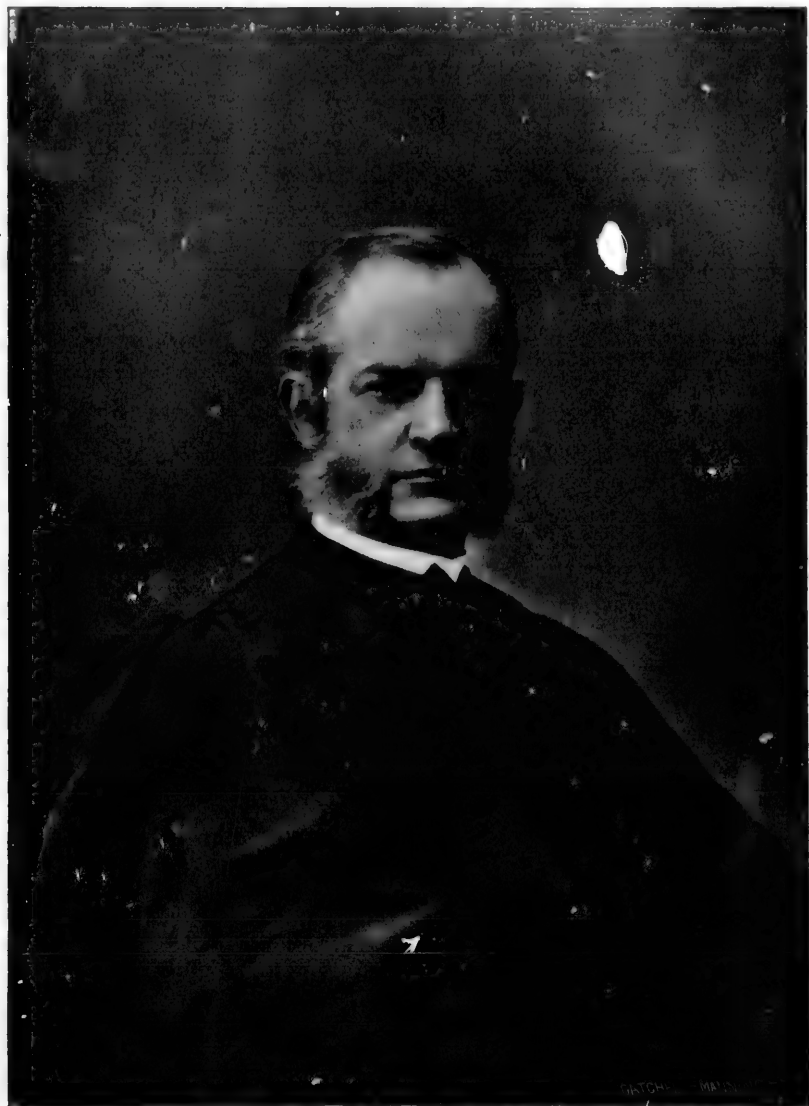
Harutune having, while in Armenia, read of the Evangelist Moody, was very eager to see and hear him, which was easily made possible through Mr. Lee, who was an intimate friend of Mr. Moody, and then the treasurer of his Northfield school.

Accordingly he went to Fifth Avenue Hotel one Saturday evening, with the expectation of meeting Mr. Moody on his arrival from England. Just think of it—a total stranger, this poor youth could speak very little English and knew still less of the manners and customs of this country; but he was determined to learn all he could. Not finding the evangelist, he went the following evening to a meeting in Cooper Union, and in the midst of the service some gentlemen entered the room and mounted the platform. He heard the whisper, "There is Mr. Moody." He was glad to see him, but greatly disappointed at not fully understanding the rapid speech of the evangelist. Harutune stayed for the inquiry meeting. Soon his turn came.

Mr. Moody asked him, "Have you found Christ?"

The answer was, "Christ found me." Seemingly much pleased, Mr. Moody made further inquiries of the young man, saw the letter from Mr. Lee, and evinced a very friendly interest in him.

The young man had also a letter to the late Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D. On calling he found him talking with two other gentlemen in the parlor, and



THE LATE REV. HOWARD CROSBY, D.D., LL.D., OF NEW YORK,
PRESIDENT OF ST. PAUL'S INSTITUTE.

overheard him say to them: "You Armenians, why don't you stay where you belong? I helped some of your people and was disappointed in them; you ought not to come to this country." He said to himself, "Well, Dr. Crosby, keep your patience; here is another Armenian for you." The other guests leaving, Dr. Crosby came and said, "What is your name?" On being told, he said with peculiar tone and look, "Oh, another Armenian."

The letter was handed him, which he quietly read, then said: "Are you the young man Mr. Lee speaks about?" His attitude was entirely changed. "I now know something about you and will help you," he remarked.

With all his greatness and busy life he proved a true adviser, a friend, a brother, to Harutune, and his memory will always be dear.

Soon our young friend organized a meeting for his Armenian countrymen in Bowery Mission, and it was also arranged that he should enter Union Theological Seminary. Thus the way opened for success. Though resolved to pay his way, yet he thankfully received the proffered scholarship, with the consciousness that it was the Lord's money from the Lord's people.

Besides preaching all winter to the Armenians he did individual work—every Sabbath visited certain missions and taught in the Sunday School, went to tenement houses and tried to gather in poor and needy children, and after a year he managed to defray his expenses by giving missionary lectures or preaching occasionally. Often he spent sad and

anxious days, sometimes not having more than ten or fifteen cents, yet faith was his best treasury and the Lord did not fail him.

To quote his own words: "One Sabbath I heard Dr. Crosby preach a missionary sermon, and decided to give a quarter at the collection. Later, much impressed, realizing I was the fruit of foreign missions and had received many blessings from them, I made up my mind to give a dollar; but looking in my pocket-book I found that all I had was a quarter and a two-dollar bill, the latter being kept for my week's board in a restaurant where I lived on two meals a day. Trusting the Lord would provide for my wants, I put the two dollars on the collection plate. The very next day, on going to Mr. Lee's house (he was an elder in Dr. Crosby's church) on an errand, he said, "I think I owe you five dollars on the things you let me have." I answered, "No, Mr. Lee, that is all settled; you do not owe me anything." "However, I feel very strongly that I owe you, and you must take the money," meanwhile pressing the bill into my hand. I was much overcome by his great kindness, and told him how it was I had no money for that week, and that it was the Lord who put it into his heart. After such experience, can I doubt or spare anything from the Lord?"

While in the Theological Seminary, Harutune was often grieved to be called a Turk by some of the students. He explained to them that though he came from Turkey he was not a Turk. That land originally belonged to the Armenians and to the Christian nations, but was conquered by the Turks,

under whose government it still remained though the Armenians had no social or religious intercourse with the Turks. This information did not silence one of the students, who still continued to call him "Turk." Harutune thought that as "the passage of a single rat is nothing, but it soon becomes a thoroughfare," he must aim to stop this practice. He began to call the student "Indian," to which, of course, he objected, but was told, "If my being born in Turkey makes me a Turk, your being a native of Indian territory makes you an Indian, and it is well you were not born in a stable or you would have been a donkey." "Out of many arrows one hit the mark."

Some students thought him a convert from heathenism, and asked, "Did you kill any people when you were yet savage? Did you bring with you any idols or images you used to worship?" Harutune was utterly surprised at these questions, and did not hesitate to tell them that when the early European ancestors of the inquirers were yet idolaters and ignorant, *his* forefathers were Christians, and who could deny that civilization and the Gospel came from the Orient?

The young student was anxious to learn all he could, and with great eagerness and curiosity watched the manners and customs of the people in America. Certain things seemed very strange and inexplicable. For example, noticing that some churches or societies were trying to raise funds for missionary objects by such methods as concerts and other entertainments, he remarked, "If they will give, why don't they give freely and cheerfully, instead of waiting for some

remuneration in the way of seeing, hearing or eating?"

Certain liberties of young people of different sexes were not fully understood or appreciated by this Oriental. It grieved him to see young people neglect their own brothers or sisters and family privileges and go with others. He thought many youths failed to show due respect for their parents, and heard a little story which startled him. A father was talking with his son concerning a certain young lady, saying she was not from a good family. The son replied, "I love *her*, and care not what her family is." "But, my son, the young lady is not suitable for you in ability and Christian character." He answered, "I *love* her for better, for worse." The father pleaded, warned and assured him: "Both your mother and I feel sure you will never be happy all your life with that young lady." This brought the decisive answer, "I love her, and it does not matter what you think."

" Mine eye sees only her ; my heart
Feels only her in every part :
Careless of censure, restless, lost,
By ceaseless, wild emotions tost,
If she demands my soul, 'tis given,
She is my life, my death, my heaven."

The Eastern ways of betrothal and marriage in which matters are left entirely in the hands of parents, seemed now to Harutune not quite right; on the other hand, the liberty in America, he thought was abused in many ways.

One night he was invited to a large reception in a



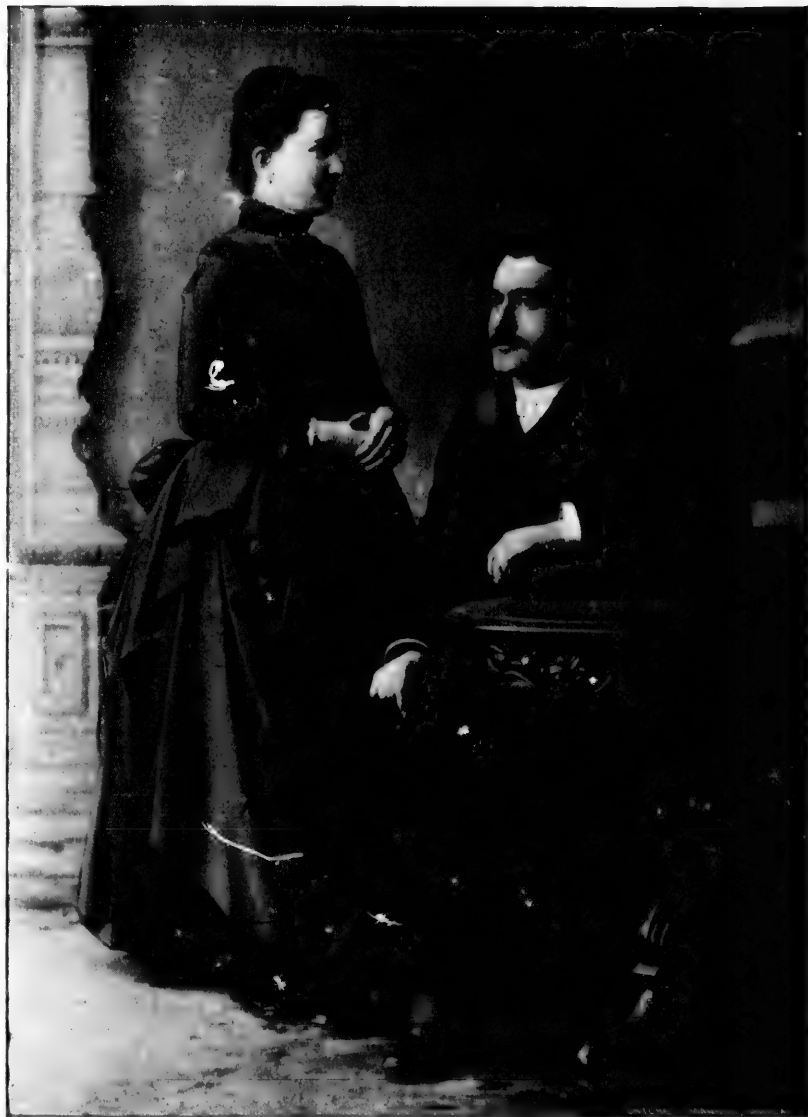
THE LATE W. H. HOWLAND, EX-MAYOR OF TORONTO, CANADA,
A FRIEND OF HARUTUNE AND THE WORK.

wealthy home. Among the guests were clergymen, merchants, lawyers, doctors and others high in social life. A deacon coming near said, "Would you like some champagne?" The foreign guest, thinking it was some kind of sherbet, accepted. On tasting he thought it must be wine and quietly put it aside. He had never signed any temperance pledge, but did not think it right for church members to use liquor in any form, as he had been so taught in his country.

Attending a church wedding in an aristocratic section of the city, he was much shocked and surprised to see ladies in low-necked and sleeveless gowns, and could not understand how Americans in his country could make so much fuss on seeing a poor woman barefooted, while here no covering for neck, breast or arms was considered the proper fashion.

The young student learned many good points with regard to Sunday School work, but was greatly disappointed in certain Sunday Schools. He once related, "I noticed a teacher come in and sit down, and every girl in her class, on entering, kissed her and sat down in a circle like little angels. Not much attention was given to the singing. When the lesson began a box of candy was started round by one of the girls. The teacher was working hard to attract their attention, but some were whispering, laughing and chewing gum, or looking across the aisle to make faces at the class of boys. In such manner the time expired, each reading a verse of Scripture when her turn came. I did not believe in such ways; they did not do thus in my country."

In September of '87 the young Armenian paid a



HARUTUNE AND HIS AMERICAN WIFE.

brief visit to Toronto, Canada, and was much surprised to see in such a large city a strict observance of the Sabbath day, and so strong a love for the temperance cause. He came in contact with the late Mayor Howland, then in office, and as he recalled the mayors, pashas and governors of his own land, of different types and character, he frequently exclaimed, "A Christian Mayor!"

Mayor Howland, the late Senator John Macdonald, Hon. S. H. Blake, Elias Rogers and Robert Kilgour were among those who became much interested in the visitor and his mission.

With all these experiences Harutune thought the American continent was the best country in the world. He realized most deeply the conquering power of the Church all over the world, and was much delighted to have seen so much Christian philanthropy and missionary activity. America proved in every way a means of blessing to him and his people.

In due time he graduated and was ordained into the ministry, and the question of a suitable life companion was prayerfully thought over. When it seemed of divine guidance he did not hesitate to ask the heart and hand of Miss Helene Ruliffson, the first young lady whom he had met in America, and from whom he at first received a cool reception as a foreigner. She was not only well trained and qualified for missionary life, but with full consecration was willing to say: "Whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

CHAPTER X.

AN AMERICAN PHILANTHROPIST.

"A day of a generous heart is worth more than the whole life of a selfish man."

"I MUST have a Church home," said Harutune on reaching America, and he soon joined the membership of a Fifth Avenue church by letter. He felt almost lost in the large aristocratic community, and thought, perhaps, it might have been better to have united with some smaller church, so as to enjoy a closer acquaintance. He little knew what was in store for him in this new church relation. In the first Bible class he attended, a gentleman came whom all seemed delighted to see, as he was their teacher, and had just returned from Palestine. He spoke somewhat about his interesting trip, showed some pictures, and at the close gave each one of the class a large copy of the Revised Bible, then newly issued, as a token of gratitude to God for his safe return home.

Harutune learned that this gentleman had been in Tarsus, had seen the great need of that land, and was a wealthy philanthropist. From that time the idea entered the young man's mind that it might be possible to interest this gentleman in establishing a school in

Tarsus. Every inquiry concerning him brought assurance of his generosity, Christian zeal and kindness, Harutune began to cherish private hopes with earnest prayers. Over two years passed, and it seemed time to seek an interview. But how? "I will go personally," said he. Thus the foreign student, the young Armenian, December 1st, 1886, rang the bell of one of the Vanderbilt palaces to see Col. Elliott F. Shephard. The servant took his card to the host, who, coming out into the hall, said: "What can I do for you?" The reply was: "Will you kindly favor me with a few minutes of your valuable time?" "For what?" was asked. But the stranger had determined not to spoil the chance by opening the subject standing in the hall, and so he was easily rejected. Said he: "I have prayed long over this matter, and an interview is of vital importance. I plead for five minutes of your time; if you cannot give it to-day I will call again." He was asked in to wait a little. There he sat on a rich lounge, but his eyes were not dazzled by the beauty and magnificence of that home; his mind was absorbed in thought how to open the subject so near his heart. Soon Col. Shephard stepped to the door saying, "Come into my study. What have you to say?" "Sir, I have a paper which I desire to read." "You may do so," he said. Then, with trembling voice, Harutune read the following:

"DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIEND,—Being a native of Cilicia, I have naturally taken a great interest in its Christian work. Cilicia has great importance in the history of the apostles.

There the Apostle Paul himself was born, and with him others travelled, establishing and confirming Christian churches. At that time Tarsus was the greatest centre of philosophical training and commerce in Asia Minor. Some centuries after, Sis, another city fifty miles from Tarsus, became the capital of the Armenian kingdom, which embraced also all Cilicia ; but by the repeated attacks from the Persians, Egyptians and Turks, the last of the Armenian kings, Leo VI., was compelled to fly to Paris, where he died in the year 1390 A.D., and the whole province fell under the power of the Mohammedan Government ; and thus the East, which in times past enlightened the West with the Christian light, now became the centre of poverty, ignorance, and every kind of misery. But the Christian Church of the West remembered its birthplace, sympathized with its distress, and sent forth missionaries to its relief.

“ Evangelical churches in Cilicia, which have been established by the American missionaries, are still helped by them. There are a good number of common schools, which need help always, on account of the poverty of the people. But there are yet hundreds of towns and villages where there is not any Sunday School, nor any evangelical work among Greeks, Armenians, or others. The words of God, which were spoken by the Apostle Paul concerning benevolent and evangelical work, caused me to think more of his own birthplace and the surrounding places, and I became more interested in the education of the poor and orphan children, hundreds of whom are cast down without parents, without friends, and without hope.

“ For years I have thought and prayed continually and hopefully for this object. None knew of my desire and purpose except a few intimate friends, until in an unexpected way I came to this country ; and here, seeing the great work which is carried on by the Christian churches and Sunday Schools, I became more zealous for accomplishing my purpose.

“ I believe now is the time of divine answer. The great object is the education of orphans and other poor children to prepare them for the work of the Lord. So it is hoped that this

small beginning, by divine aid and Christian zeal, may be carried on, and that it may result in establishing in Cilicia a permanent Christian training school, which may be of great service in preparing workers to advance the cause of Christ throughout Asia Minor. I trust and pray that God, who is the Father of the fatherless and the Author and Finisher of every good enterprise, 'will work in us, both to will and to do of His good pleasure.'

"It will be understood that this new enterprise will not conflict with the missionary labor which has been begun already in that section. On the contrary, it will help the previous work, making it broader and stronger by the co-operation of the missionaries and Christians. All money will be spent for those only who are very promising both in their intelligence and in their moral and Christian character, and they, after being through the preparatory department, will also be helped continually from this source, during their collegiate and theological studies. In other words, each child's education will cost fifty dollars (\$50) a year until the student is fully prepared for active Christian work as minister or teacher. It is our intention that any individual, Sabbath School or missionary society that helps us, will receive a complete report of the work of the school in general, and of the student in whom they may be particularly interested.

"Dear Christian friend, for the sake of Christ Jesus our Lord, and for the sake of those little ones, who are trodden down in the very places that are sacred to the memory of the beloved apostles, I beseech you consider this matter; help it by your prayers; take part in this new and important beginning by your kind words and promises, and let us endeavor to erect a monument to the memory of Christ's chief hero, the Apostle Paul, in his own birthplace. Let this monument be, not of material stones, but of precious souls, that the ancient ruins may flourish, apostolic zeal and earnestness may revive, and by-and-by the whole country, the country of the prophets, the country of the apostles, and the country of Jesus Christ Himself—which has its plains still showing their footprints, its

rivers still singing their everlasting praises, and its mountains still echoing their earnest prayers and their divine words—that this country may be enlightened again by the Sun of Righteousness, and may henceforward shine to the glory of the King of Kings.

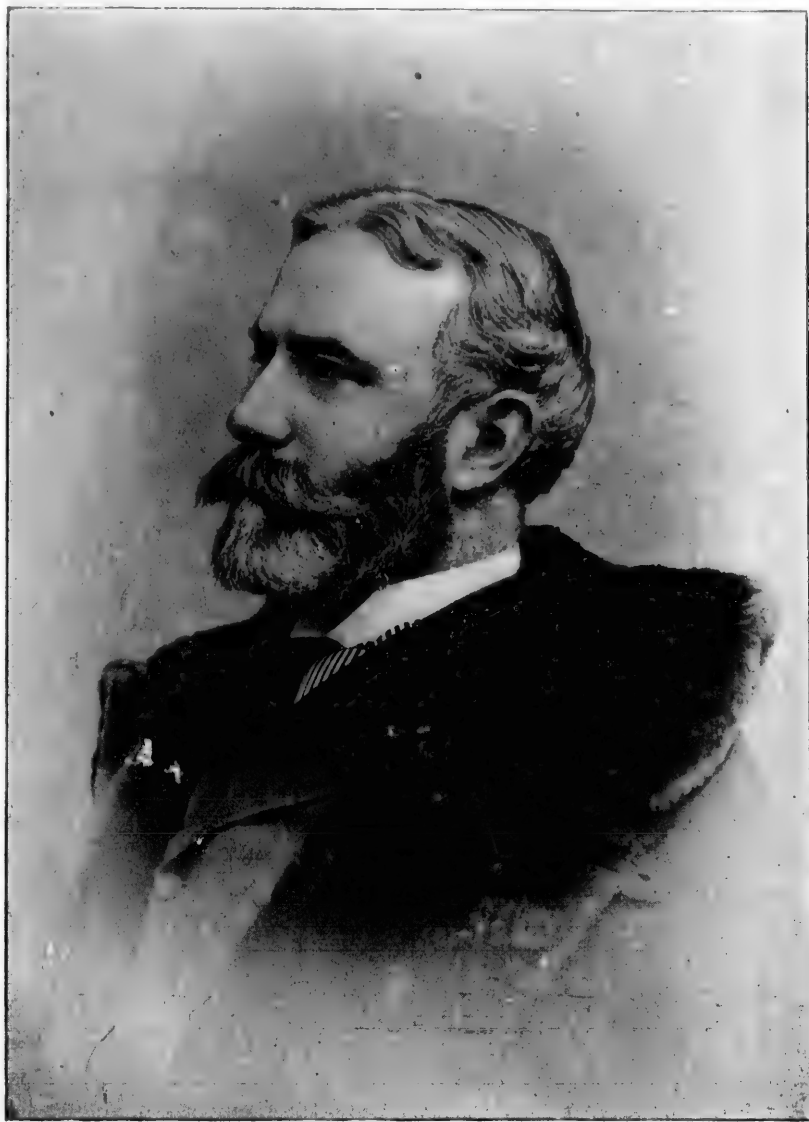
Your servant in Christ,

Union Theological Seminary, N. Y.

After listening attentively Colonel Shephard said : “I have seen Tarsus and hope you will be successful, and when you solicit some promises or money I will put my name down for an amount.” This promise did not satisfy the caller, who told him, “I did not come to ask you for money, but for your name as one of the proposed Board of Trustees.” He said, “I am very busy with many kinds of work, and prefer not undertaking new responsibilities.”

Showing him some letters from those who had promised aid, and pleading with him that they also were very busy men, he soon found out that his strange guest was not easily satisfied, and his kind heart seemed touched by the object presented. Finally, he said, “I will think about it, make some inquiries, and then give you my answer.” This gave hope. Weeks passed in great anxiety and earnest prayer to God. Colonel Shephard was seen twice, but was not ready to give the final answer.

Sabbath morning, December 19th, Harutune was in Sunday School. Colonel Shephard entered, and with a peculiar smile and firm voice, taking the hand of the anxious pleader, said, “I will help you in your



THE LATE COL. ELLIOTT F. SHEPHARD, OF NEW YORK.

Cilician school work, and I will be a member of the Board of Trustees." Harutune well expressed his feeling when he said, "As I heard this answer my heart overflowed with gratitude, and I shed tears of joy that God had thus answered prayer." Colonel Shephard began well and showed his interest by great generosity and untiring zeal. He was Vice-President of the Institute, respected and loved by all. As long as he lived he paid yearly \$5,000 to the treasury toward missionary salaries and support of the Institute. He previously planned for its future welfare, and most generously put in his will, dated, July 15th, 1891, the following:

"I give and bequeath to 'St. Paul's Institute, at Tarsus, Asia Minor,' a body corporate under and by virtue of the laws of the State of New York, the sum of \$100,000, for the uses and purposes of said Institute."

Thus Colonel Shephard gave permanence to the enterprise. Both he and Mrs. Shephard, by their benevolence and kind interest, have made their names well known and beloved to all in the school, and the people of Tarsus and vicinity.

The news of his sudden death was a great blow to many and to the work. But he had abundantly fulfilled his early promise and proved his intense love for the cause. This generous provision from one for whose interest Harutune had so long prayed and labored, and at a time when he had the responsibility of superintending and carrying on the work, amply repaid all the labors, prayers and tears of the young

Armenian in behalf of St. Paul's Institute. Then and later Harutune became under obligation to a hundred thorns for the sake of one rose. As long as this Institute exists the name of Colonel Elliott F. Shephard, as a great Christian philanthropist, will be memorable, and his works will follow him.

It is well expressed in proverbs by Oriental writers, "All that thou givest, thou wilt carry away with thee."

"Doing well depends on doing completely."

"A man's true worth is the good he does in this world. When he dies mortals will ask what property he has left behind him, but angels will inquire, 'What good deeds hast thou sent before thee?'"

"And there met him (the departed one in the groves of Paradise) a beautiful maiden, whose form and face were charming to heart and soul. To her he said, 'Who art thou? in comparison with whom none so fair was ever seen by me in the land of the living.' The maiden replied, 'O youth, I am thy actions.'"

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

CHAPTER XI.

A CITY AND ITS MONUMENT.

"Wherever the tree of beneficence takes root it sends forth branches beyond the sky."

"The reward of good works is like dates, sweet but ripens late."

AMONG the passengers on the steamer *Servia*, sailing January 27th, 1888, you would have seen two young couples en route to Constantinople and Tarsus, Asia Minor. They were Harutune, his classmate, and their brides, missionaries of St. Paul's Institute, which was to be established in Tarsus.

The seed of such an enterprise had long dwelt in Harutune's youthful heart and mind; even when he was in college and teaching every Sabbath a class of orphan boys. Often he said, "I wish I had a school where the orphan and poor could be gathered and trained for useful lives." But it was like a dream, hardly to be realized—he a poor lad who worked his board in college two or three hours daily, and tried to do all his duties faithfully. But the high ideal does not always belong to the wealthy and brilliant. Many years had passed; all preparation had been in prayer and the foundation seemed in the air, but when Harutune found himself in the

heart of an enlightened country and among noble Christian people, surrounded with many friends, it was plain how Providence was leading, and he naturally began to open the secret longing of his heart. "Prayer, push and perseverance" was his motto. Many distinguished clergy and laymen of various denominations were repeatedly interviewed and appealed to by this foreigner, and their hearty co-operation and interest enlisted and their endorsement secured.

There is a day long to be remembered by the friends of St. Paul's Institute—January 31st, 1887—when those who promised the foreigner to act as the Advisory Board of Trustees and Managers met at the home of Col. Shephard. The late Rev. Howard Crosby, D.D., took the lead; the late Rev. Dr. John Hall, with all his cautiousness, was willing to be among the number. The late Rev. Roswell D. Hitchcock, D.D., whose interest and kindness were unbounded, greatly rejoiced to be in such a gathering where two of his students were to be appointed to a cause he himself much loved and admired. The Rev. Drs. Chas. F. Deems, James M. King, William Ormiston, William M. Taylor, and many distinguished laymen were there to share in the new enterprise. Thus the Board of Managers was organized, trustees elected, and the Institute then came into existence as a monument to the memory of the Apostle Paul, to be erected at his birthplace.

The Armenian, with his associate, was taken to Washington in order to receive the needed instruction and co-operation from officials to establish the project

in Tarsus as an American enterprise. The *Washington Post*, April 27th, 1887, writes:

“A MONUMENT TO ST. PAUL.

“One of the latest projects proposed by a number of gentlemen in this country is to build a monument to St. Paul in his native city, Tarsus, a most fitting place, for as Paul himself said, ‘I am a man, which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city.’ Colonel Elliott F. Shephard, of New York, Vice-President of the Institute, accompanied by Algernon S. Sullivan, Esq., a distinguished lawyer, called upon Mr. Bayard at the State Department offices, to explain the character and purposes of the Institute, and also introduced its missionaries. Mr. Bayard showed much interest in the application, and he said he would give instruction to our Minister to support it with the Sultan. The native missionary (*i.e.*, Harutune), will bear letters to Minister Straus in Constantinople.”

It is well known that every good work has its difficulties, and St. Paul's Institute was not an exception. Fear was manifested that this might conflict, as an independent work, with existing missionary forces. Others thought that because, in the history of missions in that land, natives were always put and kept in subordinate positions, being considered incapable, a native to now be at the head of a new enterprise not controlled by missionaries would never do. “Not that the missionaries were jealous, but they feared other native workers would cause trouble,” was among the reasons given. Some spoke or wrote that “there was no need of such an institution, the country being amply provided for.”

Strong influence was brought upon Colonel Shephard, who was the financial supporter of the work.

While missionary co-operation was asked, some declined, but Harutune did not falter. "I know whom I have believed," he said. "He is no respecter of person or nation." As a child of missions he would always be the friend of missions, and time would prove it! For six months he communicated, interviewed, circulated literature setting forth the great need, as shown from missionary magazines and reports from that land, and by the friends of the Institute all was fully understood. With a farewell meeting the party was bidden God-speed to their field of labor. While on the ocean the sun seemed to smile upon them, many friends were behind, great work was before them, and they were full of gratitude, joy and hope.

The Armenian who just four years before had come to America among the steerage passengers, poor, there enduring divers trials, pressing needs, often in much tears and anxiety for daily bread, a stranger and friendless, now, thinking of all the favors and blessings received not only by himself and wife but by his class-mate and his wife also, could well say as did Jacob of old: "I am not worthy of the least of all these mercies and of all the truth which thou hast showed unto thy servant, for with my staff I passed over this Jordan, and now I am become two bands." Harutune often said: "If God did these things for me there is hope for any one who puts his trust in Him."

The attractions of great London, the magnificence of beautiful Paris, the historical remains of Rome, "the Eternal City," the Parthenon and the white-robed

Modern Athens were enjoyed. Anything pertaining to St. Paul's life was doubly appreciated. In due time they were in Constantinople, where a month was well spent in preparation. To see the work of Robert College, another monument of American philanthropy, and the Girls' College in Scutari, was very gratifying and encouraging to the new missionaries. Constantinople for eighty years has been the seat of many faithful, noble missionaries such as the Rev. Drs. Dwight, Schauffler, Riggs, Hamlin, Bliss, Goodell and others, and has rendered, and will render for years to come, invaluable service in the great cause.

The new missionaries reached Tarsus. Hundreds came to welcome them; among the number curious Turks with high turban and long flowing robe; the mothers of Tarsus with their tiny babes swaddled, the leading people of the church, Armenians in their beautiful embroidered garments, Greeks gaily dressed, peasant women from the mountains with their little ones strapped across their backs, all gave them welcome, while the missionaries from Mersine and Adana offered their kind hospitality and Christian fellowship. On the first of May, Harutune and his wife entered their home in Tarsus, the main centre of their future activity.

Tarsus, though no mean city in the time of the great Apostle, now has a population of about 25,000, comprising Syrians, Greeks, Armenians, Mohammedans, Fellaheen or Ansyri tribe, descendants of the Canaanites whom Joshua drove into the Lebanon. Little remains of its former magnificence, yet its natural



A CAMEL CARAVAN PASSING THROUGH AN OLD ROMAN GATE AT TARSUS.

scenery is charming. Branches of the River Cydnus flow through the city. On its banks Mark Antony met Cleopatra, and Alexander the Great came near dying from a chill contracted while bathing in its waters.

The beautiful gardens containing orange, lemon, pomegranate, quince, fig and mulberry trees surround the city, and the sweet odors of their blossoms fill the air. To the north and west snow-covered ranges of the Taurus are seen, and the historical Cilician gates open an highway to the great provinces beyond—the scenes of early apostolic labors.

The city, which is under the dominion of the Ottoman Empire, has shown marked advancement of late years, and has railroad connection with both the sea-shore and the interior. Macadamized roads, as well as other improvements, make it a great commercial and agricultural centre, and it will compare favorably with any other city of its size in that empire.

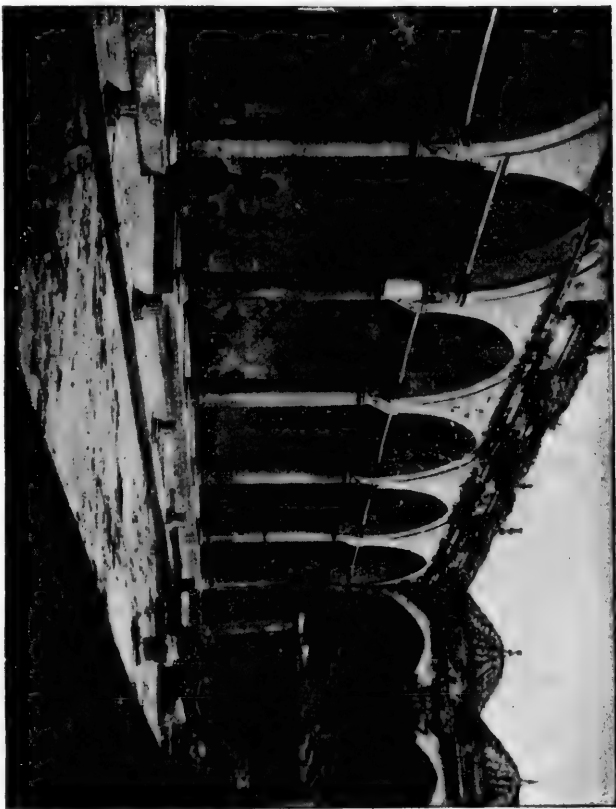
The supposed tomb of Sardanapalus is between the city and the river—a great enclosure about 280 feet long and 140 feet wide; the walls, 20 feet high, are of solid concrete and 12 feet thick. It is said to be “one of the most interesting ruins in the East, and a great puzzle to archaeologists.” The antiquity of the city is indisputable. The Assyrian Sennacharib (B.C. 688) either built or greatly embellished it. The Medes succeeded the Assyrians, in whose time the prophet Daniel is said to have died in Tarsus, and his tomb, marked by an ancient church turned into a mosque, is now held in profound reverence by the Moham-

medans there. In the wall of this mosque is found a stone which may have formed part of the doorway when it was a Christian church, with the following inscription in ancient Armenian :

“ This is the gate for the righteous to enter—
Abode for the saints of God.
Let this be a mediator to Oshin,
the Armenian king, and preserve him.”

The great pass of the Taurus mountains was, as now, the sole easy land communication between Persia, Syria, and the West. Tarsus, situated within controlling distance of this pass, was therefore, with its vast plain, the Virginia of the endless wars between the Greeks, Lydians, Assyrians, Persians, Medes, Syrians, and Saracens, extending over a period of more than 3,000 years. It was repeatedly captured and recaptured by the above-mentioned nations, plundered, burnt, and rebuilt.

Modern Tarsus stands upon the debris of the past. The man who wishes to build very frequently sinks a shaft upon his lot, and generally finds the fine cut stones of some ancient temple, palace or bath, ready for use. There are remains of walls and aqueducts, and a Roman gate with part of the ancient city wall still stands at the west, the pathway to the seaport. Above the city, tower the tall minarets of Moslem mosques, some of which were once Christian churches. There are now Greek, Syrian, Protestant, and Armenian churches, the last-named, surmounted by dome and cross, being the most prominent object in



PART OF THE COURT OF AN ANCIENT CHRISTIAN CHURCH IN TARSTUS,
NOW USED AS A MOSLEM MOSQUE.

the city. This Armenian church was built on the site of the ancient church of St. Paul, which may have been established by the Apostle.

It is an accepted fact that in this city "Diodorus preached and wrote his books ; it was from here that the famous Theodore went to become Archbishop of Canterbury, and the virtual founder of Oxford and Cambridge Universities."

" In Cydnus' clear but chilly wave
His weary limbs were wont to lave
Great Philip's greater son.
By Egypt's Queen, on Cydnus' tide,
The Roman, proof 'gainst all beside,
By Beauty's smile was won.
But now, I ween, in Christian lays
Hath Cydnus earned a holier praise.

" Where Tarsus, girt with greenest trees,
Her image fair reflected sees
In that fast-flowing stream ;
In childhood's hour was wont to stray,
Pouring upon the classic lay,
Or lost in heavenly dream,
He who should carry far and wide
The banner of the Crucified."

None were so happy as Harutune at finding that, ten years after its inception, St. Paul's Institute was really opened in Tarsus, November 22nd, 1888, with seventeen students. These represented far more than that number. The fatherless little Solomon, eleven years old, came from Aintab, Northern Syria. His father was a minister, his mother met life's struggle



FIRST STUDENTS OF ST. PAUL'S INSTITUTE, TARSUS, ASIA MINOR, 1888.

nobly, and for years, as a faithful teacher, supported the family. The boy gave his heart to Christ during a revival, and the mother committed him to the care of Harutune, the Tarsus evangelist.

The joy of orphan Elijah was indescribable; his home was fifteen days' journey away, and there was no one to care for him. George came from Choek-Merzimen. Harutune well remembered this place, where in earlier years he had gone as a preacher and was beaten almost to death and driven away. Fatherless Hagopos came from ancient Antioch and orphan Rupen from Adana. Rupen's mother had been brought to Jesus in a revival, and the boy was left as a sacred charge to the native missionary by his dying mother. There was one from Smyrna, three from Marash, while Karikin came from Sis, the last capital of the Armenian kingdom. Three were received from Tarsus; Ezekiel and Samuel came from Yerebakan, where Harutune had first gone as a preacher when nineteen years old.

Samuel has since sealed his faith with his life-blood. No doubt it would have been the cause of great joy to the Tarsus Apostle could he have seen this group, the nucleus from which in years to come many should be prepared for Gospel work.

Rev. Alex. McLachlan, of Canada, Missionary Associate, also the Secretary-Treasurer of the Institute, with his good wife, were active and efficient in learning the language and teaching English in the school.

Six years passed, each proving more successful than

the previous. The divine helping hand was especially manifested amid many difficulties from within and without. God gave favor with the Government and the people. In these years ninety-four youths, from thirty-five different places in seven provinces, were brought under Christian influence and education in the Institute home—three-fourths of whom were converted to Christ, and forty-two received into the churches on confession of faith. The missionary tours broadened and deepened the work, and the descendants of the early Greek, Syrian and Armenian Christians were thus again refreshed by the water of life.

In due time the school standard was raised to a collegiate course, and in 1893, the last year Harutune was in charge, twenty-six graduated from the preparatory, and eight from the collegiate departments. Three of the latter have since graduated from Union, Auburn and Princeton Theological Seminaries in the United States, two being already ordained into the ministry; one has graduated from a medical college in Baltimore with a special course at Johns Hopkins University, and is now actively engaged by the city churches in medical, educational and religious work among the destitute Armenians in Hoboken, N.J. Two are in universities for higher education, and one was martyred in the late massacre; his spirit now rests with Christ whom he loved. So superintendent and teacher could well say, "Much have I learned from my masters, more from my colleagues, most from my disciples."



STUDENTS OF ST. PAUL'S INSTITUTE DURING THE LAST YEAR OF HARUTUNE'S SUPERINTENDENCY, 1893.

Harutune served the cause of St. Paul's Institute as its founder and head nearly seven years. The work established, the school standard elevated, the first class graduated, and the Institute financially endowed with \$100,000, gave every hope for future usefulness. Seeing the vast need and the vital importance of various institutions for both sexes in different parts of the country; also believing the only way to develop the natives was to place them on a self-supporting basis, and finding himself limited in his efforts for the extension of such work while in connection with St. Paul's Institute, Harutune resigned, to go forward, sparing neither labor nor energy for the development of the new project; while the former, under the presidency of Rev. T. D. Christie, D.D., is continuing its important work.

In order to trace the aim and the future hope of Harutune, a copy of his resignation is here given:

NEW YORK, May 23rd, 1894.

To the President of the Board of Trustees and the Advisory Board of Managers of St. Paul's Institute.

DEAR SIRs,—Many of you will remember several years ago when in this country my pleading with you to take prominent part in an enterprise then forming, to be called St. Paul's Institute, and your kindly consenting and meeting together, January 31st, 1887, for organization. Then my heart's desire was fulfilled in answer to many prayers. Your readiness to give an American Associate at my request on finding and proposing Rev. A. McLachlan was an additional encouragement for my future career in the blessed work. Amid many mistakes and imperfections the unworthy efforts in teaching and preaching have been crowned with success. So, while many Institute

students have been trained and brought to the knowledge of Christ, hundreds of sinners have joined the fold of the Good Shepherd in many parts of Asia Minor: in all this I am most grateful for the aid and support you and departed members have rendered me and my native land. Still, I do not consider my ultimate aim in life has been reached, nor can I be satisfied till my country takes more rapid steps toward the evangelization of its people, and more native agencies be raised up to take the responsibilities.

This principle in view, and thinking of the past and present, with the future outlook, in my relation to you as a Board, and after four months' serious consideration and prayer I have come to the conclusion that it will be best for me and the work to release my connection with you, as I wrote Dr. T. D. Christie from London to this effect. Therefore I beg you to accept this as my resignation, and at the same time shall be pleased and grateful if you will give me an opportunity to meet you or any persons connected with St. Paul's Institute to give my verbal statements on any point you desire for the past and present regarding the work. Craving the blessing of the Lord upon us all, believe me,

Yours very respectfully,

(Signed) _____

This resignation was accepted and has seemed most providential, as the late massacres in that land have made the need greater and the demand more imperative for extensive work in other directions. Still, St. Paul's Institute, holding to the principle for which it was established, will ever have the continued interest and prayers of Harutune, its founder, and through the blessing of God it will stand continually a living monument to the cause of Christ and suffering humanity in that country and city of renown.

CHAPTER XII.

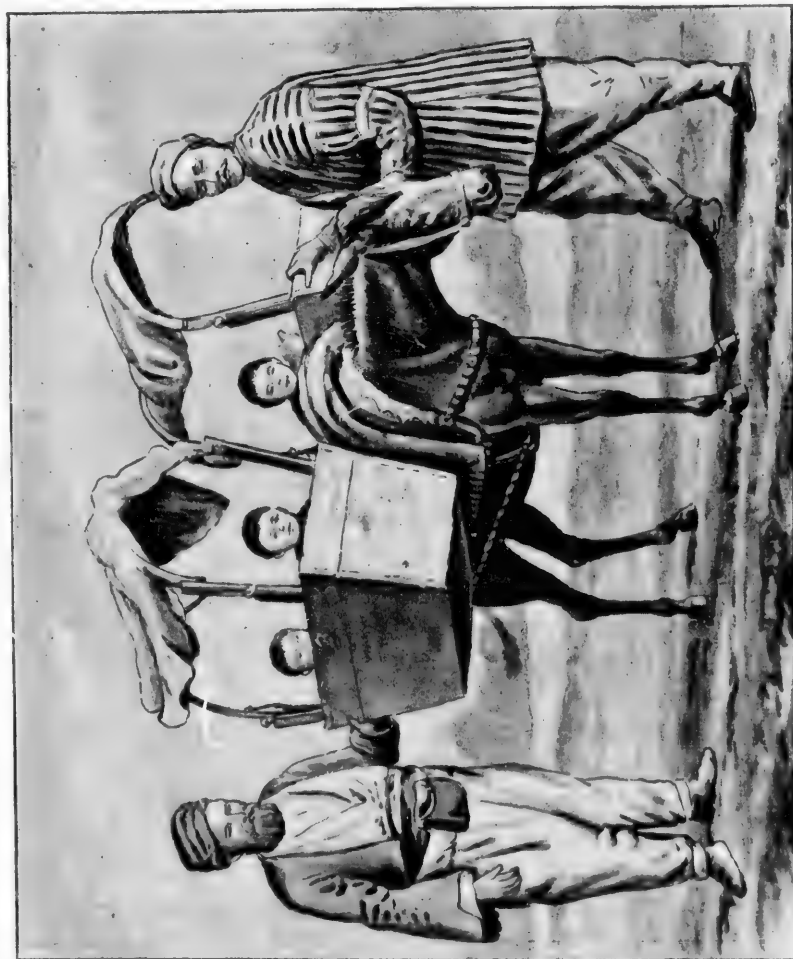
AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

"In sweet accordancy of praise and love
The singing waters run,
And sunset mountains wear in light above
The smile of duty done."

IN anticipation of a useful and pleasant trip and the novelty of strange sights, Harutune and his little family started forth with the caravan for a missionary journey.

Every one was on horseback. The children were put in "moffahs"—boxes which were padded with pillows and quilts, covered to keep out rain or sun. These moffahs were tied firmly on each side of the pack saddle, someone rode in the saddle to take care of the children, and a man was hired to lead the animal each step of the way.

All went well on the plain, but soon they found themselves at the foot of mountains, which had to be climbed to a height of some 5,000 feet above sea level. The road was very narrow and rocky. The "moffah" horse was led first, then the mother, next the father, whose eyes were always on them in case of any accident when he could quickly dismount and go to their aid. They were on the hills; soon among the mountains. Above them were peaks covered by the eternal



CHILDREN TRAVELLING IN MOFFAHS.

snow, on the left a deep ravine; in some places the roads were so washed out that life depended upon the instinct of the animal, and at times each horse was surrounded by the muleteers, one holding the head, another helping to push from behind, while yet another helped to steady the passenger. Every heart was in awe, and many a silent prayer was lifted for the safety of the dear ones, as one misstep would have meant permanent injury or instant death.

Now the missionary party came in sight of a village yet a few miles distant. The villagers were beginning to come out on horseback to meet them. Songs of joy and the firing of pistols were heard on every side. Nearing the town, the procession increased and the streets were crowded with people curious to see the new arrivals. Reapers with sickles in hand, gleaners with their children rushed forward, throwing stalks of wheat in front of the guests. The whole town was on the main street, a hearty welcome was given, and the party were taken to the house of the head man.

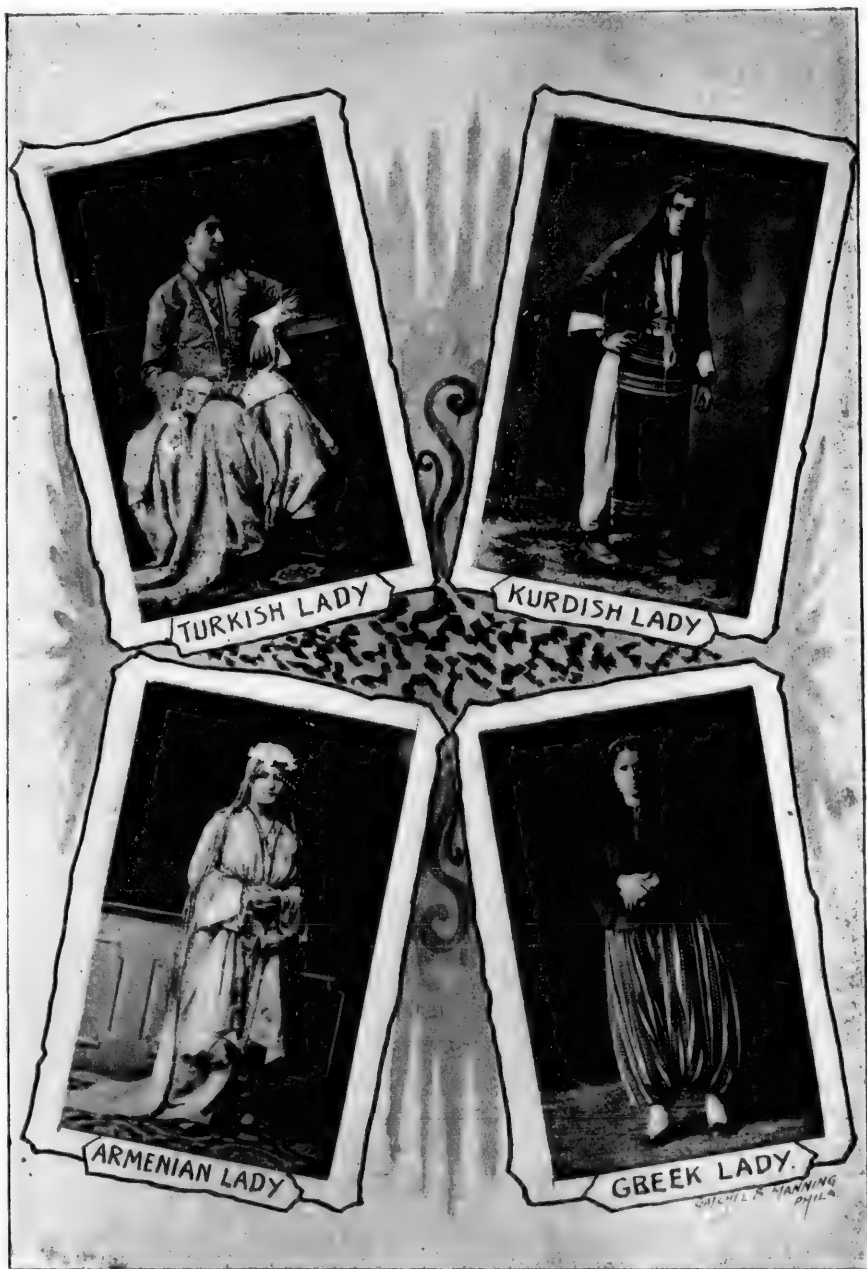
The little church was much cheered. For over a year they had had no communion. Children were to be baptized, and a long expected wedding was to be celebrated, all of which had been neglected for lack of an ordained minister.

Sabbath was a great day for the whole village. The church was filled to its utmost capacity; even the Gregorian priest with his congregation came to hear the preacher and witness the celebration of the sacraments.

The following Monday the wedding began. Great preparations were made. Women gathered in the houses of both parties, some helping in sewing the wedding garment, others trying to finish the embroidery of the bed set, while still others baked bread and prepared for the feast.

In the afternoon the groom's mother and friends went to the bride's house, carrying her bridal apparel and henna red-dye, which was put on the bride's hands while they all stood and sang. Tuesday was the important day; all gathered in the groom's house to take the bride to church for the ceremony. Great commotion, salutation and chatting was on every side, and of the passing of sherbet there seemed to be no end. Now the bride was getting ready. Her hair was combed, four strands being left each side of the face, as a bridal sign. She was dressed in purple silk; broad silver bracelets and thumb rings were put on, three veils placed on her head, and she was mounted on a horse, leading the way while all followed on foot. After a sermon and the marriage ceremony in the church, a larger crowd, with singing and shouting, the bride again on horseback and the groom walking, they come to his house. Not having any light social pieces they used hymns; often, among others, they might be heard singing, "Jesus, I my cross have taken,"—that tune being a favorite.

We came to the house. The bride's people would not let her dismount until a good present was promised her. They argued much, until at last the wish was granted: a cow, or part of vineyard, a donkey, a kid, or all, will



FEMALE REPRESENTATIVES OF DIFFERENT NATIONALITIES IN MOUNTAIN
VILLAGES OF THE ORIENT.

be given. She is helped down, and when she sets her foot on the ground a goat or lamb is sacrificed. Then coming up to the porch she passes through under the hand of her future grandmother, kisses the hand of the father in token of respect and obedience, and they, kissing her on the forehead, receive her into the family. A pomegranate is given her before entering the house, which she throws against the swinging door to force it open. Should it break, it is considered "good luck." In many cases it is previously cracked to break easily. For at least two days the groom will have no chance to say even a few words to his bride, and then she must reply in such low tones that no one can hear her voice. She is heavily veiled, and sometimes for from three to seven years she talks to none save her husband.

Commenting on this habit, a remark was made by a native: "Many men would be very glad if their wives had such a training as not to talk so much!"

Mountain village life is quite different from that of the sea-coast places. Generally the people are blessed with many children, as they believe that the house which is not occupied by children is like a cemetery. In many cases the house is a very large room, serving for workshop as well as for the family life. Villagers know three or four trades: weaving, blacksmithing, carpentering, shoemaking, besides farming and cultivating vineyards. Their cattle are cared for by the shepherds. Early in the morning and evening the women or girls, with pails in hand, go to the fold and milk their own cattle. Village diet is very

simple and wholesome, and consists mostly of wheat prepared in different ways, milk and cream, and perhaps once in two weeks they may be able to have a piece of meat. Generally they are very healthy, and happily in no need of a physician, for they have none.

In many of the villages vineyards are seen on every side, where grow almond, fig and mulberry trees. In some cases vines are trained over the trees, so the owner may sit under his own vine and fig-tree. Vines are pruned regularly each year, leaving only two or three branches to bear fruit, and those cut off are put on the hedges to dry, being afterwards burned up.

As it draws near the fruit season the watchmen are called to their duty. Some of them build a tower for themselves, while others put up a rude hut on a rock, in order, throughout that region, to protect the crops and terrify the thieves by their oversight. They aim to guard the vineyards day and night, but never like the Keeper of Israel, "who doth neither slumber nor sleep." Grape crops prove necessary provision for the people, and not during the fruit season only, for by drying them into raisins and preparing from them various kinds of sweetmeats and syrups they have an abundant supply for the winter.

Come and watch them in their wine-press. Men, women and children are all busy gathering the grapes in baskets and bringing them to this spot. They are placed in a large vat, having openings on one side. As the men tramp the fruit the juice flows through these openings into vessels placed near by. This

juice is then boiled down to keep for further use. Under the hot sun this is a trying employment, when you see those who tread the grapes attacked and stung by swarms of bees, while their garments are colored crimson, symbolic of Him who was red in His apparel, and who trod the wine-press alone.

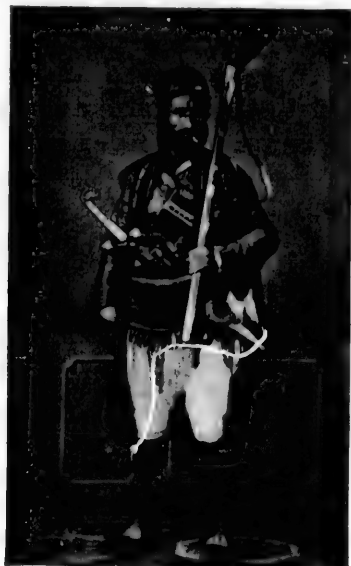
The missionary party now took another route. This time they were not favored with good muleteers, but with some who proved a constant trouble every step of the way. But more than that, this road was dangerous, full of murderous robbers. To pass safely through, a band of Koordish guards was hired, otherwise they might have been the very ones to rob the travellers. When the Circassian regions were reached the guards were changed to Circassians. And at last the party found themselves in another mountain-town, Shar. In this place once stood the ancient Comana. The ruins give some idea of the magnitude and grandeur of that heathen city. There stand the remains of an old temple, facing the east, dedicated to the goddess Ma, the Greek Enyo. Her service was conducted with great magnificence and splendor. The city of Comana, which was a mere dependence on the temple, was governed by the chief priest, who was always a member of the royal family, and took rank next to the king. Even in Strabo's time it was in a most flourishing condition, and upwards of 6,000 priests were in the temple service at one time. Besides the huge pillars and massive walls, the mosaic on the floors, now partly covered with earth, is unsurpassed in design and colors.

The ruins of the temple of Apollo show a small building, but the art and architecture are exquisite. Its main entrance still stands, consisting of four large stones, seven yards high, four yards wide—a solid block of stone at top, bottom and each side. How they ever handled and placed them in position in those olden times is a problem. Upon the stones are fine carvings with gilt polish. Among these ruins valuable gems are often found, and the new visitors also found there a priceless gem, a little Christian church, whose pulpit was an altar stone from one of the heathen temples.

Every day service was held in a crowded house—many turning from death unto life eternal. Here a sudden attack of pneumonia upon the missionary brought heavy gloom to all. The nearest physician was fully five days distant; the case seemed hopeless. But simple village remedies, and especially the united, fervent prayers of the righteous, availed much and a miraculous recovery was given.

Since those days that beautiful, healthy mountain village has been destroyed and many of the people killed by Circassian neighbors, yet the memory of that visit will ever remain.

Another year brought a new method of travel—a springless waggon—the best that could be found. Beds, bedding, necessary clothing, food and cooking utensils, were packed into the waggon as snugly as possible and well roped in order to stand jolting over rough roads, crossing mountains and streams. On top of all pillows or cushions were spread to make soft



TURK.



CAUCASIAN.



ARAB.



KOORD.

TYPES OF MOSLEMS.

seats. An early start, riding five or six hours, and then came a halt in a town for lunch. If it proved a Greek or Armenian town soon the news was spread, and people came to invite the missionary to a church or school, where a brief talk was given, as also in the place where they stayed for the night.

It was very interesting in the little Turkish town near Lystra, now called Illistra; not finding any Christian dwelling, the party was sheltered for noon rest in the porch of a Moslem mosque. While looking around for any ruins of the ancient city, a large white stone was seen built in the wall of the mosque, on which was a beautiful carving—an anchor resting upon a cross—a speaking emblem of the people who once lived and heard the Gospel there from Paul, and who accepted the cross to be the anchor of their souls. Not very far from this region Cara-Dagh ("Black Mountain," or the place of 1,001 churches, as it is called) was visited. This is near a town bearing the name of Derbe—most likely the site of the ancient Derbe where Paul preached, and whence Timothy came. About twenty-five years ago seven hundred churches were counted in this place, but our travellers found only a mass of ruins of altars, crosses, baptismal fonts, inscriptions, etc. Probably during the persecution of a few hundred years since, many thousand Christians found shelter in this place, protected as it is by high mountains, and each building served for home as well as for church.

Following a beautiful stream the party found itself at the fountain-head, surrounded by huge mountains

upon every side, the water gushing forth from the ground in springs covering a distance of perhaps half a mile.

On the face of a high rock, just in front, stand out boldly two carved Hittite figures of gigantic proportions; the larger one about ten feet high, the head crowned, heavy bracelets on the arm, branches and clusters of grapes falling down and forming the girdle; in one hand a large cluster of grapes, and in the other a large sheaf of wheat, on his feet heavy boots reaching to the knees. The smaller figure with priestly robes touching the ground, an appropriate cap, a large rosary around the neck, bracelets on arms, hands clasped and brought toward the face, thumbs lifted apparently in supplication to the larger figure as the God of that water which brings fertility to the vast plain. Here appropriate hymns were sung to the God of all gods and source of every blessing.

In these mountains superstition and ignorance prevail, and the Gospel message comes to the people as "fresh water to a thirsty soul." One day crossing a bridge the travellers were greatly surprised to see on either side of the river's bank scores of people buried in the hot sand, only their heads to be seen, and these sheltered by a branch or anything to give a little shade. They stopped to see what it might be.

Lo! a hospital in the sand.

This was a special day for some "healing saint," and it is said that sometimes two hundred or three hundred people with every kind of sickness are brought here.

Their friends dig a hole in the sand, bury them for hours, then take them to the monastery near by for prayer and sacrifice. Many are believed to have thus been healed. They were not passed by without a few words directing them to the Great Physician. Cheering sights and signs were seen among these mountains to gladden the heart and give hope for the future of that darkened land.

In a little Greek town where not much was heard of the Gospel total ignorance prevailed. A poor Greek carpenter was seen, who once found a few leaflets of torn Scripture which came to him wrapped around some nails. He read them carefully, and for two years longed for a full copy of the book. He at last had it. The Word gave light and life, and in that community he is now living for Christ.

Another light was shining in Bor, near ancient Tayana, of Cappadocia. The town had about 15,000 population, where there was no evangelistic work, as many hundreds of towns and villages are deprived of that privilege.

Kimia, meaning "treasure," lived there.

She had received a couple of years' training in a missionary school far distant, and was now married to a poor yet good man from Bor. The lack of Gospel privileges, and the condition of the children in that town, wore upon her, and with the hope of doing her part she invited the neighboring children to come to a school opened in her home of only one room on the ground floor, where the family also lived. Soon the number increased, and unfortunately her husband

became totally blind. The question of a living became vital, but Kimia did not give up her school, nor did she keep it for remuneration. Each child brought one "metallic" cent every month, and some could not give even that.

The poverty in that country cannot be fully realized.

Kimia kept the school, cared for her little baby and the cooking, washing and mending of the family, and also tried to do some outside sewing as a little personal help. Thus she continued for months; her loving service and sacrifice were known to many. The missionaries of Cesarea finally heard of it, and gave her a monthly salary of fifty piasters, or two dollars and a half.

When the new visitors arrived Kimia had a school of forty children. She taught all the lessons herself. While engaged in necessary house work her blind husband kept order and taught them singing. You can well realize how happy she and her faithful husband were in that day when a service was held in the school. In the presence of many outsiders their child was baptized, and a generous collection was given to them to procure glass for the windows and some mats for the bare floor for the coming winter's bitter cold. Such missions are the bright stars in gloomy pathways among the mountains of desolate Armenia and Asia Minor.

For several years such journeys as this were made by Harutune, often accompanied by wife and children. Tedious and uncomfortable travelling had to be

endured, with lack of proper diet, dangers from bad roads, thieves and murderers, days of anxiety and sleepless nights. But amidst all the hardships the truth was declared on the hills, in the valleys, among the ruins, by the wayside, in homes and in the cliffs of the rocks. Many thousands heard the Gospel—Armenians, Greeks, even Moslems and Koords—and hundreds found the Lord, whose presence was shelter, defence and blessing among these mountain places.

“ Their single aim the purpose to fulfil
Of truth, from day to day,
Simply obedient to its guiding will,
They held their pilgrim way.

“ Scattering sweet words and quiet deeds of good
Along their way like flowers,
Or pleading, as Christ's freemen only could,
With people and with powers.

“ Sure stands the promise, ever to the meek
A heritage is given ;
Nor lose they earth who, single-hearted, seek
The righteousness of heaven.”

CHAPTER XIII.

STRANGE LODGINGS.

ON one of these journeys, when half the caravan had crossed the river, a horseman and his companions suddenly stood before them, commanding them to halt. "Go back," said he, "you will be my guests to-night." This sounded like a kind invitation, but the caravan leader took it very seriously.

He well knew that the horseman was the famous robber chief of that region, and to be his guest, thus to go to his home, meant to be robbed of everything. Some desired to push ahead, saying, "What can these few horsemen do to us?" They knew not that the whole region was full of these Koordish robbers, and that the sound of a bugle or the firing of a pistol would be sufficient to at once have the caravan surrounded by these people. Reluctantly and anxiously the caravan turned to follow the chief, and recrossed the river. The horses appeared to be sinking in the rapid flowing river; every eye was on the "moffah" horse which carried the precious children; they floated, however, while the water rose and dashed around them. The children cried in fright, but, thanks to God, they were carried safely to the

farther slippery bank. Led by the robber chief, the caravan dismounted on a hillside near his tent.

It is related that once a missionary, while caught and being carried away by a robber band, showed a "miracle" to them and escaped. He asked their permission to wash his hands and face in a little brook and was permitted. While doing so he took out his set of false teeth and began washing them. These robbers were horror-stricken to see teeth thus taken out.

"What! can you take out your teeth like that? How will you put them back?"

The foreigner showed how it was done, and said, "Don't you know in the olden times men of God performed many wondrous miracles, and this is one of the miracles of the modern time." They were really frightened to think they were trying to rob a man of God who could perform such miracles, and begged him to go on his way in peace and safety.

While the above-mentioned caravan halted the party was in great anxiety and of course not able to show such miraculous signs. A large amount of money and some of the most valuable merchandise in the caravan was presented, to the chief's satisfaction. The night was spent there, for the most part in talking with these mountain ruffians, sleepless, yet safe.

The next lodging place was an Armenian town. No hotel or place of any comfort could be found, so they went right to the church, sending news to the priest, who hurriedly came, helped to sweep the guest-room and tried to do his best to make the visitors

comfortable. The priest insisted that they should be the guests of the town. Every noon and evening meals were brought from certain houses. Not only loyal hospitality, but hearty appreciation was shown. Harutune was invited to preach in the church to large crowds at different times. Here also there was not much rest at night—not from fear or danger in lodgings, but the people crowded about far into the night to talk on religious matters. They were both hungry and thirsty for the truth which was so freely served them.

The lodgings in Mamason shrine will never be forgotten. It was on the way to Iconium; an evening had to be spent there, and being a special day for the saint's memory, all the rooms in the khan connected with the shrine were taken. So as an especial honor a corner under the very dome of the shrine was given the missionaries for the night.

This shrine is in memory of a saint who lived two hundred years ago. It is cut from the rocks below the ground, and it is the place of visitation, not only for Armenians and Greeks, but also for Moslems. In the main room there is an altar to the east for Christian worshippers, and a shrine toward the south for the Moslems. The sacred bones of the saint, in separate pieces, are covered with silver, and it is also said that some bones of the Empress Helena repose here.

All these are carefully kept in a large ancient coffin which can be opened by any devoted admirer.

Many sick, palsied, blind, feeble-minded, and especially married women not blessed with children,

are brought here for fasting and supplication that they may be healed or have their heart's desire granted. The new arrivals could hardly be numbered among the above, unless they be reckoned among the feeble-minded, for certainly it was not the place for rest after a long day's journey. The whole night through the door was being flung open as worshippers came in, opened the casket, selected any bones desired, kissed them, then knelt before the chosen shrine in pitiful prayer and weeping. Besides these, many insignificant-looking yet lively guests crowded closely, a part of the vermin host who gladly welcome any new visitor. And the long night gave ample opportunity to examine these vermin as to their size, shape and biting ability. Certainly fleas, which are so common in that country, are very shiny, nice-looking little insects; mosquitoes are musical, active and penetrating, their wings, feet and mouths very artistic. The trouble with these creatures is not their looks, but their manner of gaining a living. Like many saloon-keepers, they are very nice-looking, polite and generous; but the fact that they survive by the blood of many victims makes the case detestable. This experience with the mosquitoes makes probable a tale told by one of the learned men on this journey.

It is related that when the Patriarch Abraham believed God, Nimrood, a heathen king, persecuted him greatly, and told him *he* could conquer the God of Abraham. God told Abraham to tell Nimrood to get ready with all his army and forces for a battle on a certain plain, and He would fight against him.

Preparations were made, a great host gathered, and for many days the army of God did not appear. Abraham felt disheartened, and God told him that the same night He would send His army. Toward sunset, the whole air above Nimrood's army was filled with poisonous mosquitoes. They attacked the soldiers, and no arms or shooting could destroy them. Many were bitten and died. One insect entered the nostril of the king, reaching the brain. His agony was so great that his head had to be clubbed so that he could not feel the constant irritation. Thus he died, and thus God showed Himself the God of Abraham, victorious over all enemies.

In the shrine of Mamason all discomfort was cheerfully endured, with a hope that the morning might afford an opportunity for a little Gospel talk to the crowds there assembled. This was granted, though the Greek bishop who arrived during the sermon was so angry he would not stay to speak to the preacher. Nevertheless, in this miserable place of dead and dying the living Christ was preached.

The interesting and impressive sights of the visit to Georemeh, near Cesarea, must long abide in memory. This is a valley of cone-shaped hills with much reddish soft rock. All these hills are cut for cave dwellings, two or three stories high, some being underground. This has been another place of refuge for persecuted Christians, who have found shelter here for four centuries. Each hill stands as a castle of fortification to repulse the attack of the enemy. It is estimated there are 2,000 dwellings

and 300 churches in this valley. Through a narrow rocky hole you enter, at which entrance a huge millstone rests at one side. For a score or more rooms in one hill this is the only entrance, and it is so arranged that in time of danger the millstone may be easily rolled in front of the opening.

Had these hills tongues what would they not tell? Yet much was learned in the day spent there. There are large rooms, with a long table of rock in the centre, capable of seating from fifty to one hundred people. These may have been for the dining-room or a school, or perhaps both. Some of the churches were exquisitely decorated with Scripture texts and illustrations from the Bible. On one pillar there was printed a prophecy from the Old Testament, and on an opposite one its fulfilment in the New. The Book of Revelation was well explained and illustrated on the walls. Remains are still seen in the rooms used for graves. Here most appropriately a sermon was preached to the visitors gathered from far and wide, on the text: "They wandered about in sheepskins and goatskins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented; they wandered in deserts and in mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth. . . . Of whom the world was not worthy."

A new experience on a new road then came. It took fourteen days from Tarsus to Sivas in Armenia, each day having a new story of its own. A dirty Circassian village was reached where the night must be spent. It could never be thought of to enter any house, and the news of a small khan was welcomed.

Oh, what a khan!

It was filled with the filth of ages, and was the place where horses were kept. "There is a room for you," they said. Yes, it was a room! Its door was opened not outside—but into the stable, so arranged as to get the benefit of heat from the cattle in winter. Just a moment stepping inside was enough.

Harutune came and said to his wife, "We cannot go in; we cannot breathe in there!"

Looking around he saw a hay cart in a field.

The cart, loaded with hay, was propped up with wooden forks; and under this they decided to lodge. A calico curtain was hung up for privacy, and father, mother and the child snugly crept into their travelling beds.

The father well realized the danger of the situation, not only for robbery, but that anyone coming at night and pulling out the forks would instantly smother them; so he said nothing, but quietly watched while the others rested. There were some visitors during the night, but a gentle cough warned them off, and later on he found that the mother, too, was not sleeping, but anxiously wakeful. Each watched over the other and the precious sleeping child, feeling themselves as lambs among wolves, and praying for safety, while the bright stars and the moon beamed kindly till the glorious sun appeared, leading them to another day's journey on horseback, which proved to be the most dangerous of all.

About this time, in that region, the famous robber chief Chollo cast terror on every side. The repeated efforts on the part of the Government to capture him



HARTTONE AND HIS FAMILY IN A CIRCASSIAN VILLAGE.

proved unsuccessful. And that robber band had been seen in the vicinity within a few days! But the travellers were in such a place that danger seemed before and behind.

There is a famous saying of Mohammed that, "You tie your camel, then trust him with God," so with all prayer and trust every precaution was taken to avoid danger. It was learned that the head man of all these regions was Kara Agha, the famous Koordish chief, whose name had weight even with the great robber Chollo. The journey was directed to his headquarters. A horseman was sent just ahead of the caravan with instruction that should anyone inquire who the party were and where they were going, he was to answer judiciously and state that they were to be the guests of Kara Agha that night. This surprised and quieted many inquirers who thought that if a party was to be entertained by Kara Agha they must be very important people, and not to be interfered with.

Then suddenly, at the foot of a hill, a large crowd was seen. Fortunately it proved to be a religious procession of the Mohammedans.

A Moslem priest from Mecca had brought the holy mantle of the prophet Mohammed, which he carried from place to place, exhibiting it and blessing the people, enthusiastic crowds following.

The holy mantle was put in a shrine covered by fine silk cloth. No one dared touch it, which was placed on a wooden frame, carried by four persons. Next came the high priest with face veiled

in white, escorted by eight distinguished priests dressed in green robes. After them marched about eighty village priests with white turbans, hundreds of the people following. They all went to the cemetery, where they prayed for the dead, then came to the mosque, where supplications were made for all followers of the prophet, while the high priest prayed, and the people chanted a loud "Amen." The missionary party was somewhat in fear of what might happen under this religious enthusiasm, but learning that this high priest and his companions had been the guests of Kara Agha the previous night, they still told the story of going to be that great chief's guests!

Towards evening they arrived safely at the tents of the noted chief. "Will you receive us as your guests for to-night?" he was asked. With surprise and hesitation, yet pleasantly, he said:

"Yes, if you can be satisfied with the accommodation."

Harutune's wife was taken to the harem, where she gave some picture cards and candy to the children, thus winning the hearts of the mothers. He had three wives, each having a beautiful finely embroidered tent of her own, draped inside with silk and velvet in bright colors. The chief for himself had a large patriarchal tent of goat's hair, seventy-five feet long and twenty-five feet wide. One corner was given to the new guests, where they stretched their curtain, placed their beds and had privacy for the night. Supper was served with quite a variety of food, and the missionary dipped into the same dish with the chiefs of the



UNDER THE TENTS OF KARA AGHA, THE ROBBER-CHIEF.

From original drawing by a native.

robbers and murderers of that region, while his wife was hospitably fed and entertained by the women—all young Circassians captured from their people. They were beautiful and richly decorated with gold and jewelry. The visitor proved a great curiosity to them with her European way of dressing.

Realizing that the next day's journey was still dangerous, Kara Agha was that evening earnestly besought to send his son with the party as a guard. He declined. Anxiously the night watches passed, as it was learned that the famous robber in the mountains was a near relative to the host, and the necessity of securing a guide to avoid the expected danger increased.

Early in the morning Harutune, approaching his host, said: "It is our custom to have prayer before starting on our journey—will you allow us?" "Yes," he said, and from the Scripture certain portions alluding to hospitality and kindness were read, and prayer offered. The man seemed somewhat affected; then he was asked, "Do you wish to have the little child sing for you?" "Oh, yes; can she?" Then Grace, three and a-half years old, came forward and stood before the tall old man and sang some pieces she had learned in the Tarsus Sunday School—"Jesus loves me, this I know," also "I want to be an angel."

The chief seemed much surprised and touched; tears were in his eyes; he never had heard anything like it, especially from a little child, and, turning to Grace's father, he said: "The road you travel to day is very dangerous; for the sake of this little child I will



GRACE.

send my son with you as guard ; let him go with you till you safely reach the city."

Bekkeer Agha, a strong and willing youth, well armed, mounted his Arabian steed and led the way. Many bands of robbers were passed in the woods and the valleys, but a motion from the guard, or even his appearance at the head of the caravan, caused all to pass quietly away, while some accompanied him to strengthen the detachment.

The little missionary family and the brigands travelled, sat, talked and ate together, until finally all dangers were passed and Harutune with his family safely reached the city.

Thus was verified the promise, "The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, they shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord !" . . . "Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation, there shall no evil befall thee." . . . "For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways."

CHAPTER XIV.

A GREAT PEOPLE.

A PEOPLE who are not only historic but heroic and unique in habits, diplomacy and religion are certainly great. The voice of the leader is the voice of the people. All hear and obey. It is not a clan or small principality, not an insignificant nation, but a people numbering two hundred millions, who are represented in every hemisphere, in many different nationalities and languages, under different rulers, in adverse and prosperous circumstances, yet they are one, and if need be can move under one flag. They have had the honor of giving a mighty blow to early heathendom, while heretical, lax and dead Christianity has been greatly rebuked and has trembled under their feet. Not only the Orient but the Occident, not only barbaric or semi-barbaric tribes, but the civilized world, has felt the shock of their approach. They represent the most brutal barbarism on one hand and a high type of culture and civilization on the other. They will not deny the weak points they possess, yet they are aware more than others of their strength. Naturally they are not different from other people. The elements of kindness, politeness, hospitality and

religious fervor are their good qualities. But they show anger, hatred and bitter cruelty when occasion offers.

These people are fatalists; as they believe in one God, they believe in one unchangeable Providence; whatever comes was foreordained. So they can well be content with any hardship and will stand firm, but if they fall under subjection will accept it as well. And they never fear death. Those familiar with history in the Middle Ages will recognize that this people are Moslems. Many of these people dwell in the land where Harutune was born and lived; he also has had much to do with them since his childhood. In the Turkish Empire they are called Ottomans; but taken all in all, in Turkey, Persia, Arabia, India, Africa and other lands, they will be identified by the name given. In different nationalities, as Turks, Mongols, Persians, Arabs, Hindoos, Circassians or Koords, they are a unit. They have certain differences they do not speak about, but they press steadily forward to convert the world. Their power is in the sword and religion, and to-day the largest religious university in the world is the Islam University in Cairo, Egypt, where nearly ten thousand young men are preparing for the priesthood, to be sent as missionaries to proclaim the doctrines of Mohammed. And this is only one of a number of large centres where tens of thousands of the flower of Moslem youth are being fitted to disseminate its teachings.

In this chapter, taking the Ottoman Empire as the

present ruling centre of Islamism, some brief statements will be given which may prove interesting to the reader.

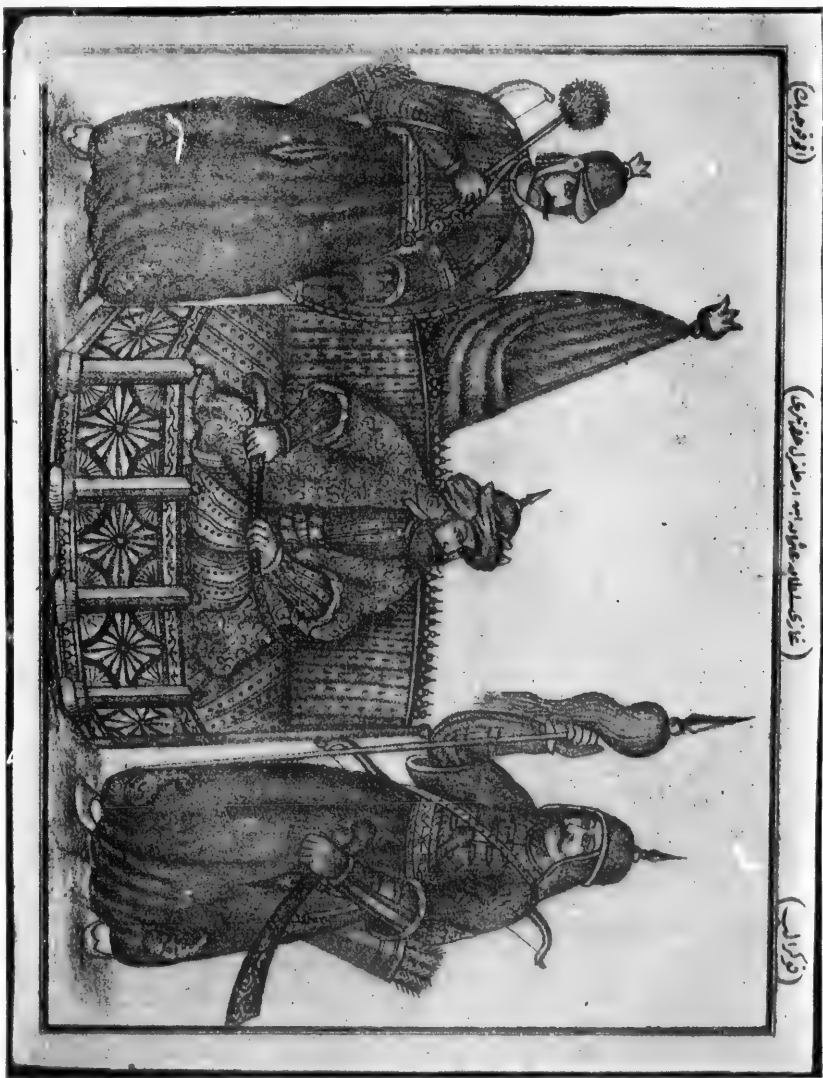
The earliest notice of the Turks in history is about the year 800 A.D. Coming from Turkestan, they obtained possession of a part of Armenia, extending their conquests over adjacent portions of Asia, Africa, Europe, Syria and Egypt. The name of Ottoman comes from Othman, or Osman I., the Sultan of Turkey in the year 1299. Since then thirty-five rulers have ascended the throne. In 1453, Constantinople was taken by Mohammed II. and became the capital of the empire. They next took the whole country now forming Turkey in Asia. From the accession of Mohammed IV., in 1648, the Turkish Empire began rapidly to decline, the vices of profligacy and the harem and seraglio being reflected in every branch of the State.

The present Ottoman Empire extends partly in south-eastern Europe and western Asia, and comprises some of the most celebrated, best situated and naturally finest provinces of the continents. In the old geographical form it may be divided into four parts: Armenia, Palestine or Syria, Asia Minor or Anatolia, and European Turkey. The whole country is about 1,500,000 square miles, with 25,000,000 population; 2,500,000 Armenians, 6,000,000 Bulgarians, Slavs, Greeks, etc., and the rest identified with Islamism. The present sovereign is Sultan Hamid II., enthroned in 1876 in the great Byzantine capital of other days, Constantinople.

(الفرقة)

(غازي سلطان عثمان اور سلطان محمد)

(فرقة)



THE SULTAN OSMAN (OTHMAN), THE SON OF ORTOGHREI, ON HIS THRONE.

From an old and rare print.

Of the four great cities which distinctively belong to the whole world, Jerusalem has been the seat of Judaism and Christendom; Rome has influenced all nations by her laws, language, political and ecclesiastical institutions; Athens, as an adored queen of the world, has received admiration in literature and art; and Constantinople, while more modern, yet has preserved and seems to retain a great measure of importance and influence. It is to-day a power and may prove a mighty factor in the future. Situated on the great pathway which connects the Black Sea with the Mediterranean, and dividing Europe from Asia, two seas and continents are at its feet. From A.D. 330 to 1453 it was the capital of the Roman Empire of the East. Later, Mohammed II. made it the centre of the Ottoman dominion and a city hardly less sacred than Jerusalem, or even Mecca, to the Mohammedan world.

In the Middle Ages the military force of the Ottoman Empire was well represented by the Janissaries, a celebrated force which Sultan Murad I. formed as a body of infantry. They were selected from the youngest and finest of the Christian captives, were instructed in the Mohammedan precepts, highly drilled, and taught all the evolutions of war. For centuries they were as a shield to the empire. Their influence and power under their own leaders became so great that even the throne trembled, so Sultan Mahmoud II., the grandfather of the present Sultan, with skilful plans organized his army on European principles, and in 1825, after a fierce struggle, destroyed the power of the Janissaries.

(خطاب، و تاج، و تاج، و تاج، و تاج)



"SELANLIC"—THE PROCESSION OF THE SULTAN MAHMOUD II. TO THE GRAND MOSQUE, ACCOMPANIED
BY HIS BODY-GUARD OF JANNISSARIES.

From an old wood engraving.

Sultan Abdul Hamid II. has endeared his name to all the Moslem world by his firmness in the faith, devotion to its teaching, and fearlessness in acting according to the dictates of his conscience, and has shown all Europe that there is one who is master of the Eastern situation and who holds the key of modern diplomacy. It is not so much what other nations or powers think or say, as what they do or what they cannot do!

The ruler on the Ottoman throne is the successor of Mohammed the Prophet, thus the head of the religion as well as of the Government. To the Moslem church and state are one. The following is quoted from a Turkish newspaper, and embodies the sentiment of Moslems regarding the Sultan :

"The finest pearl of the age, and the esteemed Centre of the Universe ; at whose grand portals stand the camels of justice and mercy, and to whom the eyes of the kings and people in the West have been drawn ; the rulers there finding an example of political prowess and the classes a model of mercy and kindness ; our Lord and Master, the Sultan of two shores and the high king of the two seas ; the crown of ages and the pride of all countries ; the greatest of all Khalifs ; the shadow of God on earth ; the successor of the apostles of the Lord of the Universe ; the victorious conqueror Sultan Hamid Khan.

"May God protect his kingdom and place his glory above the sun and moon, and may the Lord supply all the world with the goodness which proceeds from his Holy Majesty's good intentions."

The following is found in the writings of Hon. S. S. Cox, late United States Minister to Turkey :

"The Sultan receives us standing on a rug of camel-hair felt, covered with embroidered flowers in different colored silk braid of Turkish work. As we are ushered into the presence, we make three bows : one at the door on entering, the second half way, and the last when we stop a few feet from his person. We do not bow as low as the Turkish Ministers, but we do our best. The Sultan is standing at the far end of the room in front of a table. He is middle-sized, wears a full black beard, has very expressive eyes, and is very gracious in his manners.

"There is an etiquette which Turkish officials observe in the Sultan's presence. On approaching the Sultan the officials when about ten yards distant make a salaam ; this consists in bending the body till the right hand touches the ground ; the hand is then brought to the heart, the mouth and then to the forehead. Its idea is that you take the earth from the ground as a symbol of lowliness. Then you carry the hand to your heart and head. The lips approve your regard. After the first salaam, you advance five or six yards and repeat, until you are a yard and a half from the Sultan ; then a third salaam is made and the person stops, crossing his hands on his breast. It is intended to show that the servant has no concealed weapon in his hand. These officials never address the Sultan. Every time he looks toward them they repeat the bow, the salaam. After much ceremony they are asked what their business is. They tell their story, bow lowly and bow out.

A State dinner at the Palace is thus described :

"The carriage arrives at the palace. We are met at the vestibule by a grand pasha in uniform and decoration. In a few minutes the master of ceremonies leads the way to the upper salon. He is followed by the Ministers and the rest of the company. Each one is presented in turn to the Sultan, who cordially shakes hands with us all. On his motioning to the ladies they are seated on the divan. He then calls up the three princes ; his son, who is seventeen years old, and two nephews. These youths wear military suits, spurs and swords.

They are each presented in turn. Then the Sultan accompanies his guests to the door of the grand salon, while he does not go to the table, with a parting salutation, remarking that he will continue the reception after dinner. The table is a picture. It is wide and long, with a gorgeous display of flowers, fruits, light and crystal shades. Our little ministerial family are placed among the princes. They do not drink wine. The Sultan's band plays rare music from the adjoining room while the dinner goes on. The service, in silver at first and then in gold, winds up with the finest crystal for finger bowls. Dainty little gold shells hold the ices. Ten servants in gold-trimmed uniforms and fez caps serve the table. The dinner is not tedious or long. After rising from the table we march down the line of pashas, aides and servants, all of whom bow according to the Oriental method. Then passing through a corridor, we enter a polished green and black tiled coffee room. How rare and beautiful are the Turkish carpets and divans here ! How tempting for an after-dinner nap ! How exquisite the chairs and malachite tables !

"After being seated, one of the pashas surprised my wife by approaching her with a box. 'I have something to show you, madam,' he says.

"'Yes, it is lovely outside ; what is in it ?'

"He opens it, remarking, 'Shall I put it on you ?'

"'What do you mean ?' she inquires.

"'I have the pleasure of decorating you, at the Sultan's wish, with the Grand Order of the Chefekat.'

"It proves to be a star in brown, gold and green enamel, with diamond brilliants. It has five points and twenty-six diamonds on each point. Surely no woman of good training would refuse such a gift.

We all enter a grand salon ; here the Sultan receives us again. His Majesty sits in an arm-chair at the head of the table, dressed, as usual, in a dark blue frock-coat, suit, sword, and fez cap. He chats with each and all on appropriate subjects, every sentence being received by the interpreter with a profound bow.

"Tea is then served in gold cups and saucers. The Sultan then rises, takes little Tewfik, his nephew, by the hand and leads him to the piano, saying apologetically : 'The boy will give us some music, although he has only learned by ear.'

"The quiet little prince plays a spirited march and other pieces, after that he leaves the piano and stands meek in his place till the Sultan indicates a place for him to sit.

"The Sultan now arises. It is etiquette at the palace to remain until the Sultan gives the signal to leave. This he generally does by glancing at his watch, saying : 'I fear you you will be late,' or, 'Perhaps I am detaining you.'

"The gorgeous picture in the palace is in many ways a model in etiquette for high families of Islams. Their home life, the manners and customs are very interesting to any Occidental. As soon as a Turkish child is born it is put in 'koondak,' swaddled, a red silk cap placed on its head, which is decorated with gold pieces and several charms to keep off the evil eye.

"Children are not favored with instructive books, toys or games.

"The Turks generally marry early, the men from seventeen upwards, and the girls from eleven upwards, so that an old maid is absolutely unknown in Turkey. This custom of early marriage is encouraged by parents as a check upon their sons contracting wild habits.

"The betrothal comprises the financial as well as the matrimonial contract. The preliminaries of the engagement are undertaken by the parents. Mother, or some near relative of the young man, with friends, visits families known to possess marriageable daughters. They are admitted ; the oldest girl presents herself, offers coffee, kisses hands all round, waits to take the empty cups and then disappears. By this short view should she prove satisfactory they at once enter into negotiations. On the mother's return home she gives a faithful description of the maiden's appearance to her son. Should this meet with his approval the question is settled, and sooner or later the marriage takes place.

"The weddings are attended by great festivities, beginning



A TURKISH FATHER AND CHILDREN.

on Monday. On Tuesday the bride is taken to the bath with great ceremony, the expense being defrayed by the bridegroom. On Wednesday with noise, confusion, crowd, music and dancing she is taken to his home.

"The only touching scene in the long ceremony is the girding of the bride by her father, which takes place in the presence of her mother and sisters, just before she leaves the home of her childhood. The father enters the room deeply affected, joining his tears to the weeping of his wife and daughters. The bride also weeping falls at his feet, kissing them and his hands, while he presses her to his breast and girds her with the bridal girdle, giving some good advice and his blessing.

"The dowry is, of course, among Moslems given by the bridegroom. Should the lady possess any property or belongings, the husband cannot assume any right over it. It is easy for a Turk to divorce his wife, he has only to say to her three times, perhaps in a moment of anger: 'Cover thy face, thy neekyah is in thy hands,' and she ceases to be his wife, must at once leave his abode, carrying with her, luckily for her, bag and baggage. The privilege of divorce, religiously permitted to a man, is entirely beyond the reach of a woman. Islams can legally and religiously take as many as four wives, although it is not often practised."

While these facts are given as a glimpse of life in high circles of the Moslems, we cannot overlook the poor, illiterate and ill-trained masses and peasantry; the uncontrollable, cruel, barbaric Koords; the fierce and merciless Arabs; the Circassians, refugees from Russia and the Caucasian regions, who, with all their politeness and fine appearance, live by preying on the weak. To kill a man for the sake of his little money or possession to them is easy. These and many other different tribes, while they often prove a calamity and great disturbance to the peace of the

people, country and the government, yet by loyalty to the Moslem faith, obedience and full submission to superiors, and being religiously bound to protect and support every follower of Mohammed against all Kafeers, "infidels"—and to that end sparing not energy, possession and life—they stand a powerful body and a great people.

One cannot overlook the fact that in late years they have written pages of history with their swords dipped in Armenian blood. It was not simply to punish some rebellious and agitating elements, but was a wholesale, cold-blooded murder of many innocents. It was done boldly, openly and the evil-doers were not punished. The blame is on Moslem as well as on Christian nations. With such an uprising unchecked, had it not been for the better and merciful element of Islam among some officials and people, every city of the empire would have been visited, and the name Armenian would have been no more.

May the Divine Spirit convince them of sin, of righteousness and of judgment, and all the crimes of the past being wiped away, may they become indeed a great people for good towards God and humanity.

CHAPTER XV.

THE HOLY MAN AND THE RELIGION.

“The knowledge wisest men have shared
Of Thy great power and Thee,
Is less, when with Thyself compared,
Than one drop in a sea.”

BEFORE the Ottomans came to the Turkish throne the Seljukian dynasty ruled the land, and in the latter part of the thirteenth century, when Sultan Aladdin was at his capital, Iconium (modern Konia), there lived Hazret-i-Mevlana, “the Holy Man,” and it is related that when the king saw not only the high and holy standing, but the great influence and power of this man upon the community near and far, he gladly offered him his sceptre, saying: “As long as you are here I am not worthy to be the head of this people.” Then, or a little later, Hazret-i-Mevlana, not caring to have the political leadership, girded the sword on a favorite, a promising youth named Othman or Osman. Through him, up to this time, the sovereignty has been kept in that family, and the people called Ottoman or Osmanli. The kingly family, realizing the favor and privilege thus rendered to them, the descendants of Hazret-i-Mevlana, the Holy Priesthood,

are privileged to gird the sword on every Sultan who ascends the Turkish throne. This holy family is called Moola-Heontkar, and the oldest living member is its head, and he is known by the name Aziz, "holy," as the Pope of sacred Dervishhood, having his seat in Konia.

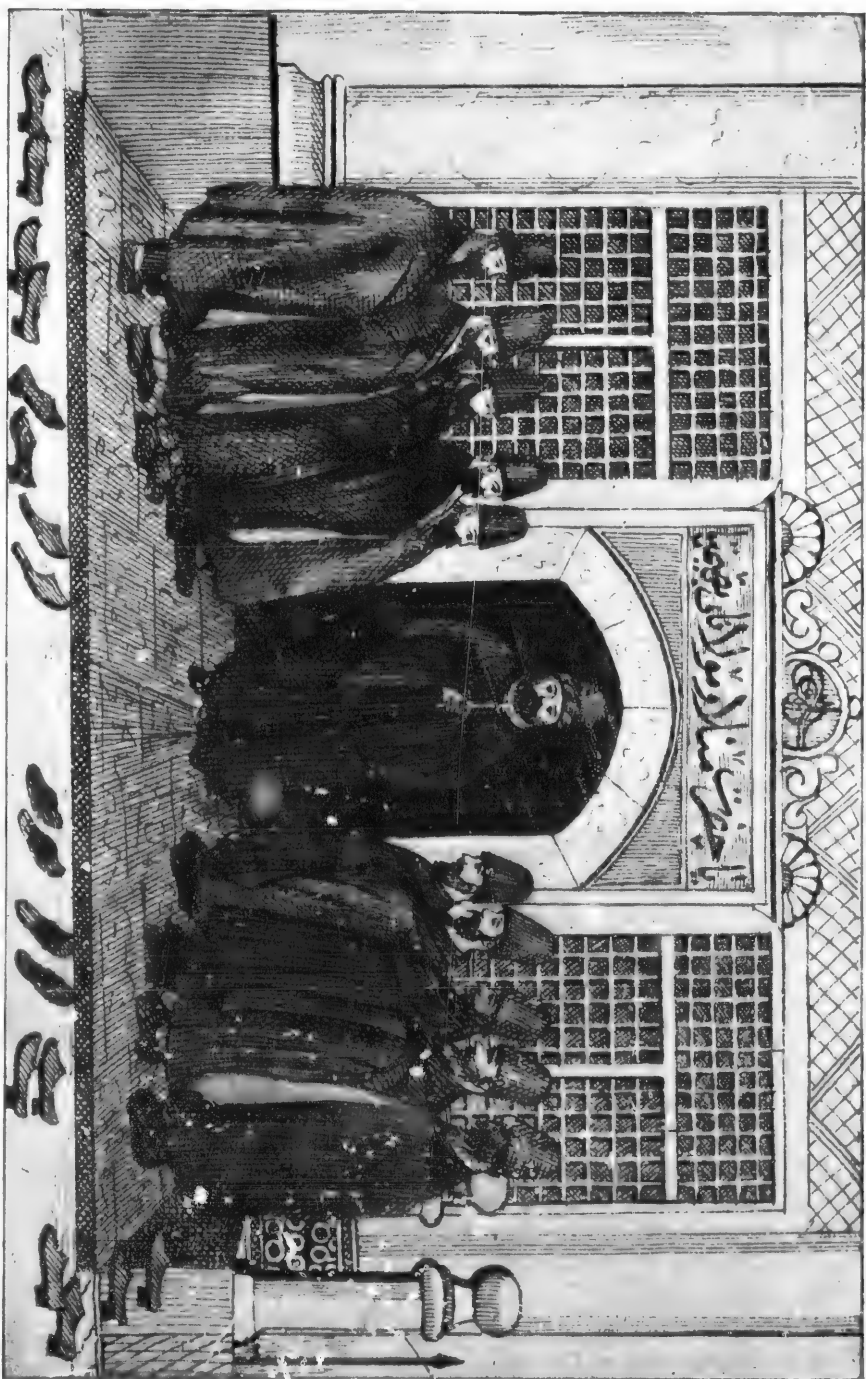
Harutune well remembers the opportunity rendered him of meeting this noted man when in Konia. Calling with his wife at the headquarters of the Aziz, led by a guard, he was received into his presence. As they stood before him, awaiting an invitation to be seated, he looked greatly surprised that they did not kiss his hands as did all others. But he pleasantly motioned them to divans, and after Oriental salutations, learning that the lady was an American, he asked her: "Which do you like best, America or this country?"

The reply was: "I like America because it was my home, and Turkey because it is my husband's country and the place of our work."

He smiled pleasantly, then turning to Harutune said, among other things: "Do you Protestants worship the Virgin Mary, pictures of saints, and other relics?"

He was pleased with the answer, "Nay," as the Mohammedans consider such things heathenish. Harutune was then asked to kindly explain the true meaning of their forms of worship.

This sect are the whirling Dervishes, and their chief worship is done with much pomp and ceremony in the head mosque, which is enriched, not only with a

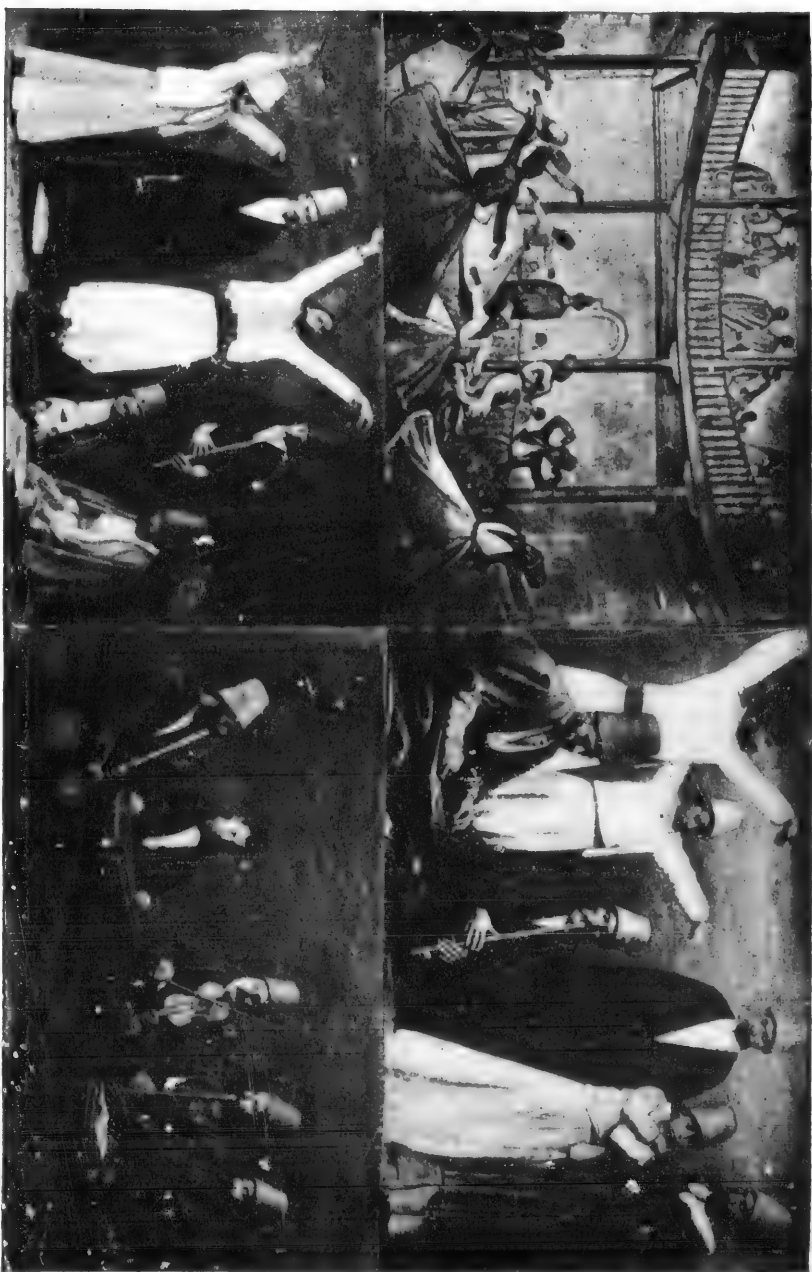


THE HOLY MAN OF ICONIUM AND HIS ASSOCIATES.

From original painting by a native.

fine building and antique embellishment, but by the decorated tombs and shrines of Hazret-i-Mevlana and other holy heads, about forty in number. Among them are shown two tombs which are said to be those of Christian bishops who, accepting the faith and entering that sect, sanctified themselves.

The worship takes place Friday afternoon, and as an especial honor the missionary party were admitted into the very room of the service, this honor costing them two hours' humble sitting on their knees. There the holy man, leading several near associates, enters, each taking his place, the holy man standing at the head on a pure white goatskin called "Poast." The younger priests, a score or more, enter in order, bowing to the holy man, and in case of his absence to the "Poast," then encircling the beautifully polished floor, which is open on the other side to the department of shrines and tombs. Perfect silence and great solemnity impose themselves. The holy man quietly bows to the head shrine of Hazret-i-Mevlana, then bows to the next to him, and this is called receiving and giving the holy peace or salutation. Each following this example returns to his place standing, then a few selected musicians in one corner sing in a soft, melodious tone the religious songs. This giving inspiration to younger priests, they one by one, laying aside their long mantles, enter into the circle; one hand stretched out and upward, the other downward, they gracefully begin to whir!; in fifteen to twenty minutes the whole floor is filled with these whirling priests. They turn on one foot, and when tired take the other.



THE ORDER OF THE MEVLAVI DERVISHES PERFORMING THE DIFFERENT STAGES OF THEIR RITUAL.

Among them are a few guards to keep them in orderly rows and to aid any who are exhausted or faint.

One who looks at the pictures of this ceremony naturally will have the conception of some form of dancing, but the reality is far different. Nothing light, nothing noisy, everything in perfect silence, solemn and graceful, the only sound heard is the voice of a few musicians and one or two singers. This continues about forty minutes, when, at a sudden call, all stand still just where they may happen to be, and listen to a song in a low tone on heavenly visions. Then the holy man, giving the parting benediction, each bows to him and goes out.

The holy man explained the true meaning of all these forms. It is separation from the world and being absorbed in the Divine presence and losing themselves. They have a belief that Hazret-i-Mevlana while in this turning attitude received communication from God. He also quoted David dancing before the Lord, and they take that as a religious rite similar to theirs.

These Dervishes have another form of worship which takes place Monday night. They all kneel around a room, the high priest before the altar. A large string of beads, about forty or fifty yards in length, is spread out in a circle and each takes hold, the leader offering certain prayers; then the other priests, while slipping the beads through their hands to the next one, commence calling: "Allah, Allah" (God) louder and louder, their heads moving to and fro. This they repeat hundreds of times, and often fall

exhausted. To this the interpretation is given that the large circle of beads shows union of the believers ; each taking hold and repeating the name of God—"Allah"—signifies emptying themselves of human lust and desires, and being lifted up in thought and feeling toward God.

"All nations and languages repeat the name of God. Even infancy lisps it, yet cannot His praise be duly expressed by mortal ; soar thou beyond all limit, to the roof of the universe ; thou shalt behold one tile of His dwelling—one tile, no more."

The holy man, after patient explanation of the above, asked : "Why do you not believe in Mohammed ?"

The natural answer was given, "All prophecy was fulfilled in Christ, and the teaching of Mohammed in many ways is so different and so contradictory to the teachings of Christ and other prophets, that we cannot receive him as a Saviour."

He did not seem offended, but said : "You ought to recognize that Mohammed is the Messiah spoken of by the prophets. He, and not Christ, showed the true attributes of the Messiah, as a mighty hero, conqueror, deliverer."

The heroism of Mohammed was accepted, and it was further explained that the words "mighty, conqueror, and deliverer," must be taken in their spiritual meanings, and the crucified Christ without force or sword to gain the love and control the hearts and minds of millions, in itself shows the mighty power and the fact of deliverance from sin.

Again Aziz asked: "Do you believe that Christ really was crucified? We are taught that Christ was taken by his enemies to be executed, but that He miraculously escaped, and some other person remained in their hands who looked like Christ, and whom they crucified."

In answer it was said that Christ really died on the cross—not that He was unable to escape, but it was an atoning necessity.

The venerable host, in pleasant mood, said: "You believe as it is written in your book, and we believe as it is written in our book, the holy Koran, which contains the vital truths of the law of Moses, the Psalms of David, and the teachings of Christ, four holy books which we accept in one."

The question was asked, "If the Koran contains all that, why is it not allowed to be translated in all languages instead of being found only in its original Arabic?"

The ready answer was: "While the holy Koran contains the truths from other holy books, it differs from them in its revelations, which are mysteries; only the believers and those familiar with its original language can read and interpret its meaning. Otherwise there would be danger of misinterpretation."

Although this interview was unusual and Aziz and his priestly guests were much interested, fearing to weary him and thankful for the privilege, the callers said good-bye; the holy man bade them God-speed. Then Harutune's wife was permitted to enter the harem, where the cordiality and hospitality were most

charming and greatly appreciated. The ladies of the harem told her: "If you come again to Konia we will be glad to give an apartment and make you and your family our guests."

Moslems, as they are different in nationality, have also differences in their teachings, as with Christian denominations, but they do not speak about these, nor do you ever hear any controversy among them. They keep their unity in the vital doctrines of their religion.

The key-note of their creed is "La ilahe illallah, Mohammed er-rusoul Cellah" (There is no other God but one God and Mohammed is His prophet.) The following is a portion of a Mohammedan prayer:

"O God, Most High, there is no God but God. O God, hear him who praises thee. O God, praises wait for thee. O God, bestow thy salutation of peace upon Mohammed, as thou didst upon Ibrahim and the race of Ibrahim, and bless Mohammed and the race of Mohammed. Praise, grandeur and exaltation are in thee and to thee."

There are four essential duties for every Moslem—ablution with prayer, giving alms to the poor, fasting and going to Mecca. Each faithful one ought to pray five times a day—at dawn, at noon, in the afternoon at three, at six in the evening and at eight at night. Before each prayer ablution, washing of hands, feet, mouth and face is imperative. While doing this certain prayers are offered to God that He will forgive all sins committed by these several members, and the form of worship consists of kneeling upon a rug, or mantle, rising, kneeling again, bowing down, and

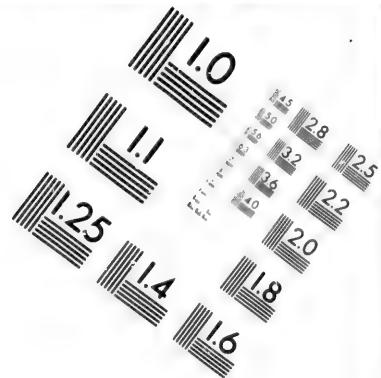
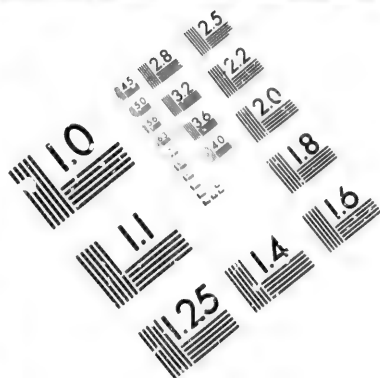
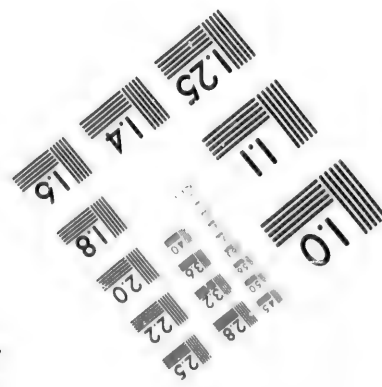
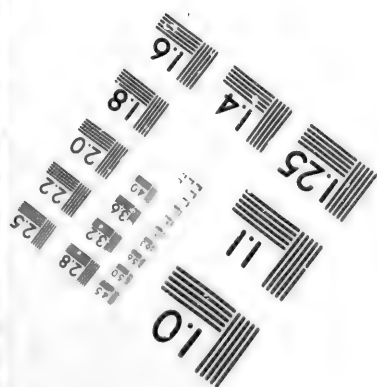
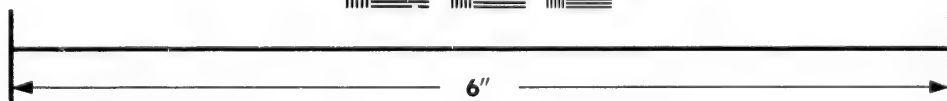
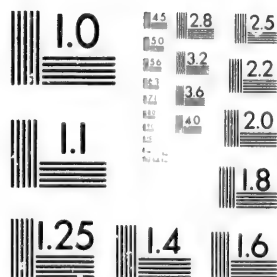


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each time whispering certain prayers, then clasping the hands over the face, passing them down and off as if driving the devil. Then they go to their business.

Moslem mosques are always open for prayer, and they are generally located on or near a spring or brook of pure water for ablutions. Five times daily calls to prayer are made from the high tower of the minarets, but every hour of the day you will find worshippers. Their largest gathering is at noon on Friday, their holy day. Then hundreds, even thousands, come from surrounding villages. Women do not participate in the worship. They may go up to the gallery and look and listen from there, while the floor of the mosque is jammed with men, numbering from 500 to 10,000, according to the size of the building and its locality. The high priest is before the shrine, a singer on a raised platform. After the singing, perhaps some reading and notices, the formal special worship begins. High priest bows, all bow; he kneels, all kneel; standing, all stand; whatever prayer he utters, all utter the same with one accord. They are gathered together of every type and condition, but the solemnity of the devotion is never disturbed. Every move and utterance is rendered in perfect harmony and unity, not a sound—even a slight cough is checked. In this gathering lies the force of Moslem activity and destination. The voice, the command, the will of the priest is taken as of God, by it they are moved, enthused, and before this fervor and fury not many can stand.

Often in prayer the whole mass, as the sound of a

mighty wind, utter "Amen." The official prayer of Islam which is used throughout Turkey and daily repeated in Cairo "Azhar" University by 10,000 Mohammedan students from all lands, is here given as translated from Arabic:

"I seek refuge with Allah from Satan the rejeem (the accursed). In the name of Allah the Compassionate, the Merciful! O Lord of all creatures! O Allah! Destroy the infidels and polytheists, Thine enemies, the enemies of the religion! O Allah! Make their children orphans, and defile their abodes, and cause their feet to slip; and give them and their families and their households, and their women, and their children, and their relatives by marriage, and their brothers, and their friends, and their possessions, and their race, and their wealth and their lands, as booty to the Moslems, O Lord of all creatures!"

All who do not accept Mohammed are included among "the infidels" referred to in the prayer.

Occasionally, and especially Friday afternoons, sermons are given either in the form of translation of the Koran, or exhortation on certain topics.

For example, here is an exhortation on "the Tongue." The priest says:

"The tongue kills more than the sword."

"The tongue has no bones, yet it crushes."

"The blow from a knife may be easily cured; not so a blow from the tongue."

"A long tongue makes life short."

"The tongue is the hardest controllable member of the body; for that very reason the Creator enclosed

it in two walls, the wall of teeth, and the wall of lips. When you are in anger and your lips quiver to speak, control the tongue with your teeth. The reason that old people talk a great deal is because one of these walls is broken. The tongue that blasphemes, lies, slanders and curses, will in the day of judgment be seventy yards long, surrounding the body of its owner, the edge burning with hellish flame, and with perpetual torture."

Another sermon on "Drink" closed with this illustration: "When the Patriarch Noah planted the first vineyard, Satan killed four animals as a sacrifice: a lamb, a lion, monkey and pig—that is, when a man takes the first drink of the accursed wine he is like a lamb. Let him take a few more, he will be as a lion. Give him a few more, and he will change to a monkey nature and lose his balance, dignity, honor and influence; give him a few more, he becomes filthy and wallows in his filth like a pig. Those who drink wine can never be forgiven, but for whiskey, God may forgive or not."

A talk on "Forgiveness." "You must forgive all your enemies and settle every account in this world; don't die indebted to anyone," the priest said, "because otherwise you may be a true believer, but you will suffer a great deal, until the account is settled with your enemy, in the day of judgment. The sun has two faces—one face which gives light to the world, the other is turned toward heaven, more brilliant and burning. In the day of judgment all the dead will rise, the true believers whose every account is settled,

and who have made reparation on earth, they at once will be taken in chariots with angels to heaven. Those who are believers, but have certain sins not yet punished, will be sent to hell for hundreds of years until they receive their full punishment and then be taken to heaven. But those who are believers, who have not settled their accounts on earth with the unbelievers, have to wait until judgment is given on their enemies and all accounts settled. At that day the burning side of the sun will turn toward those who are in judgment, which will last 150,000 years. So before the turn comes to your enemy to be judged you must wait under that scorching sun perhaps thousands of years. Therefore you had better forgive speedily and avoid this consequence."

Here is a sermon on "Heaven." "In the angelic world there are four archangels favored by God in a peculiar and special way—Michael, the guardian and protector under the Jewish dispensation; Gabriel, the divine messenger for holy truths, by whom the Koran was given to Mohammed at different times; Azrael, the Angel of Death, who separates the soul from the body; and Israfil, who at the resurrection will waken the dead with his trumpet. Many Christians on their death-bed will accept Mohammed and thus be saved, so while they are buried in Christian graves angels will remove their bodies to the Moslem graves, and many Moslems who are not true believers and followers of the prophet, though buried in Moslem graves, are yet 'infidels,' and will be removed by angels to the graves of infidels.

"Heaven is seven stories high, each story a department for certain pleasures, and the spirit of 'the faithful' is free to go anywhere and enjoy according to their holiness; they will have 'houris' (angelic females), it may be thousands. There will be no want in heaven, every desire to eat, drink and enjoy will be fully gratified."

When the speaker was lifted up by the lofty ideas of heavenly things, he reached the climax by saying: "Then Almighty God will appear before the saints and ask them, 'What more do you wish to make your joy perfect?' Then all the angels and saints in one accord will exclaim, 'Thy glory, O God, Thy glory.' Then the whole heaven will be filled with greater light and glory, and all other joys will be swallowed up in the joy of His presence."

As the Persian poet said, "By reason of my surpassing love toward God, I forget entirely Mohammed."

Thus we see in part the truth, superstition and revelation of Moslem faith as main factors of all their movements in history.

If Christians were as loyal to the Word and their calling as Moslems are to theirs, ere this there should have been made many changes in the history and political geography of the world.

A prominent Moslem, after reading the life of St. Paul in the Epistles, well said, "If this man had lived one hundred years, with his force of character, zeal and sacrifice, the whole world should have become Christian."

CHAPTER XVI.

SCATTERED ENDEAVORERS.

It was a rainy Monday night, yet the society of little boys did not omit their weekly prayer-meeting, gathered in one corner of the church, sitting on the floor. They were mostly from families of the poor.

All day they had worked very hard, and came in their working clothes, tired, but looking happy as if they expected to find rest at this meeting. Very few of them could read, and of course they knew nothing of singing by note. Hampartsoom, a coppersmith's boy, and his companion, Hagop, led the singing, and all heartily joined. Mugerditch, blind in one eye, a great favorite with all, opened the service. Georgie was the youngest, full of fun and laughter, but soon his attention was gained and he listened quietly. Mardiros, a peddler's son, for a long time had a hard struggle before taking part in the meetings, and then decided that as he had not been ashamed to lie, curse, swear, or talk foolishly before the people, he need not now be ashamed to talk or pray in the meetings; so was generally the first.

Every member tried to take a part; those not able to give testimony read some Scripture passages.

Simon was better educated, and occasionally quoted from native poets selections suitable to the topic. At this meeting he read some selections about God :

"The height and the depth of the world have their centre in Thee, O my God ! I do not know Thee, what Thou art, but I know that Thou art what Thou alone canst be !"

"If I make the seven oceans ink, if I make the trees my pen, if I make the earth my paper, the glory of God cannot be written."

"The heavens and the earth, says God, do not contain Me, but in the heart of the faithful am I contained in My fulness."

"In the eye of a gnat sleeps an elephant. In a kernel of corn already lie many thousands of harvests. In yon dew-drop as an exile, the Euphrates is banished. In that mustard-seed thy heart thrones the Lord, who inhabiteth immensity."

"O heart ! weak follower of the weak,
That thou shouldst traverse land and sea,
In this far place that God to seek
Who long ago had come to thee !"

Then another boy stood ; he had always thought much of himself, and from childhood had been a favorite. He joined the membership of the church at nine and a half years old, now he was fifteen and was full of vanity, though he was a Christian. He spoke a few words, then the chairman, turning to him, said :

"Do you believe that you are a sinner ?"

"Yes !"

"Do you believe that Jesus came to die for sinners ?"

"I do."

The third and last question :

"Do you believe that Jesus died to save you?"

"Yes!" he said, deeply impressed. He was thinking, "Jesus, the Son of God, the very God himself, to come and die for me—for me, an ignorant Armenian child, son of a poor cobbler."

He bowed down in deep emotion, was much humiliated at the feet of Jesus; the other thirteen boys also were deeply impressed and they, too, bowed in tears, pleading for forgiveness.

Then the leader asked: "If you believe that Christ Jesus came and died to save each one of you, what will you give Him to-night?" The tear-washed hands and trembling voices were raised on every side.

"I will give myself!" was the chorus.

Our cobbler's child, Harutune, was the first one referred to, and by this baptism he was consecrated to the Lord's work. The effect of the holy fire in this little group was felt in the churches in all that city of Marash among the mountains of Armenia, and through the testimonies and zealous labors of these youthful witnesses many were drawn to Christ. This "band of fourteen," as they were called, talked with one of the missionaries, who recommended that each take a certain soul to pray for and work for its salvation.

Harutune did not believe in neglecting his own household, so chose his brother Garabed. He realized that the Lord could convert, his part only was to help his brother feel the need of a change of heart. The brother was twelve years old, attended Sunday School,

sang, prayed, yet the older brother knew that it was only nominal Christianity. They lived in a house where there was only one room for the whole family and no opportunity for a private talk, which Harutune thought vital. They would, therefore, wait till the family retired, or often went up to the flat roof of the house, and under the clear Eastern sky talked and prayed together.

One evening they were both in the church—not near each other—and Harutune was much surprised and pleased to see that the shy and backward brother stood for prayer and remained in the inquiry meeting to talk with the missionary.

On the way home Harutune anxiously asked, "How are you to-day, brother?" Garabed answered, "Thank God, I am well and happy. To-day mother and the children went to a wedding; I was all alone in the house; took the Bible to read, by chance the tenth chapter of John's Gospel was opened. I felt as I never did before, that I was a sheep heedless of the voice of the Shepherd, and it seemed to me that Jesus, the Good Shepherd, was calling me; there I knelt down in tears offering myself to Him. Before I was through the prayer, it seemed as if Satan was near me whispering, 'You are only a boy; you cannot yet follow the Lord.' That very whisper showed me my helplessness, and more fully I decided to give myself to Jesus."

Soon they reached home, and the sacred spot, the house-top, was again found, where both offered the sacrifices of joyful hearts. Thus the Lord encouraged

Harutune to be a soul-winner, beginning at his own home with the dear ones. The proverb says, "The entire world shall be populous with that action of thine which saves one soul from despair." The time went on and Harutune became a missionary in Tarsus, helping to organize the young people's societies with their modern names, of "Christian Endeavorers," Senior and Junior. In that country the mingling of sexes in one society is not believed in or practised, but that did not affect their loyalty in keeping the pledge. They were always eager to attend the services and do their part, and he was often in their meetings to help and be helped.

They had taken with their Christian Endeavor pledge the King's Daughters' motto, "In His Name," and in the monthly meeting each had to give a report of work done. One day the leader of the Juniors asked each one what they had done "in His name."

Ardashes said: "My classmate did not know his arithmetic and I helped him."

Garabed noticed that a student had no lunch, and for days he shared his with the poor child.

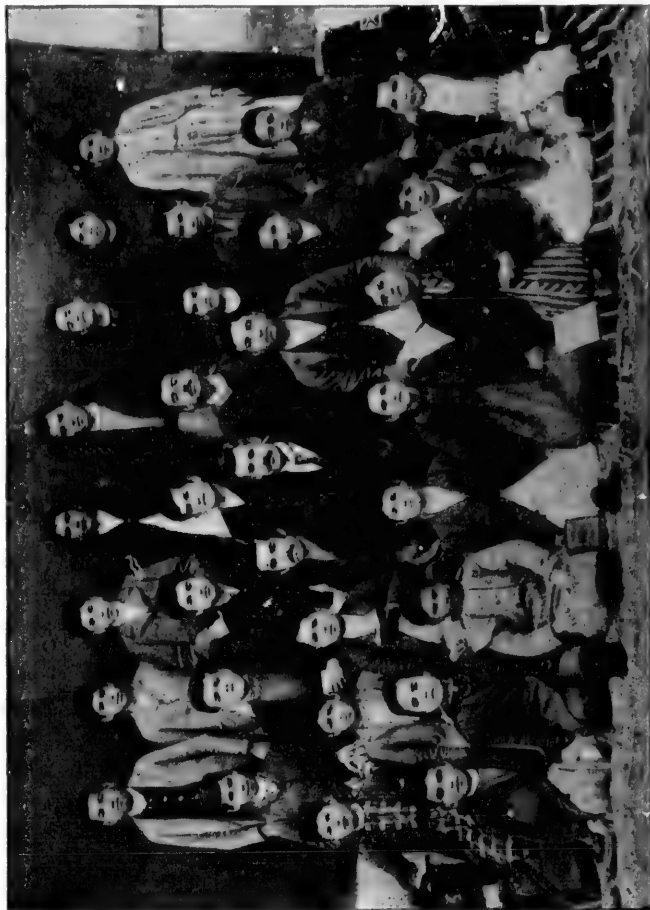
John smilingly said: "One of the boys had no ink and paper, and I gave him some of mine."

Little James had gathered some flowers on the hill near by and taken them to a sick woman in the neighborhood, and was permitted to read her the Gospel.

Moses hesitated, but at last said: "I was walking in the street, when a dirty-looking blind Turk begged someone to help him cross the market-place. I heard,



SENIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS, TARSUS.



JUNIOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS, TARSUS.

thought to help, but did not. Then thinking that if Jesus was there He would have helped, I went back and helped the man in His name."

The meeting was closed with two favorite hymns, the Armenian of which is given here :

"Nearer, my God, to Thee" :

All mode ullam ov-Der,
All mode kazee ;
Tay-yev jumpas ullah
Tarrn tsavalee.
Michd aghotem beedee
All mode ullam kazee
All mode kazee.

"My faith looks up to Thee:"

Havadks kez gun-i-ee,
Ov karrn kogh-ko-tayee,
Pergitch Eemin.
Tsaynees mudick urray,
Im meghkus Der Kahvay
Ullam yes highsm-hey-dey
Mee-ayn koogin.

Some of these very Tarsus Endeavorers are now teachers and preachers and helping many blind to see and the lame to walk.

The Y. M. C. A., which was formerly organized in Tarsus, greatly adopted the ways and methods of the C. F. societies. A woman's branch was also started; mothers as well as young girls were in this society. Let us go once and see how they are gathered together and what they do. It is in a house;

mothers have to bring their children, as they have no servants; some members take charge of these little ones outside while the mothers and others enjoy and profit by the meeting. The leader gives a short Bible reading, then the committees visiting the sick or strangers in the khans, and helping the poor in extreme cases, give their reports.

The sewing committee in one corner do their mending, cutting and sewing, while the few appointed teachers give lessons to those of their number who are anxious to learn to read the Bible or write. After an hour some new hymns are taught and a few fervent prayers offered, new appointments for work are made, and all happily and gladly return to their homes.

Out of poverty and daily necessities they make the sacrifice of a certain amount each week, by aid of which one of their number, Miriam, gives all her time to visiting houses, teaching about thirty-five unfortunate, uneducated young brides and maidens in their homes.

The visit of the Rev. and Mrs. Francis E. Clark (Dr. Clark was the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement), in 1893, was much appreciated, and Tarsus Christian Endeavorers gave them a hearty welcome. A few services held together proved a means of blessing to visitors and the people.

Time brought sad changes, so that names such as Christian Endeavor or Y. M. C. A. and their gatherings were looked upon with political suspicion: these and other reasons have scattered all these Endeavorers hundreds of miles apart.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, TARSUS.



YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, TARSUS.

Nevertheless they are true Endeavorers and will ever testify for Jesus. Two of them for a year and a half suffered in prison. A change of faith would have given liberty but they would not yield, and the other prisoners felt the influence of their sweet Christian spirit and endurance.

From the woman's branch a godly woman, after seeing her father and brother killed, still held firm in the faith, and with her two children was thrown into the fire and burned alive.

While these words are being written the sad news of torture and suffering comes from two others of their number who languish in gloomy dungeons in the agony of living death, yet are true to the Lord.

The following is one of the many letters written by them in prison :

“ Providence withered our buds before they came to bloom. The times of our youth we are spending in the corners of dungeons. This stroke, without any cause, has crushed our present and future hope. Since five months we are among the worst criminals and brutes, and we are told that we may be fully condemned to stay in this condition from three to ten years. Alas, as Joseph of old, we became objects of envy and slander, and we are daily in agony before the ugly face of our misfortunes. May the God of Joseph and our own God be merciful unto us. We are passing our days and hours in submission to His will. We can hope for nothing but kind words of sympathy and comfort from friends and their supplication in our behalf. That we need as a tender touch to our wounded heart, and like a soft napkin to wipe our many tears. In hunger, misery and torture we are as prey in the hands of evil-doers and blasphemers ; we are at the gate of hell—in hell itself ! Alas ! I wish we were like the dove, to fly away to the ark of safety.

"In fear, trembling and tears are these lines written, lest they be noticed and our torture increased.

"Again we beseech you, pray for us."

These Endeavorers, though saddened, bereaved of dear ones, and themselves in constant suffering and fear, yet hold fast to the promise, send their Christian greetings to the Endeavorers in America and the world, and with pathos and tender voice plead: "Appreciate your privileges, with loyalty to Christ, and remember the scattered associates before the mercy throne."

"Afflicted saint! to Christ draw near,
Thy Saviour's gracious promise hear;
His faithful Word declare to thee
That 'as thy day thy strength shall be.'

"When thou art called to bear the cross,
Or sore affliction, pain, or loss,
Or deep distress, or poverty,
Still 'as thy day thy strength shall be.'

"Thy faith is weak, thy foes are strong,
And if the conflict should be long,
Thy Lord will make the tempter flee,
For 'as thy day thy strength shall be.'"

CHAPTER XVII.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN MANY TONGUES.

IBREESIM, who had been blind from childhood, after her conversion found the Sunday School a good place for Christian activity. Of course she could not read, nor had she then heard of any method by which the blind might learn to read. But she soon desired to be a teacher. Her good memory was her talent. The superintendent learned of her, appointed a young girl to go and read to her the Sunday School lessons twice each week, and thus she was prepared, and continued for years to be one of the best Bible teachers, having a class of from fifteen to twenty-five women.

She was a *true teacher*. Her personal interest in every scholar and her zealous labors with them were so blest that many were led to Christ. She often said, "What does teaching mean if you do not teach Jesus, and what does teaching Jesus mean if you do not help to lead your scholars to Jesus?"

Juhar was in her class. She became a Christian, and being a neighbor to Ibreesim, who often visited her, much was said and done that caused little Harutune's mind to become absorbed, and he often thought that if a blind woman could be a Sabbath School

teacher there was hope for him. This was an ideal, but no success comes without an ideal. He was yet a boy, only seven years old, a little scholar in Sunday School, and seemed as happy as any teacher, thinking surely that one day he would have a teacher's privileges. With this hope he was unusually sober and attentive to the lessons and singing. When the session began there was no more talking, laughing or whispering. The little boy did not want to miss anything, but sometimes being much teased and laughed at, got angry. Nevertheless, this one idea: "The name of Jesus is more precious than all other names," impressed itself on his mind, and was the key-note to his future life.

Nearly twenty years passed. After Harutune was trained and ordained to the ministry, he was in the city of his birth preaching to a large congregation. At the close of the service many crowded to shake hands, for he had just returned from America. Ibreesim was there, and calling him by the familiar name of childhood, said: "Harutune, I was glad to hear you to-day, especially for the chosen text, which was, 'The name of Christ above every name.' I well remember," she said, "one Sunday afternoon when you were about nine years old and we were at your home. Your father asked you to read from the Gospel. While reading some miracles, occasionally you stopped and remarked: 'Oh the name of Jesus. It is sweeter than honey and sugar.' Though many years have passed, I rejoice that your theme for life is not changed."

Harutune was much touched to hear of this forgotten childlike statement, yet feeling the truth, he was thrilled, and even shed tears in thankfulness to the Lord for teaching him the sweetness of His name.

Since those early years, through many changes and trials, that name has ever been a magnet to lead him on.

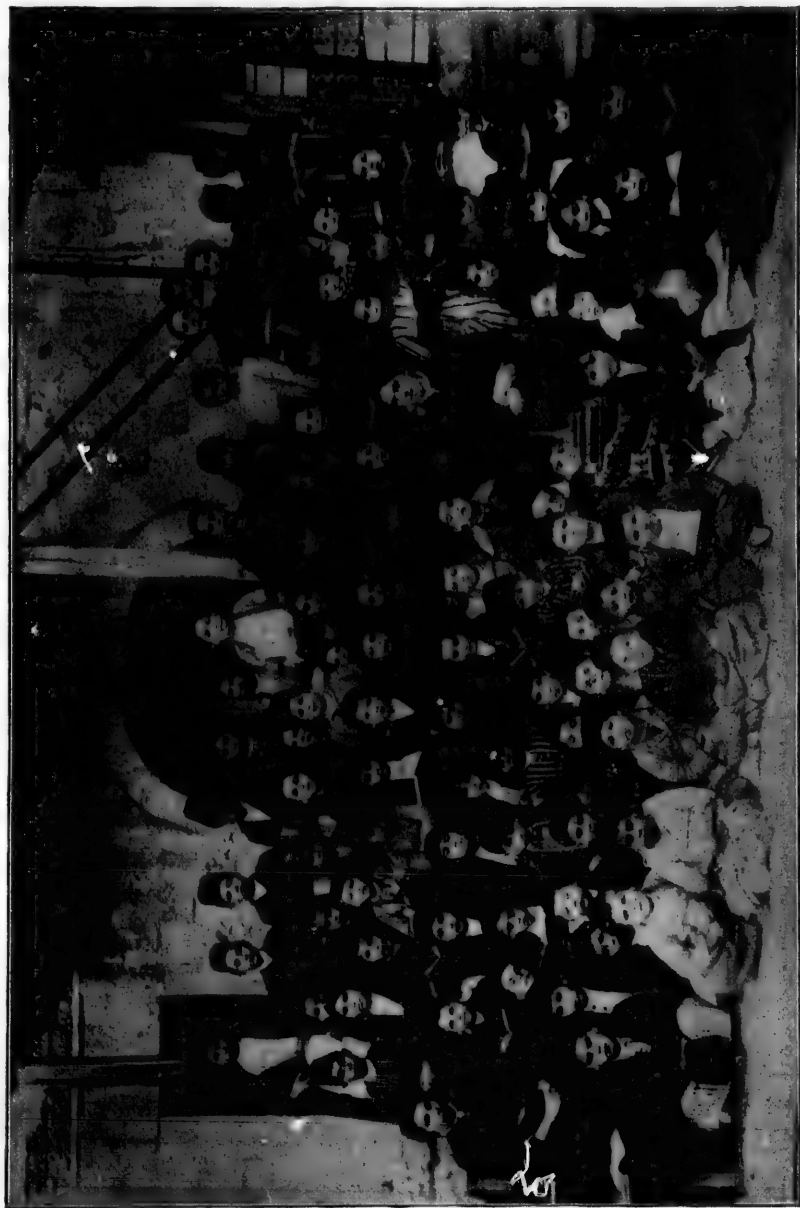
Harutune was fourteen years old when his heart's desire was fulfilled by becoming a teacher in that Sabbath School for a class of ten boys. They were very affectionate to each other. The teacher appointed a meeting once a week for prayer and conversation on personal salvation. He longed for, prayed for and worked to have each scholar be a Christian boy.

"Soul-winning" was his motto, and it seemed that whatever he did the Lord prospered. All the scholars, many then and some in after years, were led to Jesus. But he will never forget the treatment he received from his scholar Stepan, a rude boy, full of mischief. Not only in the class, but in prayer-meeting, he laughed, talked, teased and mocked those boys who seemed trying to live a Christian life. He was like "a thorn in the flesh" for Harutune, who gave up hope of the boy. But one thing made him very patient. The boy came from a rough, ignorant, and non-Christian family. He knew that a child from a good, cultured, Christian home would never act in this way. So he put the blame more on circumstances than on the child. At times it seemed as if the young teacher's patience and kind words made a slight impression on the boy.

Though "one scabby goat infects the flock," the teacher believed that "a hammer can make a needle out of a beam."

Once when Harutune was again in his native city he was called to a sick-bed, and was much surprised to find the patient was Stepan. For nearly ten years they had not seen each other. Stepan had gone from bad to worse, was put in prison, and there became very ill. Hearing that his former teacher was in the city, he sent for him. Old things had passed away, and all become new. Several times the preacher visited Stepan, talking and praying with and for him. It was evident that the Lord granted ten days for a last opportunity for repentance; with a contrite heart he now yielded. Death soon came, but he died a Christian, to enjoy Christ for the life to come, and Harutune learned a lesson which will never be forgotten, "that God can save to the uttermost."

Next we find Harutune in the city of Tarsus, where Paul the Apostle was born. At this time he was at the head of an institution, and he said: "We must surely have a Sabbath School." There being no other place, the house where they lived was opened for this purpose. The children were invited, and gathered in the hallway, many sitting on the floor. About forty came that first Sunday, and in a few weeks the number was over one hundred. This was in the month of December. Though it does not snow in that city, it was the chilly, rainy season, and the streets were very muddy. Not many had umbrellas—very few had warm sacks or coats.



PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE SCHOLARS OF TARSUS SUNDAY SCHOOL.

A SUNDAY SCHOOL IN MANY TONGUES. 203

It was very sad to see these poor boys without any fez (cap), just bareheaded, with a loose cotton garment hanging down, tied with a girdle, and the girls wrapping a piece of old muslin or calico over their heads, with worn, plain calico dresses. It was wretched enough for many to come with old worn-out shoes and wooden sandals and no socks, while others lacked even these and came barefooted through the mud. An old cloth was at the door for such to wipe their feet upon. Shoes and sandals were left at the door for cleanliness as well as from custom. There was no attraction in the Sabbath School room, which was without floor covering; with no library, maps or pictures, nor even a stove to make the room comfortable for such a season. But they came regularly, and in time the number increased to over 200, divided into seventeen classes. They loved to sing and learn of Jesus and the Bible. Every inch of the house, hall and living rooms was filled; even in the little kitchen a class was taught.

In this Sabbath School there were many nationalities—Armenian, Greek, Fellaheen, Syrian, and sometimes Turk. Here a class was taught in Arabic. The Greek teacher had boys in that language for a season—most of the classes in Turkish. Armenian was taught to a large class, while a Canadian missionary, not knowing the native language, had to teach the advanced Institute students in English. It was interesting to see and hear in this Sabbath School the name of Jesus taught in many tongues. Yea, it proved a blessing. Under that roof scores were

brought to Christ, and out of that school many became teachers and some ministers of the Gospel.

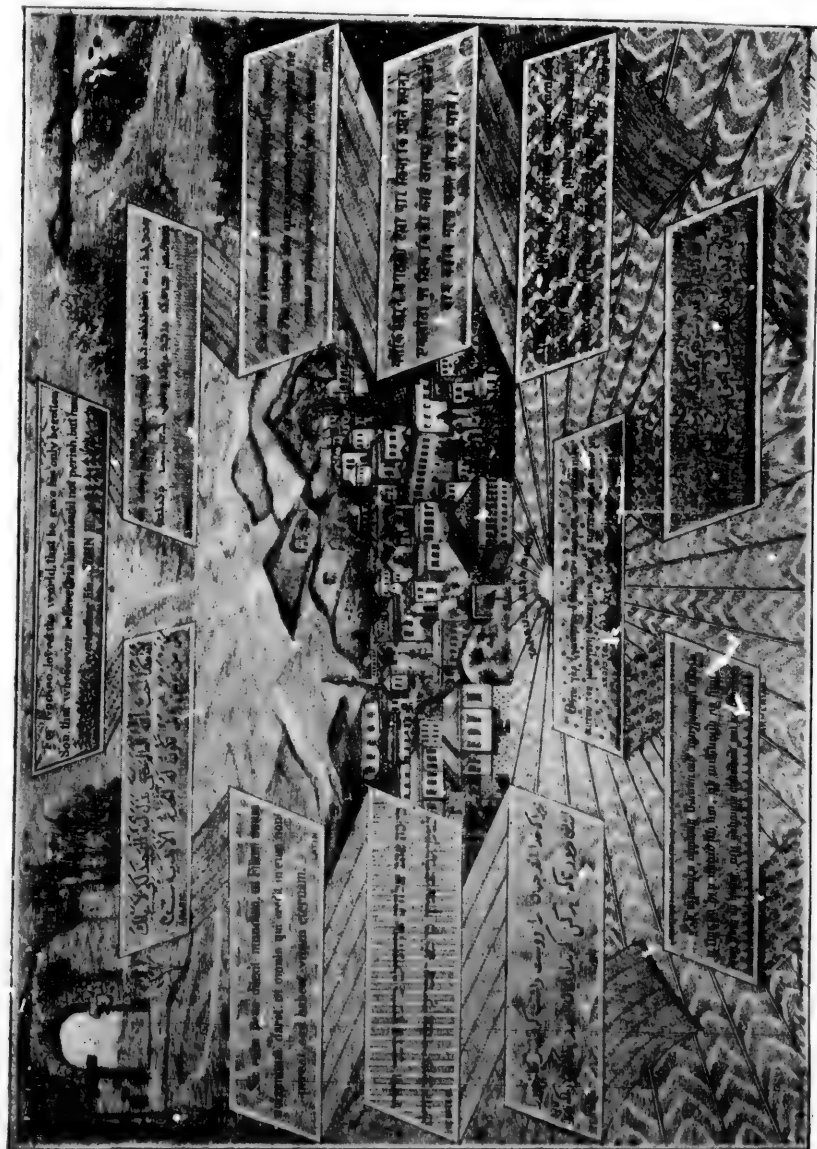
Santa Claus first visited the Tarsus Sunday School at this time. With happy hearts some small gift was planned for each member. Notice was given to all the scholars on Sunday. The glad day arrived. All gathered in the church with the preacher, trustees and school committee, and marched to the house at 3 p.m., none knowing what would be seen or done. When the door opened and all entered the large hall in the centre of the house, pen cannot describe the amazement and delight of old and young. The hall was lighted with candles.

In the centre, on a mound of oranges which covered its foot, stood a beautiful orange tree, with its golden balls. Besides, this natural fruit of various other kinds ornamented the tree; lighted candles, fezes, pink, blue or green ribbons, towels, combs, mirrors, shoes, slippers, socks, handkerchiefs, red or white material for clothing, calico for dresses, books, Bible pictures, mottoes and pretty cards all grew side by side.

After the first excitement all were quiet. The superintendent read about the birth of Christ, and offered a simple prayer, and all joined heartily in the doxology. They were told there was something on the tree for each one. All were more interested in hearing this, and class by class joined hands and walked around the tree to see for themselves. What joy and pleasure it gave to see their bright eager faces. Some little ones feared to approach the tree, not knowing what to think of the new and strange sight.

Each article had been marked, and as the name was called the owner stepped forward smilingly to claim his own. The presents, much needed, yet quite unexpected, filled them with gladness. While one of the Samuels was happy with his "Pilgrim's Progress," the other Samuel rejoiced in a new "antarey" (native dress), as he had not even a change. Little Dikran, of Smyrna—how nice and warm he looked in his new coat! Here is John, an orphan, who came six days' journey to attend the school, having only one antarey. It was badly worn and torn on the long mountainous journey, and looked so shabby when he reached Adana that the preacher loaned him one to wear here. How glad he was to receive the new garment so greatly needed.

Fatherless Hagopos (James), from ancient Antioch, before coming had sold his bed for food, and was now made very happy with the present of a new one. Simon of Tarsus was pleased with his new fez; while great was the joy of orphan Reuben, of Adana, when putting on his new coat, the first he had ever owned. Poor Ezekiel worked very hard getting on his new shoes, to replace the old, worn-out, sandal-like native ones, but was proud and happy when it was accomplished, and said with a choked voice, "This is the first pair of new shoes I ever had." Levon, Rebecca and Garabed gladly received their hymn books, all being good singers, and Senacharib was much pleased with his Bible. Abel, Jacob, Kevork, Melchizedek and others received the first handkerchiefs they had ever owned. Gulizar, Esther,



JOHN III. 16 IN TWELVE LANGUAGES, MOST OF WHICH ARE SPOKEN IN TARUSUS.

Victoria, Mary and other girls were delighted with pretty hair ribbons and picture books. One of the poorest, about six years old, with fair hair and blue eyes, was so delighted with her blue hair ribbon that she could not sit down, but held it lovingly in her hand, tried it on the other girls, saying, "Oh, look, look!"

Dikran, Giragos, Abraham and others were gladdened by fezes. Three of them, from seven to fourteen years old, had never owned a fez, going bare-headed. Can you imagine their delight then? Several little girls had smiling faces and dancing eyes on receiving calico for dresses, which were greatly needed, judging from their worn, much-patched garments of different colors. Many more were made happy with books, pictures, etc. Those who received shoes, where so many needed them, were considered very fortunate, while socks were most welcome to others in covering their cold bare feet.

Towels were given to several very poor ones, who modestly said: "There is no towel in our house. Please give us one." Besides the distribution of "Turkish delight" (candy) to all, each one had an orange to carry home. They were told that through the kindness of Hon. S. H. Blake and his friends in Toronto, Canada, they received this happy time and these nice presents. Some teachers, in behalf of the school, expressed earnest thanks, which all the scholars seconded by a rising vote. A hymn was sung and all quietly went away, hurrying home to tell their parents of the wonders and happiness they had found, in their first experience of Christmas joys

The collection was not omitted in the Tarsus Sabbath School, although the scholars were very poor. How interesting it was to see almost every one eagerly putting in their mongurs (a copper piece, value one-fifth of a cent). This must not be considered small, as most of these children would have been very happy and fortunate if they had a metallic (one cent) of their own in a week. On their part it was a great sacrifice, this one mongur, saved from other necessary school expenses, such as pen, ink and paper. The superintendent well remembers one day that a little girl came after the lesson and said, "We did not have any money to bring to-day. My mamma gave this egg if you will accept it," and its price was soon added to the collection. A boy, very poor, yet bright, was sad at not having any money to give. While the basket was passing he gently asked, "Lower it, please," and bending low over it he said: "I have no money to give, but give myself to Jesus." This brought tears from many who noticed it, as they knew the boy meant what he said.

A little baby was a member of this Sabbath School, because his father (Harutune) and mother lived in the house which was occupied by the school, and he being born in Tarsus was appropriately called "Paul." Though only four months old he had a language of his own. The word "ugha" and a baby smile was the sign of his appreciation of the hymns, but it is interesting to know how the Lord used this baby scholar as a "little missionary." His parents going to Iconium (Konia), baby had to go too. It took

seven days for the journey. There was no church nor any evangelical work in that large city of 60,000 people. There are hundreds of towns and villages in this country where even the name of a Sabbath School is not known. It was a problem how to open the work. A house was rented. Baby Paul in his long white dress, held by his American mother, was at the window looking into the street. While there was no newspaper, and notices were not allowed to be placed in the streets, baby did most of the inviting.

In that place babies are swaddled, which means that the hands, feet and body are tightly wrapped so that nothing but the tiny face is seen.

Paul had the American way of dressing. When the children saw the babe at the window, they just crowded the street, and he seemed really motioning to them by his outstretched hands, large black eyes, and his "ugha" talk. His mother said, "Come in, children, and see the baby." Twenty or thirty



BABY PAUL, OF TARSUS.

flocked in, and the child so fair, with long, white dress, made a deep impression. Baby's mother could then talk in the native tongue only very brokenly, and it tickled the children much to see a grown woman not able to speak their language, for they never had seen an American lady missionary. They were told that there would be service every evening, and to come and bring their parents and friends. Indeed, they did the inviting better than any bell or trumpet, and they spoke with such enthusiasm about the child and the mother that many came out of curiosity, and the house was crowded. From 150 to 250 people came, and the Gospel was preached to them daily with lasting results. Thus, little Paul became a missionary.

From this insignificant beginning there is now a large Institution and Sabbath School in the city of Iconium, which is, and will be, an important centre of educational and evangelical work. How true it became that "a little child shall lead them."

We must not forget two little girls in the Tarsus Sabbath School. With their mother they came, and with their mother they were afterwards killed by wicked hands because they were Christians. They are better off now in heaven with Jesus than many thousands of boys and girls in that land whose parents have been slain, and who are now orphans, hungry, wretched and friendless, longing and waiting for someone to save them.

One day while Harutune was in his study at Tarsus, a rough-looking villager entered and said: "Do you recognize me? I am the father of that boy Bagdasar in Yerebakan. You will remember when you were

preacher there how my boy came to your Sabbath School. I was angry and beat him often, though he escaped again and again. At last I tied him with ropes so that he could not go. It was I who cursed and stoned you. Well, I could not stand that boy's cries and prayers, and went with him to see what kind of a place the Sabbath School was. I was persuaded, and decided to be a Christian man. The boy won me. I want to make reparation for the persecution I gave you, so have brought my horse to take you back to that region to preach."

Harutune was delighted to see such another proof of the success of his Sabbath School labors, as "never has there been one possessed of complete sincerity who did not move others." He went with the man for a two weeks' mountain tour, and the villager's new songs of Jesus during the journey echoed among the high and rocky mountains. Instead of blasphemy and silly songs, he was now singing the Gospel hymns in the Turkish language.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me:"

Abedey Kaya bana,
Oñ Sughunajak Kala,
Soo ee-leh oll Aziz kan,
Beoyroonden Chukub akan,
Jurmumeh olsoon khoofran,
Pack kulson benee Rahman.

"All hail the power of Jesus' name:"

Jeleel dir Hesoosin eesmee,
Alem kula sejdeh,
Ve jumleneen Rabbuh deyou,
Ona taj gaydeereh.

CHAPTER XVIII.

OPEN WINDOWS.

"Do Foreign Missions pay?" is a question often asked.

The Church, the field and the fruit positively answer "Yea"; and neglect, indifference and selfishness are rebuked by facts and figures.

Force of circumstances made Armenia desolate in religious and educational respects, and the daughter Christian churches of Europe and America, appreciating what they had received from the East in the early centuries, realizing the moral responsibility as well as the privilege, under the leadership of a true missionary spirit sent their sons and daughters as missionaries to help enlighten and uplift the Orient.

Eighty years have passed in the history of foreign missions in Turkey. Some 600 missionaries have been sent from England and America, mostly from the latter. As for results, there are now about 200 evangelical churches, with 15,000 communicants—the Protestant adherents number about 70,000. Schools of every grade, having about 30,000 students, are there. The result of the missions in that land is more than this. The Gregorian churches are easily drawn to the

evangelical methods, and are prepared for a widespread awakening toward enlightened and elevated Christianity. Now, in Turkey there are about 200 evangelical foreign missionaries—160 Americans, the rest English, Scotch, German, and others.

The main factors in the work, both educational and evangelical, are the native agencies, numbering about 1,200. These are the forces that are watched with great care by the missionary boards. These are the instruments to help bring the needed reformation in the ancient historical mother-churches, even without the necessity of changing their names into Protestantism. To this end all labor is rewarded and earnest prayers answered by the showers of blessing poured out from the open windows of heaven. Let us glance at some of the branches of missions, and see what fruit they have borne under God's blessing and help.

Here is Harutune, a poor child, born in a lowly home, a son of uneducated parents, yet a fruit of foreign missions, by which led, trained and used, Jesus called him into the fold of His church when nine and a half years old. He became a Sunday School teacher when fourteen years of age, and at nineteen he is sent—a boy preacher—to a country church. Later, to larger churches and congregations. He travelled over 8,000 miles, mostly by horse, in evangelistic labors. Notwithstanding the hostilities from Gentiles and the brethren, the Lord safely led him on to preach to many thousands. He was used by God, first, to bring his four younger brothers and scholars of his Sunday School class to Christ, then to lead nearly 2,500 souls

to the knowledge of Christ and salvation in the last fifteen years. Under God he helped to establish two Christian institutions. One already is endowed with \$100,000 for a permanent work, and the other, which he now solely represents, is silently yet surely spreading its influence and gathering hundreds of unfortunates, to train them for future usefulness in Armenia and Asia Minor—the land of sorrow and woe.

Harutune is one of the least of many fruits of missions. See how the Lord took many other children of weavers, sextons and common laborers, and through missions made them able instructors and faithful ministers of the Word. They are great, indeed, not by what they were but by that which they have done. "God will not ask a man of what race he is; He will ask what he has done." They are indebted to missions; missions are indebted to them, and both to God, the source of every blessing. They were taught, they became teachers, they were led, now they are leaders; they were won, now they themselves are soul-winners. As pastors of churches, instructors in schools and colleges, they are the force and hope of the future. If missions have done nothing else but help raise such men, they have done well, and all expense is well repaid.

But far more has been done that cannot be estimated by figures. They sowed in tears, and now are reaping in joy and gladness.

The revivals which have occurred in the past ten or fifteen years in connection with the evangelical labors of Harutune have proved the crowning results.

The following quotations from secular and religious papers refer to his work as native missionary or evangelist :

From *The New York Evangelist* :

"The earnest prayers of Christians in the Tarsus Church prepared the way for special services, where the native missionary preached daily. Meetings were crowded with from three hundred to four hundred people. Over sixty men, women and children gave true signs of conversion ; two foremost men in the Catholic Church came out with their families. Two Greeks are under great persecution ; one is the father of four grown daughters ; his people say no one will marry these girls if he leaves the Greek Church. It is a severe test for him. In one of the women's meetings while many offered earnest prayers for salvation, a Moslem woman sat eagerly listening. Soon she was on her feet, went to the corner, turned her face to the south, drew her large white covering closer and offered a Mohammedan prayer. At a children's meeting, after a simple talk about how to come to Christ, twenty-two, from ten to fourteen years old, were on their feet for decision and prayer. Three successive evenings prayer-meetings were held for young converts. Many could not restrain tears of joy while hearing the touching confessions and earnest petitions. Some being unaccustomed to our method of prayer did not know whether their eyes should be closed or open, so tried both ways. Over thirty took part in each meeting ; all felt the presence of the Holy Spirit. It is His work, and all rejoice."

From *The New York Mail and Express* :

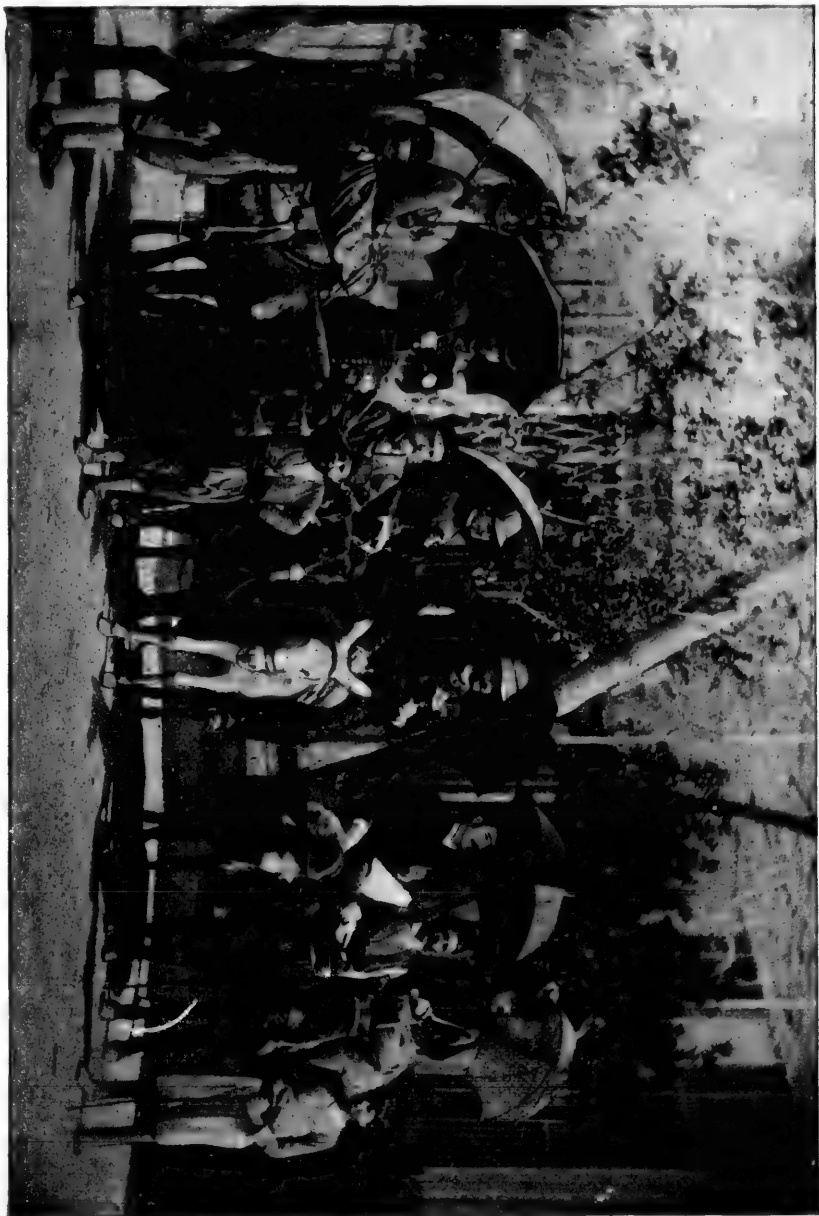
"Three weeks' daily services were held in the Protestant chapel in Sivas, which holds about 500. Every night the increasing congregation made the place uncomfortable. One Sabbath morning while the church was filled to overflowing, with hundreds pushing up the steps and crowding in the yard, a

second preaching service followed the close of the first for those who were waiting outside. The church was again filled. Surely four-fifths of these people were new-comers. There was so much interest in the inquiry meetings that many people stayed. In this season of spiritual baptism and prayer-meetings, sectarianism, sex and degree were forgotten, and all unitedly poured out their hearts for divine blessing, at times from forty to sixty men and women taking part. Such seasons gladdened the hearts of missionaries, pastor and native workers."

From Star in the East, London :

"The spirit of God has been working in Cappadocia (Cesarea and vicinity). Here is glad tidings. All friends of missions in Turkey will rejoice with us. We have worked here thirty-six years. The Giver of every good and perfect gift has granted us constant and very great blessings. But they were like the gentle dew. We have long felt that the field was prepared for a mighty rain—now it has come. It is now thirty days since the native evangelist began work here, and he has held thirty-five services. Despite the unfavorable season, short nights, much sickness, and many people out in their vineyards, still he has had from the first very large audiences. The average attendance on Sunday at the preaching service has been about 900 (week-day nights being from 400 to 700). No doubt many at first came from curiosity, still it was evident that a deep impression was being made. Meetings were held for men and for women. Very many prayers were offered, and nearly all pledged themselves to labor for the conversion of individual souls. Two of the most interesting gatherings have been inquiry meetings, from 130 to 200 attending. Many expressed desire to begin a new life, and gave account of their personal experience. The interest has widened and deepened steadily. How much fruit will be gathered into the garner of the Lord we do not know. It now seems that if the harvesters are wise a very abundant harvest may be gathered. Pray for us. Send us the means if you can to enable us to help in preparing some of these new converts to be pillars in the temple of our God."

A MISSIONARY PARTY WITH HARUTUNE AND HIS WIFE.



From *The New York Evangelist* :

"In Marash special preaching began in the First Church. There was a great awakening among young people. Week days from 300 to 600, and on Sabbath from 1,000 to 1,200 came to hear the simple Gospel preaching. Earnest prayers and touching confessions moved the older members. At the end of three weeks there were sixty earnest inquirers ; some testimony meetings with them proved most blessed and interesting. At this time the evangelist had to leave Marash, but the work was carried on by the missionary and native preacher ; 106 came forward for examination, 83 of whom were received into the Church ; many of these had been wicked, troublesome young men, but are now proving a great blessing to the Church.

"The five weeks spent in Adana were busy, successful and delightful ones. The Lord did His work quietly, and put to confusion many doubters, by nearly 200 earnest inquirers. Daily meetings were attended by from 400 to 700 ; on the Sabbath by over 1,000. Villagers coming here for work have been converted ; many sorrowing ones are comforted, and drunkards reclaimed. In one of the women's meetings tears of joy would come on hearing the interesting testimonies of about forty—some spoke of the wonderful change in drunken, cruel husbands. Mothers told joyfully of converted sons and daughters, while many others praised the Lord for personal salvation. The students in the Girls' Seminary were baptized by the Holy Spirit in a wonderful manner. School duties ceased in a measure that time might be given to meetings, conversation and prayer, and it is believed, with few exceptions, the whole thirty-five were on the Lord's side. The joy and gratitude of the missionaries and teachers cannot be expressed for this work of grace, in answer to their earnest prayers and labors. Thus far ninety new converts have come forward for Church admission, and we hope many more will soon be gathered into the fold. Christ will guide and keep His own."

From the *London Christian* :

"A powerful work of grace occurred this summer at Aintab, under the preaching of a native evangelist. The first day a mere handful, perhaps one hundred and fifty, were present. Everyone was asked to come and bring one more to the next meeting. Accordingly about four hundred came. The numbers increased rapidly. Special meetings for men, women and children were arranged. The fifth day a wonderful sight was seen. The Third Church, large yard, flat roofs of neighboring houses, the windows, even the top of the walls were covered with women—the service was for them only. There were hundreds of babies to be seen, for the mother always takes baby when she goes out. Two thousand were counted as present besides all the babies; most of them were new-comers who perhaps never before entered a Protestant church. At the Union services of the three churches from 2,500 to 3,000 attended. Think of the opportunity thus given for Gospel work. Services continued daily with inquiry meeting at the close. Many of the worst characters in the city were brought to Christ. One of the good pastors who had served there thirteen years says, 'It is wonderful, wonderful to think this great blessing should come to Aintab.' The evangelist preached daily for two months. The missionaries, native pastors and Christian workers joined heartily and carried on the work. There were over six hundred conversions, and 534 were received into the churches within a few months. A great harvest! The honor and glory all belong to Christ our King."

Copied from the report of a missionary tour to Iconium, the modern Konia :

"Safely reaching Konia September 3, 1891, after seven days' journey, the first meeting was held in a rented house with sixteen present. Baby Paul, in his long white dress, and his American mother with her broken language proved a great attraction, and out of curiosity many came to the meetings. Each day one hundred and fifty filled the house, and as many

more were sitting on the flat roofs of neighboring houses to hear the Gospel.

"A drunken official came to disturb the meeting one evening but his plans were frustrated.

"Another difficulty arose from the landlord, who objected to the continuance of the services, saying, 'I did not think so many would come; such crowds will injure and deface my house and some parts might give way from their weight.'

"The government threatened to banish the missionary, as this city once did to Paul and Barnabas many centuries ago. By Divine guidance danger was averted.

"A leading Armenian tax-gatherer, like Matthew of old, offered his home for further daily services, which were continued, from two hundred to three hundred attending. Scores remained in the inquiry meetings, most of them offering the publican's prayer in tears and fervent supplication. In this brief visit of ten days some twelve hundred different persons heard the Word, many deciding for a new life."

Some personal testimonies in the above-mentioned revivals may prove interesting.

"A husband and wife, when their only child died, leaving the corpse alone in the house, came to the service to find peace and comfort.

"Brides who had never spoken before any but their husbands, were moved to offer prayer in mixed congregations to the surprise and joy of many.

"Happy was that woman who had been often beaten and persecuted for the sake of the Truth which she would hear continually, when her husband, the persecutor, with contrite heart repented and joined her in praise and prayer.

"A learned teacher, after deciding to bear the cross, well said: 'When I write a dictionary I will give as the definition of fear—foolishness.'

"A notorious thief, after his conversion, brought and laid at the missionaries' feet things which he had stolen from them long before.

"A woman said : 'There is joy in my heart. I used always to cover my face when coming to church, but now with open face I invite others to come.'

"A young man well said : 'I am like a machine newly oiled.'

"A woman, an honored guest in a feast, hearing the church bell ring, could not rest, but quietly slipped out, ran through the streets with no head covering to the church for service.

"At the close of a large praise service where sixty-one persons took part, the congregation of nearly one thousand standing received the benediction, when a voice rose over the crowd : 'I beg you to wait for a moment while I give my testimony for Jesus. I tried to speak in the meeting but had no courage—can no longer deny my Saviour.'

"Six notorious ruffians were converted, and coming together said : 'We all together served the devil many years, and now together will serve Christ and join His Church. If one month ago we had been told such a change would come we should not have believed it. Now we are converted and the world may not believe.'"

Many such believers since those days of the Spirit's baptism have been baptized with blood and fire, and well proved that nothing could separate them from the love of Christ. All these and similar revival blessings in the above mentioned places and elsewhere throughout the country, were the direct results of the faithful labors of the missionaries and native workers, and in answer to earnest prayers by God's people.

In connection with the Aintab revival it is right to mention Varteni Baji, a good mother in Israel. She came one day to the evangelist saying, "Is it true that you are going to leave the city soon?" The answer was, "Yes, we came for two weeks, and

now it is a month, so we must hasten to other work." She looked deeply affected, and with tears in her eyes and holy indignation she said: "You preachers need not think that by the conversion of two hundred your work is accomplished. I am praying for five hundred converts; in our three congregations I



"VARTENI BAJI," A GOOD MOTHER
IN ISRAEL, AINTAB, SYRIA.

reckon that number out of Christ, and for many years I have prayed for them. Now the time has come for the Lord to claim them all and you must stay and keep on preaching." A tearful response was given. "You pray, we will stay and preach, let it be according to thy faith." Yes, she prayed, as the Elijah of the time — the windows of heaven were widely opened, showers of

blessing descended, and over six hundred surrendered to Christ. Thus God again fulfilled His promise, "And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions."

CHAPTER XIX.

LET IT BE FOR A MEMORIAL.

"'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with all that's best below—
The dearest, noblest, loveliest, are always first to go.
The bird that sings the sweetest—the pine that crowns the
rock ;
The glory of the garden—the flower of the flock.

"'Tis ever thus, 'tis ever thus, with creatures heavenly fair,
Too fine'y framed to bide the storms more earthly natures
bear :
A little while they dwell with us, blest messengers of love ;
Then spread the wings we had not seen, and seek their home
above."

It was a funeral service that crowded and saddened St. Paul's Institute in Tarsus. Soon after Harutune and his family returned from their trip to Lystra, Derbe and Iconium regions, dear little baby Paul died suddenly, only seven months old. The occasion was solemn, and friends gathered round the little white coffin for a last look at the angelic face. All were deeply moved, and some of the students, who were very fond of the child, playing or walking with him frequently, knelt beside the coffin in tears, and consecrated themselves anew to the Lord's work.

A letter, signed by the brethren in Iconium, came, with expressions of condolence. They remembered the little visitor, baby Paul, the attraction, the sermons and the blessings, and as there was not any evangelical work in that whole city they tenderly pleaded for someone to be sent them, saying, "Let it be a memorial."

When the letter was brought before the Institute and the Sabbath School, with one accord they desired one of their number to be sent, and the latter promised to give their collection to this object. John, the teacher of the class "Zion's Messenger" in Sabbath School, offered himself, saying, "Here am I, send me." But there were only a few dollars in the treasury, and their weekly collections were very small.

Then there was a god-send—a letter which was received by baby Paul's mother from Mrs. Elliott F. Shepherd, of New York City, enclosing \$100 to help the work in places visited that summer. This amount was supplemented by the small contributions of the school, and John was sent to Iconium to begin the work. He was young and inexperienced, but was a consecrated Christian. Many prayers followed him to this new and important field.

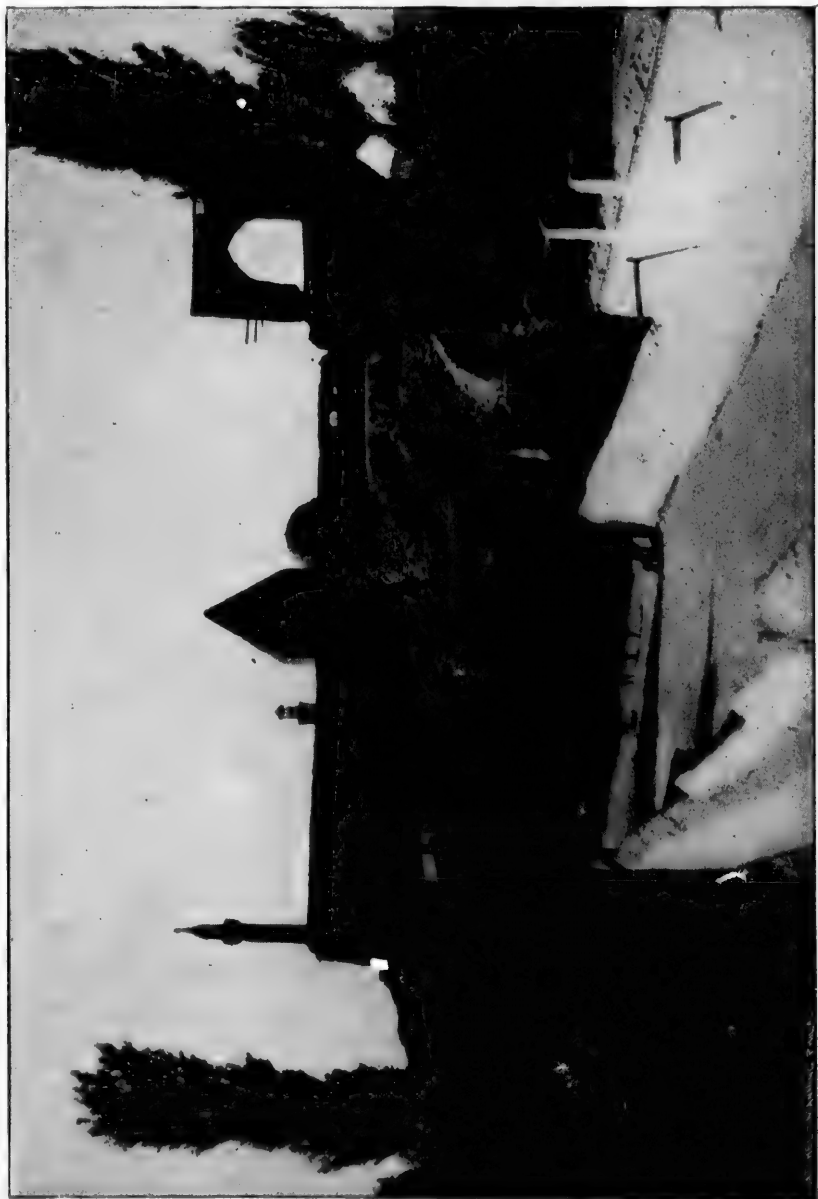
Iconium, the modern Konia, situated on a rich, well-watered plain, four thousand feet above sea-level, is two hundred and fifty miles north of the Mediterranean. This city is known to Christians from the visit and labors of St. Paul. The traditional place of his teaching is shown by a building,

part of the present mosque "Sultan Aladdin," most likely the first Christian church established by the Apostle in 50 A.D. Afterwards Christian Councils were held here in the years 231 and 378. The Crusaders for a time had possession of the city in 1097. There is now in it one Greek and one Armenian church. Originally it was a walled city, and the capital of the Seljukian dynasty from 1087 to 1299, at the close of which period the Ottomans began to rule.

Here are found many interesting remains of Saracenic and Seljukian architecture; near the mosque of Sultan Aladdin still stands a high structure with fine mosaic work, the preserved ruins of the throne of Aladdin, whose mummy is most sacredly kept in the mosque bearing his name.

Konia with its richly built mosques, high minarets, wide streets and many fine modern buildings, presents a very picturesque appearance. Its fine location, and being connected by rail with Smyrna, Constantinople and Angora, make it a very important commercial, educational and religious centre. It has now 60,000 population, and is the seat of the Turkish Governor-General of the province. The people are Moslem, Armenian and Greek. It is a great centre for Dervishes, and the most holy man, the Pope of that sect, who alone has the privilege of girding the sword on any Sultan ascending the throne, dwells here.

This city is a great Mohammedan centre, and has thirty-five Moslem theological schools with over 5,000 students from many parts of the country, graduating



THE MOSQUE OF SULTAN ALADDIN, ICONIUM.

every year scores of young priests who are scattered throughout the Empire. These schools are low buildings; in each from ten to thirty students reside with one or two teachers; each student has his own room where he cooks, lives and studies. Their lessons consist chiefly of memorizing the Koran and other religious books in the Arabic and Persian languages, and reciting the same to their teachers. One of these noted teachers said, "If the whole Koran should be lost, here in Konia we have hundreds of priests who, by repeating every word of it from memory, can reproduce the book," and he asked the Christian inquirer if Christian ministers could do the same with their holy book.

In this region the self-sacrificing principles of the Dervishes reach their climax. Outside of Konia we find a Dervish living in a cave below the ground who has made a vow not to speak with anyone for seven years, thus "to keep close communion with God."

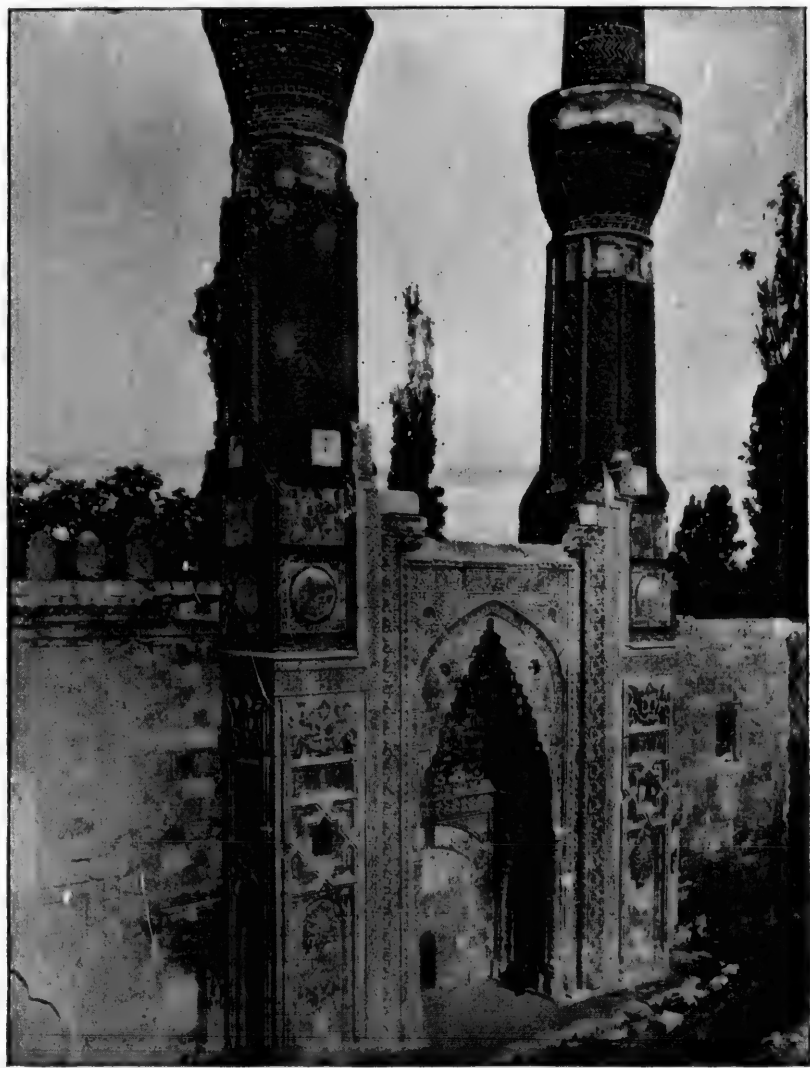
Another howling Dervish desiring to overcome self, once entered a gambling room asking alms. The ruffians rebuked him and sent him out. At the door he murmured, "Shall I go back?" Self answers from within, "No, you had better not go any more." "Ha!" he says, "old self, you are not yet subdued. I will go again." He returned. Then the ruffians blasphemed, beat him severely, and threw him out. Almost dying under the struggle of overcoming self, he whispered, "After I am renewed in strength shall I go back?" "Yes," answers self, "I will stand any thing you do." Then with satisfaction the sufferer said: "No need then to go, you are subdued."

Here is another Dervish trying to be holy. He is over eighty years old, and made a vow to go to Mecca by walking. For six months he travelled a few hours each day. Once, famished and feeble from heat and weariness, he lay down under the shade of a tree. A traveller passed by. "Holy father," said he, "who are you? Where are you going?" "To Mecca," he replied. "How long since you started?" "Six months, my child." "But, father, you are old and feeble. You are not yet half way on the journey; you cannot reach Mecca. Give up the idea." The old man, looking somewhat displeased, said: "My child, I made a vow to go there by walking. I will not give up. If I must die, it shall be on the way to Mecca."

When Harutune was in Konia years ago, the new mission had started. He was on the hill of Sultan Aladdin, where many of these Dervishes, Moslems, Greeks and Armenians, were gathered in groups here and there. Eating, drinking, singing and playing were going on as at a picnic. Being near to St. Paul's shrine, he naturally thought of the Apostle's labors and sufferings in Iconium, and greatly desired opportunity to speak some truths to the crowd. Two students started singing hymns. This startled and attracted the crowd, as they had not heard anything of the kind before. When some two hundred people gathered, the preacher stood on a high rock as a platform; all were quiet and deeply interested. Just then six soldiers with drawn swords arrived, having seen what was going on. With brief prayer the meeting was closed. They did not say anything, as

was anticipated by the preacher, but the very next day he was called before the officials. The Police Department was rude and rough, and threatened to put him into prison for holding a religious meeting in an open place near the mosque. The missionary, realizing that nothing could be done with the police, pressed his way on to see the Governor-General. His Excellency seemed to know all about the matter and was asked: "If on that spot drinking, playing, and immoral songs are allowed, why should not the Truth be spoken?" As for the authority he said, "Our command is from Christ the Lord who has said, 'What ye hear in the ear, that preach ye up on the house-tops.'" The Governor was assured that the visitor was a friend of the government and of peace, and would be very careful not to cause any disturbance through his mission. The ruler was kind and courteous, and the whole matter was quietly settled. Thus "out of the strong came forth sweetness." And there was laid a foundation for future years to be multiplied and prospered.

Harutune made another visit to Konia, and it was on that journey he lodged in an ancient inn called Sultan Khan. Some hundred years ago one of the Seljukian kings had built a large substantial stone edifice with scores of arches; underneath were rooms for horses, and above for people. The door of this Khan was magnificent, all of pure marble, with most exquisite carvings of flowers and fruits, passages from sacred books and selections from noted poets—one of the latter a most touching reminder to Harutune



AN ANCIENT SELJUKIAN GATE.

of the former visit, when the little child, now gone,
was in company :

“Tell me, gentle traveller, thou
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow
And the brightest rivers glide,—
Say, of all thine eyes have seen,
Which the fairest land has been ?

Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside ?
'Tis where those we love abide :
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed.”

Cholera is a frequent visitor in those eastern cities, and sadly the turn came to Konia. But even this did not shake the faith and submission of the Moslems in Fate, neither did they care much for physicians. To specific recommendations of the Government to avoid eating certain fruits and vegetables they gave no heed. They are fatalists, taking things as they come, as being ordained of God. So each day for a few weeks from 50 to 200 perished. The officers and educated Moslems and Christian people sought medical aid, but that was scarce. In the East reliable doctors are very few. In Iconium among 60,000 population there were only three doctors, and one of these ran away when the scourge came.

The new missionary teacher, Melkon, stayed by the people, rendered all possible service in visitation, medicine, comfort, etc., even caring for some friendless

sick ones. As "actions speak louder than words," so the good work for the people made many friends among them. All was as good seed being sown.

Greeks are one of the prominent peoples in the Turkish Empire, numbering about two million, mostly in Asia Minor. They are noble, industrious, and intelligent. Their church government and liturgy is very much like the Armenian; their difference is mostly in nationality. The orthodox Greek Church has no connection with the Pope or Romish Church. The great trouble is ignorance and lack of evangelical enlightenment. The Iconium region is the stronghold of this good people, as a great open door, and not much has yet been done for them by modern missions. It has become the ultimate purpose of Harutune to do what he can to that end. He well remembers how, with his family, he was hospitably entertained in a prominent Greek family. Their peculiar Greek language, attracting attention, seemed neither ancient nor modern. The explanation was given: "It has come down for many centuries and is much corrupted, owing to persecution and lack of education." The remark was made that their present house was built upon the ancient cave dwellings, where their ancestors used to live in times of early persecution. The dark places were visited, down about thirty-five feet below the ground. Several rooms opened into each other, passing through very narrow ways. Could people live there? But they had done so. Many were born there—died there! The last three rooms, with heavy soot hanging from



THE MAIN CENTRES OF ASIA MINOR



ICONIUM, ASIA



TARSUS, ASIA

S OF ASIA MINOR APOSTOLIC INSTITUTE.



ICONIUM, ASIA MINOR.



TARSUS, ASIA MINOR.

the walls and the ceiling of rock, verified the story that when scores gathered there and were discovered by enemies, a large stone rolled in front of the narrow passage prevented the blood-thirsty pursuers reaching their victims with the sword. They then made a large fire near the opening, and the people within were suffocated from smoke. Their bones were there in a large pile to add to the horror and solemnity of the darkness. Farther on the visitors could see a little lamp burning. This was the altar where daily prayers were once offered to Christ.

There stood an old bronze tablet carved with scenes of Christ's life and crucifixion. The little lamp of olive oil was before this tablet. The host was asked, "What is this light for?" Tearfully he replied: "It is for a memorial of our dear ancestors, of their life, struggle and death. We always keep this light burning." Let that light from the olive oil lamp be for a memorial of the events of centuries past.

There is now another light burning. It is the light of a Christian institution, "Asia Minor Apostolic Institute." Up in the city of Iconium, in the capital of the Province, in the heart of historical, apostolic Asia Minor, a light, however dim, is shining in a small circle which widens to embrace three million people, where nothing of its kind can be found, and its beams are reaching farther.

New events are before us. In these late years thousands and tens of thousands of clergy and people high and low, the sons and daughters of the martyr church, have fallen, and they are daily remembered

through the 40,000 widows, 50,000 orphans and 70,000 fatherless children left behind. They are destitute, and their cry is heart-rending! Let Asia Minor Apostolic Institute with its several branches in different parts of that destitute land, with 470 scholars in ten schools and over 500 orphan and fatherless boys and girls protected and cared for under its wings, be for ever a memorial! It has been commenced and is carried on with God's favor and through Christian sympathy and co-operation, and let it continue to stand as a college or university for evangelical, educational, industrial and benevolent purposes amongst Greeks, Armenians and all; a memorial to the departed of their faith and patience, heroism and martyrdom; a memorial in the name of our dear ones and the beloved church.

CHAPTER XX.

A MARTYR RACE.

"No! think not I could ever be
False to my Saviour's honor'd name,
For aught that thou canst offer me—
A little life—a little fame!
'Twere weak indeed to lose for them
A never-fading diadem."

THE greatness of a nation does not altogether depend upon its civilization, culture, wealth or numbers. A nation may be ancient, renowned and strong, yet the factors which made her so may not be altogether honorable.

The martyr race to which Harutune belonged, small in number, unfortunate, weak and often conquered, is to-day greater than the conquerors who rose in power like the Roman Empire and others, for they are gone. Where is the glory of Corinth? The wisdom of Athens? They are tales of the past. But this martyr race has shown the elements of true wisdom, honor and greatness, in its intense loyalty to the crucified Lord. The victory by death is greater than the victory of the living.

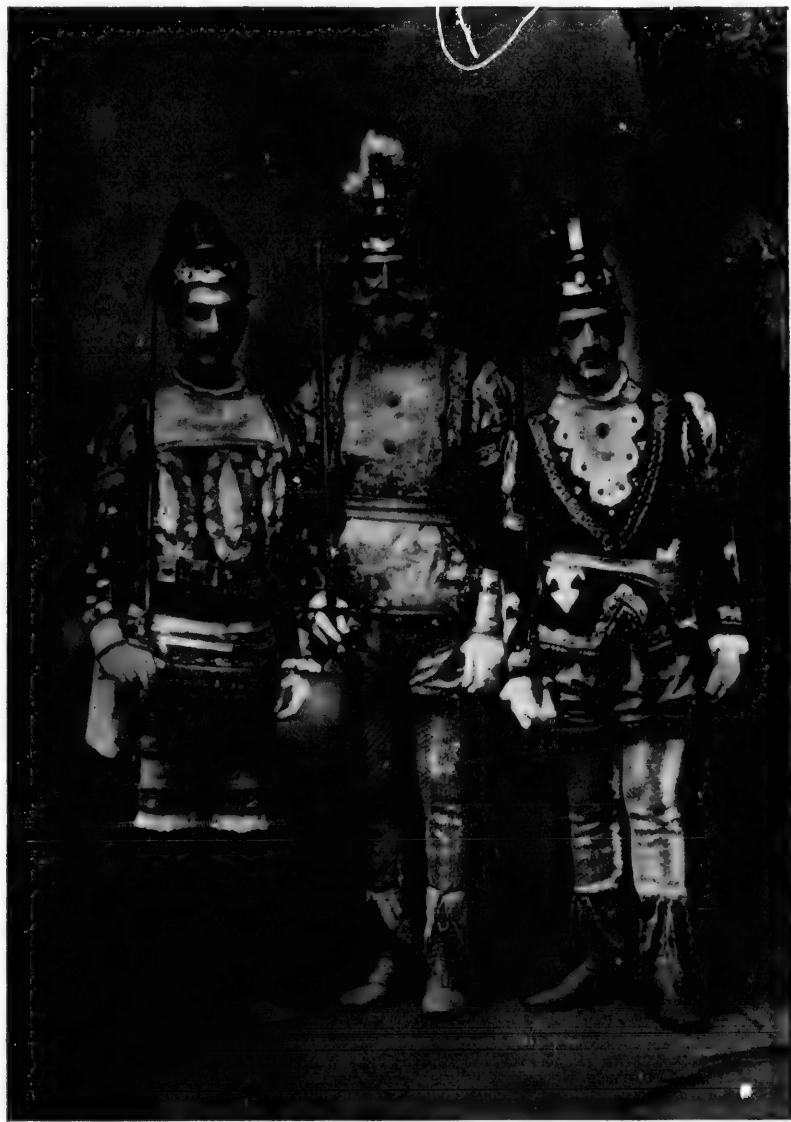
Armenians, with a civilization extending over four thousand years, with the part they took in

making the early history of the world, stand to-day as an interesting race. They derive their name from Armenag, the son of Haik, the grandson of Japhet, thus tracing their history back to Noah, and blending tradition with the Bible record in which they are called "The people of Ararat."

Armenia Major is situated in the region of Mount Ararat, between Asia Minor and the Caspian Sea, and it is one of the most fertile and beautiful of countries, abounding with lofty mountains, pure rivers and fruitful gardens. According to some historians Paradise was located here, and the good Book says: "In this country, on Mount Ararat, Noah's ark first rested."

It is natural to believe that Noah's descendants were first settled in this region, which thus became the cradle land of all nations after the Flood.

Its people now have no political importance, but they have preserved their nationality amid great difficulties till the present time, through a high ideal of family purity and avoiding intermarriage with other nations. According to an ancient tradition "the Armenian Prince Ara, the son of the great Aram, called 'Ara the beautiful,' was urged by the licentious queen, Semiramis of Babylon, to become her husband. He chose to go into war and lose his life in unequal combat with the might of Babylon, rather than desecrate the sanctity of the Armenian family. Although the Queen had given orders to her generals that they should capture 'Ara the beautiful' alive, he went into the thick of the fight and was slain. And in



ARMENIAN MILITARY UNIFORM IN THE DAYS OF THEIR NATIONAL
GOVERNMENT BEFORE AND AFTER CHRIST.

his memory, perhaps with a pang of tardy repentance, this heathen queen, Semiramis, built the city of Van, with its impregnable citadel rising by the beautiful Armenian lake, as an everlasting testimony that even in the days of idolatry, according to the traditions of Armenia, the chastity of man and woman was to be held at par, even by her princes."

Armenians kept their kingdom for many centuries under different dynasties before and after Christ, but had much intermingling as conquerors or conquered with the kingdoms of ancient Assyria, Chaldea, Persia and the Roman Empire. They suffered much from Medes, Persians, Saracens, Koords and Turks. Driven from their northern home, the last capital was Sis, a city in Cilicia near Tarsus, about one hundred miles from the Mediterranean Sea. In the final successful attack of the invader, Leo VI., the last Armenian king, fled to Paris and died there on the 19th of November, 1393 A.D.

Leo VI., King of Armenia, was of small stature but of intelligent expression and well-formed features. His body was carried to the tomb clothed in royal robes of white, according to the custom of Armenia, with an open crown upon his head and a golden sceptre in his hand. He lay in state upon an open bier hung with white, and surrounded by the officers of his household clothed, all of them, in white robes. He was buried by the high altar of the Church of the Celestine, in Paris.

Armenia Major and Armenia Minor cover an area of 400,000 square miles, and the people are mingled

with Turkish and Koordish neighbors. Armenians number about 4,000,000 altogether—2,500,000 in the Ottoman Empire and the rest in Persia and Russia.

During the past few years some thirty thousand have emigrated to Europe and America, about two-thirds coming to the United States.

Armenians belong to the Indo-European race, are very industrious as farmers, artisans, merchants, bankers, lawyers, doctors, as well as gifted clergymen, and have proved their mental capacity and ability. Many writers agree that this people are superior to other Eastern nations. The Honorable S. S. Cox, for several years United States Minister to Constantinople, writes of them :

“The Armenians are the Yankees of the Orient, with much additional cuteness. It is a mooted question as to which race is paramount for smartness. I will not attempt to debate that question. Certainly the Franks or Levantines, the Greeks nor Jews are not the one. It is certain that wherever the Armenian is, whether as Prime Minister of Egypt, or Secretary of the Treasury in America—I mean Governor Thomas Corwin, of Ohio, of Armenian-Hungarian descent—the shrewdness of this race gives them grace, humor, eloquence and genius. They have never been intimidated by threats, and therefore they are successful.”

Armenians have the honor of being the first Christian nation in the world. Tradition says that in the time of Christ the Armenian king, Abgarus, being ill and hearing of Jesus and His mighty works, wrote a letter and received an answer from the Lord, concerning which an eminent writer has said that :

"The legend of the correspondence between Abgarus of Edessa and Jesus Christ is familiar, and Eusebius, the father of ecclesiastical history, born in Cesarea about 270, declared that he had found in the archives of Edessa and translated the letter of Abgarus to Jesus, and the reply by our Lord."

The traditional letter of King Abgarus to Christ was as follows :

"I have heard of Thee, and the cures wrought by Thee without herbs or medicines. It is reported Thou restoreth sight to the blind, maketh the deaf hear, cleanseth the leprous, raiseth the dead and healeth those that are tormented with diseases of long continuance. Having heard this of Thee, I was fully persuaded to believe one of these two things : either that Thou art the very God and camest down from Heaven to do such miracles, or else Thou art the Son of God and performest them. Wherefore I have sent these lines entreating Thee to come hither and cure my disease. Besides having heard that the Jews murmured against and contrived to do Thee mischief, I invite Thee to come to my city, which is a little one indeed, but beautiful and sufficient to entertain us both."

This is the Saviour's alleged reply :

"Blessed art thou, Abgarus, for believing in whom thou hast not seen ; for it is written of me that they which have seen me should believe on me, that they which have not seen me may believe and be saved. But concerning the matter thou writest about, these are to acquaint thee that all things for which I am sent hither must be fulfilled, and then I shall be taken up and returned to Him that sent me ; but after my ascension I will send thee one of my disciples who shall cure thee of thy distemper and give life to thee and them that are with thee."

How much truth there may be in this tradition cannot be told, but it is an accepted fact that St.

Thaddeus, one of the apostles, carried the Gospel to Armenia.

There are evidences that Armenian churches were established in the first and second centuries. In the third century the Lord raised up a man, "Gregory, the Illuminator," to finish the work begun by the apostles and to bring the whole nation to Christ. It is related that King Dirdadis of that time, as Pharaoh of old, labored to check the spread of Christianity, and put Gregory under severe torture twelve different times, twelve different ways, any one of which would have been certain death to any ordinary mortal. The Patron Saint suffered, endured, survived, and yet refused to worship the idols of the King, who thought this endurance a miracle, and himself being visited by a terrible scourge as a proof of divine wrath, he was humiliated, repented, and immediately placed himself and his subjects under the teachings of Gregory. The people were converted in great numbers. Gregory was appointed Bishop of Armenia in the year 302, in Cesarea. Thus the whole nation, King and people, surrendered to Christ, even before the edict of Constantine, and became the first Christian nation in the world.

The son of Gregory, Arestaches, was ordained Catholicos, the head of the Armenian Church. He went with his king to the First Ecumenical Synod in Nicea, where he took a leading part. While there King Dirdades and he were entertained with special honor by the Emperor Constantine the Great.

The Armenian language belongs to the Iranian group, their alphabet containing thirty-six letters.

The most flourishing period of their literature was from the fourth to the fourteenth century. It was wholly Christian and pre-eminently theological. The translation of the Bible from the Septuagint version into Armenian was effected by Bishop Mesrob and his scholars in 411 A.D. It is considered a fine model of ancient classic style.

While Europe was in darkness and ignorance, patriarchal civilization and apostolic Christianity thus prevailed in Armenia, and had much to do with the evangelization of the Anglo-Saxon race.

The Occident was represented in that man of Macedonia pleading with Paul of Tarsus, Asia Minor, to "come over and help us." He heard the call and entered Europe with his saving message. After the Apostles passed away, Christian light shone forth only in a small circle in Rome, Athens and vicinity, and the masses in Europe dwelt in heathendom. It was through the bishops, monks and teachers of the Oriental churches that they finally became Christianized, and the Armenians had a great share in that mission. So Europe of to-day owes much to the martyr race.

Time and circumstances, invasions, battles and persecutions brought sad changes. The leader is fallen. The light of Asia is darkened, and the teachers of the Word "have become in need of sons who come and teach the very first oracles of the God."

For over fifteen centuries they have undergone severe persecution; in many parts their national



ARMENIAN MONASTERY, TOMARZA, NEAR CESAREA.

The name signifies "parchment," for here in the early centuries many portions of Scripture were thus written. This monastery dates back to the time of Thaddæus, the Apostle to the Armenians.

language is forgotten. Villages and towns are forced to deny the faith of their ancestors!

One of the worst of these early persecutions was in the reign of the Persian king, Savor. By his orders ten thousand were put to death. Men, women and young girls suffered most horrible tortures, but all these measures could not suppress their passionate attachment to their Christian faith. Many of them voluntarily submitted to a royal edict issued ordering everyone who acknowledged the Christian religion to forthwith be put to death. The Armenian devotees, of their own accord, came before the authorities to declare their faith in Christ, fearing that by remaining silent it would be reckoned as denying Him.

At last the Emperor Constantine the Great was apprised of their sufferings, and wrote a strong letter on the subject to Savor, who ceased his tyrannical oppression.

Again, Yasgerd II., the King of Persia, sent a royal decree in 450 A.D., demanding all peoples and tongues throughout his dominion to abandon their heresies, worship the sun, and bring offerings to him and call him God. The synod of Armenian bishops unitedly determined to defend their religion at any cost, and in writing to the king they refuted the charges made against Christianity, showed the absurdity of Zoroastrianism, and closed the epistle as follows:

"From this belief no one can move us, neither angels nor men, neither fire, sword, water, nor any other tortures; all our possessions are before thee; dispose of them as thou wilt, and if thou only leavest

us to our belief, we will here below choose no other Lord in thy place, and in heaven have no other God but Jesus Christ, for there is no other God save only Him. But shouldst thou require something beyond this great testimony, behold our resolution ; our bodies are in thy hands—do with them according to thy pleasure ; tortures are thine, and patience ours ; thou hast the sword, we the neck ; we are nothing better than our forefathers, who, for the sake of their faith, resigned their goods, possessions and life. We are indissolubly bound to our God, from whom nothing can detach us, neither now, nor hereafter, nor forever, and ever.”

This declaration of their faith they were called upon to answer on the battle-field. A large multitude composed of clergy and laity, among whom were many women, gathered for self-defence, as the heathen army marched on them. The commander-in-chief thus addressed his followers, the Armenian Christians :

“I have been in many battles, and you also with me ; we have sometimes bravely vanquished the foe ; sometimes they vanquished us ; but on all these occasions we fought at the command of a mortal king and only for worldly distinction. Behold, we have all many wounds and scars upon our persons, and great must have been our bravery to have won these marks of honor. But useless and empty I deem these exploits whereby we have received these marks, for they pass away. If, however, ye have done such valiant deeds in obedience to a mortal ruler, how much more will you do them for our immortal King, who is the Lord of life and death.



THE FAMILY OF AN ARMENIAN DEACON IN TARSUS EVANGELICAL CHURCH.

"Now, therefore, I entreat you, my brave companions, and more so, as you—albeit in bravery, worth and inherited honors greater than I—have of your own free will and out of your love, elected me your leader and chief; I entreat that my words may be favorably received by the high and the low. Fear not the numbers of the heathen; withdraw not your necks from the terrific sword of a mortal man, in order that the Lord may give the victory into our hands, that we may annihilate their power and lift on high the standard of truth."

Under this inspiration they fought as true soldiers of the cross, and died the martyr's death by the hands of these fire-worshipping Persians, thus preferring a Christian grave to a heathen home.

Under many rulers have they suffered. Not far from Cesarea in Cappadocia on every side we find hills and valleys full of thousands of underground inns, halls and cave dwellings, where the survivors of the persecutions fled to find refuge.

Come for a little while, and through these narrow halls go down perhaps fifty feet or more below the ground. Many rooms are there opening into each other, all dark, chilly and damp. By the dim light of the candle in your hands, examine the surroundings. There you will see upon the rough rocks the testimony and the emblem of Christian faith, as shown by coarse paintings drawn by the trembling hands of persecuted Christians. Christ is there pictured in His birth, miracles, crucifixion and ascension: the cross is carved upon the altar. So these places have been their

home, church, school and grave. Here they suffered privation, sickness, fear and death. In some of these rooms are the remains of their bones and ashes, and even there you will find the inscriptions "Asleep in Jesus," "Gone to heavenly rest," "To die in Christ!" Thus we still hear to-day the tender voice of the martyr race echoing from the depths of the earth.

Is there any other race which has been so long and cruelly persecuted, yet endured and stood so firm in the faith? Nations have forgotten them. The world has always given them bitter cups. In the last few years the cup has filled to the brim and overflowed!

* "The centuries of bloodshed
Are past, those cruel years;
But there is still one country
Whose mountains drip with tears,
Whose river-banks are blood-stained,
Whose mourning loads the breeze—
A land of dreary ruins,
Ashes and cypress-trees.

"No more for the Armenian
A twinkling star appears;
His spirit's flowers have faded
Beneath a rain of tears.
Ceased are the sounds of harmless mirth,
The dances hand in hand;
Only the weapon of the Koord
Shines freely through the land.

"The bride's soft eyes are tearful,
Behind her tresses' flow,
Lest the Koord's shout should interrupt
Love's whisper, sweet and low.

* From "Armenian Poems."

Red blood succeeds love's rosy flush,
Slain shall the bridegroom be,
And by the dastard Koords the bride
Be led to slavery.

“The peasant sows, but never reaps ;
He hungers evermore.
He eats his bread in bitterness,
And tastes of anguish sore.
Lo ! tears and blood together
Drop from his pallid face ;
And these are our own brothers,
Of our own blood and race.

CHAPTER XXI.

UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

“ Anchor your hope on the Cross. Have faith,
The light will shine, since you to it are true.”

CONSTANTINE the Great, the Byzantine Emperor, as he was going forth to battle, is said to have seen a cross in the sky with this inscription : “ By this sign thou shalt conquer.” Under the influence of that sign and motto, in the year 312, he became a convert to Christianity. Ever after he adopted a cross as his standard. In 328 he founded the city where Byzantium formerly stood, and called it by his own name, “ Constantinopolis.” Thus the city became the eastern capital of the Roman Empire.

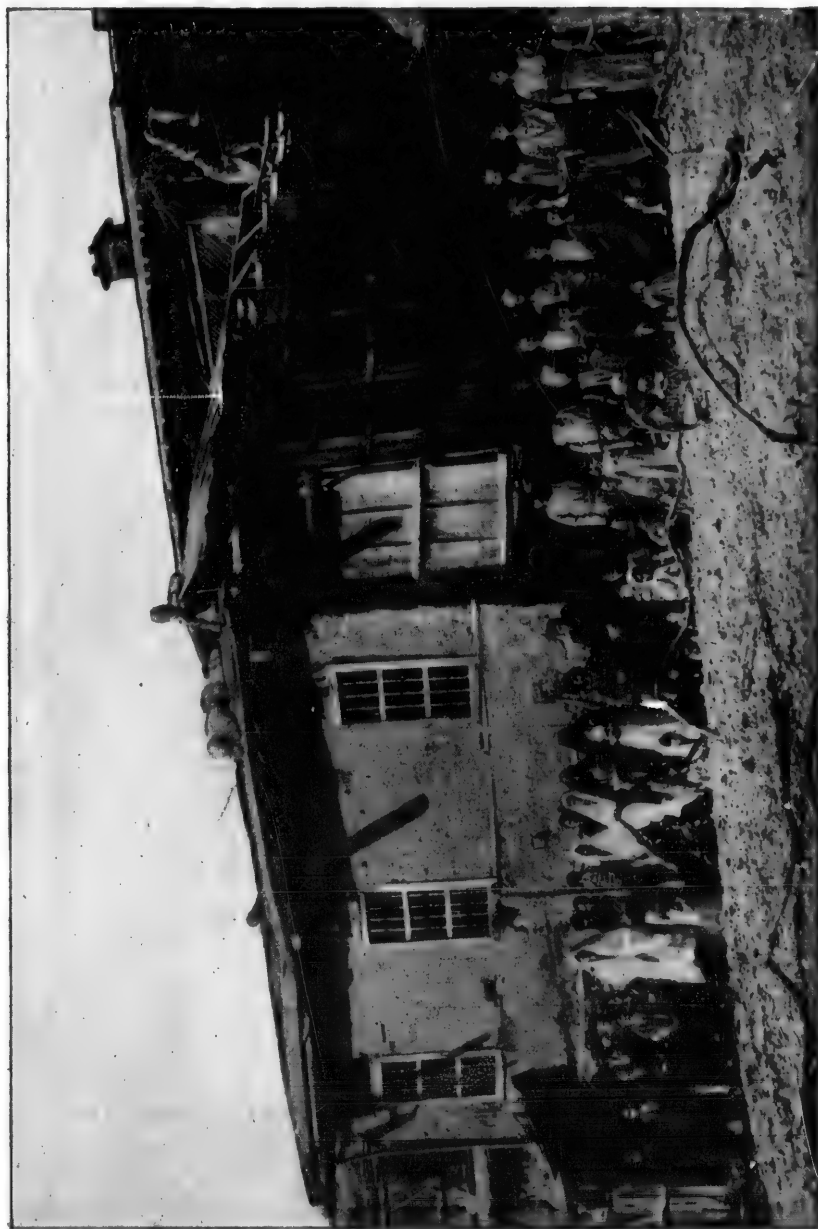
The Constantinople of to-day is still the capital of a great people, where the government and religion unite and operate as a great force, and the head of that people is the Emperor of the Ottomans. The Turks do not believe in Jesus as a Saviour, neither do they adore His cross. But there were people and churches who had seen the sign of the cross even before the time of Constantine. While subject to the Moslem power, they yet love and adore the Crucified, live and die under the shadow of His cross. The cross for them is not seen on thrones or crowns, nor

floating on their national flags. It is in their churches; in their homes; in their hearts. No need to multiply words, nor to repeat much that has been said. Let facts testify. Let those who in these latter days have passed away as martyrs, speak. For those who live and die under the shadow of the cross will ever speak.

Here is a Rector of the English Church, a noble, intelligent man, for many years a personal friend of Harutune. In the days of fire and blood he was hidden with some of his church officers in an underground place. They were hunted down and brought into the yard, while he was placed on one side, each of his faithful friends was killed. Then he was brought to the deep-dyed spot where the mutilated bodies of his dear ones lay. It was said to him: "We know you to be a good man, a great man. Become a Moslem and you shall live." In trembling voice, tears of



STEPHANOS, RECTOR OF THE CHURCH
OF ENGLAND, MARASH; MARTYRED
DURING THE LATE MASSACRE.



THE ENGLISH CHURCH AT MARASH.

The Rector was martyred, building partly destroyed, and the congregation left mostly widows, orphans and destitute

The Rector was martyred, building partly destroyed, and the congregation left mostly widows, orphans and destitute

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agony falling down his cheeks and grey beard, he said: "Ask me not to deny my Lord. Let me die with my dear ones." Thrice the offer was repeated, but the Christian hero had nothing more to say than plead to the end: "Ask me not to deny my Saviour." His wish was granted. He died for Him.

We go to another city where a home was visited by the messengers of death. Here a father and two sons, helpless and trembling, fall at their feet. "Christ is not the Saviour, give up that faith, accept Mohammed," they said. The father, fearing his sons may yield to the temptation, offers himself in their stead, but this was not accepted. The youthful lives were cut down. A last opportunity to the old man was given. "I cannot deny Jesus who died for me on the cross," he exclaimed in great sorrow and agony. The swords fell on his defenceless head, making two deep cuts in the form of a cross. "This is your cross," they said, and quickly his life expired.

A father with his twelve-year-old daughter were alone in their home. The mother was visiting a friend, knowing nothing of coming danger. A fierce-looking man suddenly burst into the room where the little girl was sitting. In a kind voice he said: "My child, your father is dead because he would not accept the religion of Islam. Now I shall have to make you a Mohammedan, and if you will agree to it I will take you to my house and you shall have everything you want, just like my daughter. Will you become a Mohammedan?"

The little girl replied, "I believe in Jesus. He is

my Saviour. I love Him. I cannot do as you wish, even if you kill me."

Then the ruffian fell upon the poor child with his sword and slashed and stabbed her in twelve different places. A kind neighbor took the body and brought it to the mother who had been hidden elsewhere, and said to her, "I have brought the body of your little daughter and I am very sorry for what has happened to her." The mother, horror-stricken, took the body and found that there was still life in it. The child was restored, with hope of full recovery, for a living testimony to the Saviour whom she loved.

The poor old man, sick in bed, thought he would be surely spared from the scourge of death visiting the city. But he was too well known through his devoted life and bold conversation regarding the truth. They came to him demanding him either to accept Mohammedanism or die. He remained firm. They gave him half an hour to change his mind. The time was spent in prayer for strength as in the valley of Gethsemane. He received the grace of endurance, and stood for Christ to the end. They killed him there in bed and also his son.

Pastor Garabet is well remembered by Harutune. During a revival in his church how active and faithful he was! His renewed consecration, firm faith and testimony for Christ moved and inspired many impenitents to love the Lord. That season passed; death reigned on every side. This godly man was still cheering and visiting some disheartened brethren when he was found. They promised to make him a

great man should he become a Moslem. Surrounded by the blood-thirsty mob he firmly stood, and raising his hands said, "I preached Jesus twenty years and now cannot deny Him." While in this attitude he became the victim of bullets and fire. His wife and children bereaved, heart-broken and sad, found refuge in Jesus, as they tearfully sang :

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;
Safe into the haven guide
O receive my soul at last."

A shepherd of the flock was pleading with some of the savage Koords not to torture his church members, who had already suffered so much. Perceiving that he was a spiritual head, as the clergy are called, the Koords at once called on him to renounce his faith and embrace Islam. Fixing a steady gaze on them he said nothing. "Ha," said one, "see how the kafir (infidel) still holds stoutly to his faith." Another said to him, "As a confession of one God and Mohammed his prophet, just raise one finger and you will not be harmed." Calmly he replied, "I shall never raise my finger." Immediately a Koord near by made a thrust at him with a dagger, while another pierced him by a bullet in the presence of several of his flock ; his firm faith and bold confession in the presence of death was the weightiest sermon they

had ever heard from his lips. He was a most scholarly, refined man, from an educated, priestly family, and now with ninety-eight of his followers in faith and martyrdom entered into rest. .

Samuel was a fine young man, a faithful Christian, and had taken his religious and mental training under Harutune. He could not escape from death, which came by cruel hands. Had he denied the faith he



SAMUEL, AN ARMENIAN SCHOLAR OF
HARUTUNE, KILLED DURING
THE LATE MASSACRE.

might have been spared. His last words were: "I am sorry for my parents and friends, but tell them it is well with my soul." The sad news reaching his village home, the poor mother was crazed by grief, and after their house was plundered, under a pretended charge the father was thrust into prison. The following letter was received

by Harutune from him there:

"MY DEAR BROTHER:

"My beloved son and your dear scholar is gone. The sad news reaching us my wife became insane. Our house was plundered, and I am brought here two days distant from home for an indefinite time. I think of the departed, mourn for my sick wife and helpless children at home, keenly realizing also their need of daily bread. My heart is sad. My eyes run tears, and I need your prayers. All my hope is in the Lord. 'Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet I will rejoice in the Lord; I will joy in the God of my salvation.'"

It may be mentioned that he was a rich man in that village, possessing flocks, herds and vineyards. All were plundered. He remained submissive to the end. 'The good man, though overwhelmed by misfortune, never loses his inborn greatness of soul. Aloes-wood burned in the fire becomes all the more fragrant.'

Then we see a village priest, not well educated and having no renown as being specially talented, but the Lord showed him how much he could suffer for His sake. A Koordish band, taking hold of him, said: "Your life is in our hands. Will you become a Moslem and live?" He answered, "Nay." His limbs were cut, and as he lay on the blood-stained earth he uttered some very touching prayers to Jesus for strength. They could not bear it, so they cut off his tongue. Even then he was told that if he would accept Mohammed by raising his hand he should not be killed. Yes, he raised his hand, and dipping it in the blood of his mouth, made a crimson cross on his forehead; then again lifting up his trembling hand toward heaven, he pictured a cross, as if to say, "I will bear my cross and follow Him who died for me on the cross." Now he is in glory. Who knows in that dying agony he may not have seen, as did the martyr Stephen, Jesus standing on the right hand of God to receive him. His head was cut off and the spirit soared upward, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

Harutune well remembers a little man called Paul who was brought to Christ in a revival. He was a great favorite among the neighbors. A poor baker, yet



THE MASTER OF POLICE, GUARDS AND EXECUTIONERS OF OLDEN TIME IN CONSTANTINOPELE.

From an old and rare print.

rich in Christian grace. The Moslems coming to him said: "Paul, we do not want to kill you. Will you take Mohammed in the place of your Jesus? Then we will wind a white turban around your head and go to the Mosque. You will be safe and prosperous." Paul asked five minutes to think. There in the dark corner of his shop he knelt down pleading with the Lord. "Oh, Lord, they are waiting—I cannot deny Thee; help me to die for Thee. After I am gone, remember my wife and children." He came out like a hero. "For some years I have lived a Christian, I am ready to die a Christian," he said. He was killed with torture. His home was visited; everything plundered. The poor bereaved wife pleaded in vain for mercy and to leave some food, clothing and bedding for the small children. They said, "If you become a Moslem we will take care of you; if not, we shall take everything, and you and your children may starve." Before leaving they even snatched off the little quilt covering the 'iny baby. The mother, on seeing the three-months' old babe left in the cold that freezing December day, jumped up and clasped one edge of the quilt, pitifully pleading: "In God's name leave this to cover my baby." "Will you be a Moslem?" "No," she said in fear and trembling. Then in maddened fury they shot her in the head. "This is your share," they said. Claspings the quilt in her arms she fell dead, leaving three more orphans to swell the vast number.

It was a great crisis for another poor trembling wife and mother. On one side the bloody body of

her dear husband; around her the terrified children crying, "Oh, mother, don't let these men kill us." The murderers said, "You are a beautiful woman—if you will accept the Moslem faith and come with us we will not harm any of you." "For the sake of these, my children, I will go with you," she said. They went. In the darkness of the night the heart-broken woman had no rest. Longing for soothing peace to her disturbed soul she pled with Christ: "Oh, Jesus, like Peter I denied Thee in the time of fear. I cannot live without Thee. If I must die, help me to die for Thee." The women in the harem noticed that she was praying to Jesus, and told their husband that "the woman is not a Moslem, she still prays to her Jesus."

Morning came. The man, with some neighbors well armed, took the woman and children to the Christian church. The Bible with the cross upon it was put upon the floor, defiled and trampled upon. Turning to the woman, they said, "If you are a true Moslem defile this book and trample upon the cross, or we will kill your children." In fear, yet firmly, she said, "I cannot trample upon the cross." They took the youngest child and killed him. The second child, a bright little girl of seven years, cried with the mother, who was still steadfast, not to trample on the cross. That girl also was killed. The mother fainting in agony, falling upon the boy, her first-born child eleven years old, yet whispered, "I cannot trample upon the cross—kill me, but spare my son." They both were slain and their life-blood bathed the

Book and the cross, and their spirits ascended to join the multitude of 100,000 martyred Armenians who lived and died under the shadow of the cross and now are among those who have come up out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, and now sing the new song before the great white throne :

* " Armenia's life shall not become extinct ;
The heavens are full of that life-giving flame.
While the all-conquering cross of Christ shall reign,
So long shall live her name. .

" A nation that was faithful to the cross
Cannot be lost, though centuries roll past.
While in this world religion shall endure,
Her life shall also last."

* From " Armenian Poems."

CHAPTER XXII.

AMID SACKCLOTH AND ASHES.

"LAMENTATIONS."

Armenia—

"Weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on her cheeks.

All her friends have dealt treacherously with her ; they are become her enemies.

All her gates are desolate ; her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she is in bitterness.

The adversary had spread out his hand upon all her pleasant things ; all her people sigh, they seek bread.

I pray you, all people, and behold my sorrow ; my virgins and my young men are gone into captivity.

Is it nothing to you ?

"The young and the old lie in the streets ; my virgins and my young men are fallen by the sword.

Fear and a snare has come upon us, desolation and destruction.

They that be slain with the sword are better than they that be slain with hunger.

Our inheritance is turned to strangers, our houses to aliens.

We are orphans and fatherless, and our mothers are widows.

We have watched for a nation that would not save us—

Behold, O Lord, and consider,

The Lord is my portion, saith my soul, therefore will I hope in Him."

An eye-witness writes from one place : *

"After that awful day when death swept over the city, the bereaved women, covered in rags and sackcloth, poured out into the streets from their hiding-places, gathering near the burned ruins of homes and churches to search for any remnant of their beloved dead among the ashes. Their 'heads were waters and their eyes fountains of tears, weeping for the slain.'

"Who could picture the grief of Hatoon, the wife of one of the richest men in the city. While her husband and three sons-in-law were killed, she thought an only son had escaped. Looking through the ruins of that once rich house, she was startled to find a poor charred hand, and on that hand she recognized a valuable ring that her son wore. 'My son ! my beloved son, also, is gone !' she exclaimed, and sank low amid the ashes, wailing and weeping. Her cup of woe was filled to overflowing at the loss of her dear husband and sons, and there was none to comfort her !"

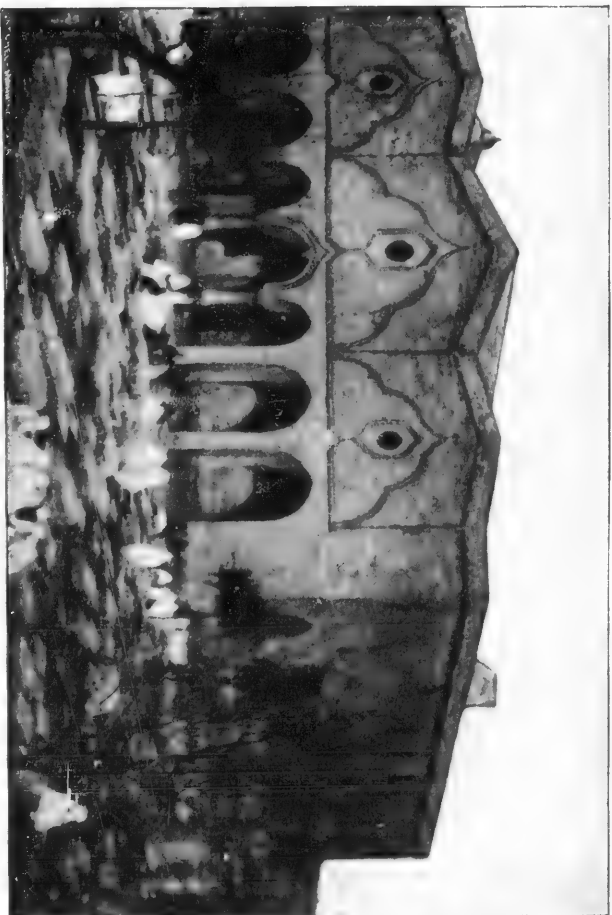


A DESOLATE WIDOW IN ARMENIA.

* For reasons connected with the safety of persons concerned in these Armenian towns the names are not given.

THE FATE OF LITTLE ANNA.

“When the Koords were attacking the village, Anna’s father hastily came home from the field, and shouldering her two little brothers, telling his wife to shelter the girl, they started to run away from the attacking savages, and were not gone very far when some Koords began to chase them. The father and mother ran as fast as they could, but soon the Koords overtook the former, who, having on his shoulders two of his little darlings, could not run as fast as his wife did. The Koords first killed with their swords little Vanes, then she heard the shrieks of Toros, and then they killed the dear father, too, while the mother, with awful shrieks and wailings, ran away from these inhuman butchers in order to save at least her darling Anna. She did not stop until sunset, when she fell down and fainted. For some time she was like a corpse, and little Anna tried in vain to make her mamma answer her callings. At midnight, with an awful shriek, she cried : ‘O Heaven, save my Anna ; they have killed my dear Vanes, my dear Toros, and my dear husband. Heaven save Anna.’ Till morning she and her darling cried bitterly, when, at sunrise, the little girl opened her eyes and looking into the face of her mother, said : ‘Mamma, I am hungry.’ The loving mother, with trembling steps, began to look among the trees of the forest to find some wild vegetables to appease the hunger of her darling. Soon she gathered some roots and green leaves and brought them to her only surviving child. The poor little creature began to devour those green leaves and chew the roots of the trees. At noon they began to wander into the heart of the dark forest, and found a cave. A whole week they fed upon the leaves and roots. At the end of the week the mother became sick, and poor Anna, with tears, watched her dying mother for three days while she lay in awful distress upon the bare rock. On the morning of the fourth day she looked into the face of her mother, and lo, her eyes were closed. She cried, ‘Mamma, dear mamma !’ but no answer came. She was dead ! All day she put her little pale cheeks upon the cold face of her mother. On the fifth day



AN OLD MONASTERY IN OORFA, WHERE OVER TWO THOUSAND DEFENCELESS ARMENIANS
WERE BURNED TO ASHES.

she wandered out of the cave and gathered some roots and shrubs to appease her hunger, when she heard some yells which resembled those of the Koords who had killed her father and brothers. Hastily she ran back to the cave, afraid to go out, and so sitting on a bare rock, pale, sick, hungry, and all alone in the world, she pleads the cause of tens of thousands of little ones in Ar nenia."

A young widow's story, written to Harutune from the city of his birth:

"That massacre day, early in the morning, my husband, hearing cries and a great noise, stepped to the door to see what was the matter, and the first thing I knew his dead body was thrown into the yard. What could I do but try and save my little children? In terror, about 150 of us gathered in a stable for sixteen hours. Cold and hungry we stayed there, fearing every minute they would find and kill us. Early next morning, bareheaded and barefooted I ran to father's house. Oh, what a sight! Poor father and brothers, all killed! Our lamentation is great, but that of others is still greater. The Christian section of the city is all destroyed. An old, honored pastor, leading priests, teachers, doctors and most influential men were cruelly butchered, and thousands are in need of a piece of bread. Now myself, two little children, poor mother and her three children, are sheltered in one room, nothing to eat, no covering! This morning from the neighborhood about one hundred newly widowed young brides went to the Moslem Mosque and pleaded for the return of some of our things. They gave only one old quilt and a small measure of cracked wheat. When night comes mother, myself and the five children lie on the cold floor and cuddle under that one quilt. There are thousands in our condition or even worse. How long, O God! Let all the civilized world hear—they seem indifferent. Has the sword of Moslem more power and influence than the Cross of Christ?

"This letter is washed with many tears. The children now

cry in hunger. We used to be rich, helping others, now in need of a morsel of bread. No friends left from whom we might beg. We eagerly wait for your comforting letter."

From prison a prominent priest wrote to Harutune :

"MY REVEREND AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I have no doubt you have already heard what a great calamity has fallen on our city. Churches and homes destroyed and men slaughtered as sheep, and upon our women and children most horrible deeds have been committed. In this letter I will show how great atrocities, torture and murder have been done by the officers. I have seen them with mine eyes, I have endured and am enduring these tortures myself.

"One Sunday last December many police and soldiers attacking our church, took me to the Government building and at night I was taken to the police department—a crowded room, with soldiers and officers, daggers, revolvers and clubs in their hands. Rushing forward they attacked me, and soon the blood was pouring from my mouth, nose and many wounds. Seeing I did not yield they tied my thumbs together with fine wire and passed my feet through the opening, and then whipped me with telegraph wire. Under this scourge I heard their blasphemy : 'You infidel dog, even God cannot take you from our hands ; we will kill you.' There was no mercy to my blood-covered body or my eyes flowing with tears. Unconscious, I was carried out. After a few days I was taken again to court, my hands and feet tied with ropes, my eyes covered. They cut some veins in my right arm from which the blood poured fourth. They poured upon me kerosene oil to put me on fire and burn. After much pleading for mercy in the name of God they decided to hang me instead of burning me. There by my feet I hung two or three hours, the blood coming from my mouth, nose and veins. I prayed to die and wondered why I did not.

"The torture which has been given me and my associates, no history has been pictured anything like it. Many died under the scourge ; others were strangled in the stables ; a great many

were beheaded in the open field; and many had their bodies burned with red-hot irons. (Denials of the name of Jesus and taking Mohammed in His place would save any one of them, but none could or would do that.) Now for nine months I am in this prison under all kinds of torture and sufferings, twenty or thirty of us in one dark, filthy mud-floor cell, no room to lie down and not permitted to leave the cell day or night, in summer's heat and winter's cold, all of us covered with vermin, no sleep, always in tears, daily we suffer the agony of death.

"O God, why was I not cut off with my associate priests? But it is Thy will and I must endure. But what of my home and family? Everything plundered, nothing for the support of nine members—wife and children—who are destitute. I cannot help them! Do you wonder if I feel as though insane? I would have been if it had not been for some aid sent by you and other friends to help my needed family and render comfort to me. Again I thank you that you have remembered us. Pray for Armenians."

"Not all the year the vines their clusters keep :
 Now fruitful are, now leafy tears do weep.
 Sunlike, the pure are shadowed by a cloud ;
 As sparks on water are the envious crowd :
 Those, by degrees, their former radiance shed ;
 These are extinguished in a wat'ry bed.
 Fear not the dark, my friend, howe'er profound :
 Perchance therein life's water may be found.
 Let not despair, though dark, thy soul dismay,
 For night is pregnant with the glorious day."

A little boy wrote as follows to his father in America :

"DEAR FATHER,—The Koords have killed all my uncles. While mother and us children were running away for safety, my brother was saying Heesoos, Heesoos (Jesus). They took

hold of him and said, 'Keep still, little dog. Who is Heesoos?' and killed him. Mother and we are carried away to a Moslem home and can never go back. Now my name is Osman. Sister Elizabeth is taken by another man and her name is now 'Fatima.' Our cousin Mariam is sold to a Chief for a donkey. Many pretty brides and girls are sold for a donkey, cow, horse or gun. Our crying is bitter, and God has no mercy or pity for us."

This is what was written by Maiden Lucine :

"We suffered in patience when our corn, butter and honey were seized, and we were left poor and hungry; we bowed our heads in sorrowful resignation when our kith and kin were cut down by the Koords and Turks. Are we also to be silent and submissive now that our race is being poisoned at its source? Now that child-mothers and baby-daughters are being defiled and brutalized by savages? Say, Christian sisters, is there in truth no remedy? We ask for no revenge, for no privileges; but need I be more explicit to Christian matrons, wives and sisters? Although we are Armenians, we too are Christians. I was brought up in a Protestant school as you were. I drew my sustenance from the Bible as you did. I was taught to think of purity and virtue as you do. But what am I now? For the love of God, whom we worship in common, help us, Christian sisters, before it is too late, and take the thanks of the mothers, wives, sisters and daughters of my people, and with them the gratitude of one for whom, in spite of her youth, death would come as a happy release."

The following were the lamentations of Rachel, a native pastor's wife, who with her husband are now superintendents of one of the orphanages under the charge of Harutune :

"Our condition is wretched—no words can tell. We are wanderers, broken-hearted, comfortless and friendless. A storm

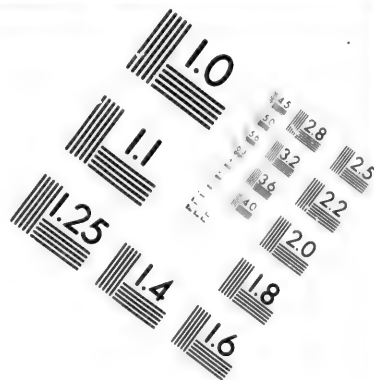
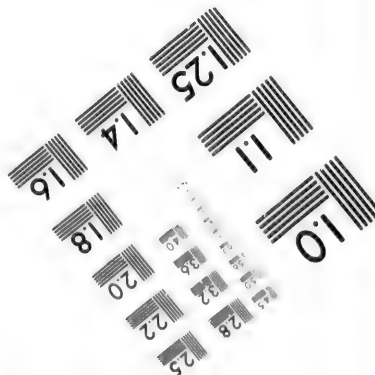
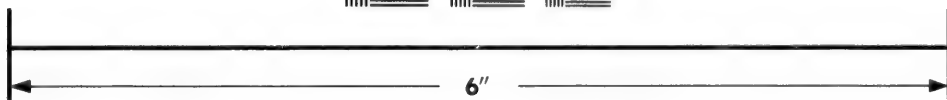
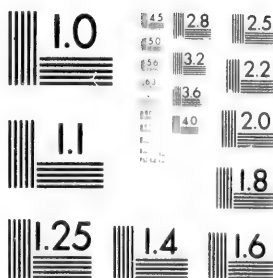


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A MOURNER.

There are many such in Armenia.

has broken over the mountain of our hope, and for us peace and rest have veiled their faces. Much we have endured, but our sufferings have not ended. Dishonor, torture, persecution and injustice is still our daily lot. In this city two churches are burned, several others plundered and 90 per cent. of all Armenian houses are stripped of everything.

"Shall we mourn and weep for the past, for our present condition, or for future calamities threatening, and none to help us? We weep—who will dry our tears? Have fallen—who will lift us up? We are left hungry, naked. Our Moslem friends have no pity. Who will pity us? No ray of hope shines from anywhere. My seven children are pale and sick, while I from want and anxiety have no strength left. Now typhoid fever, small-pox and measles are prevailing. My husband, though feeble, works hard in visitation, giving comfort and holding Sunday services.

"The time of the massacre I thought the heaven was turned to brass and the earth to iron. Our men were slaughtered as sheep, and the whole city was filled with cries and horror for those being killed by torture, fire and the sword. O God, when wilt Thou rise up for vengeance? O Thou Creator, is this life eternity, that Thou art waiting so long? How can I describe the sight of those bereaved widows and orphans gathered round the pulpits in the churches, weeping out their souls in agony to God. In the city over seven thousand Armenians, many of them widows and orphans, are in need of daily bread, and this number adding two thousand refugees from the surrounding villages makes ten thousand in most destitute circumstances.

"The relief you sent us through various channels we have distributed for bread and clothing to the bereaved and destitute. This aid is like drops in the boundless ocean of need. Please read this letter in the churches. Let them remember a mourning woman as myself and our people. Ask them, 'Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?' that we are left so distressed, sore-stricken? Who will wipe our tears? Who will come for rescue?"

“ My God ! can such things be ?
Hast Thou not said that whatsoe’er is done
Unto Thy weakest and Thy humblest one
Is even done to Thee ? ”

“ In that sad victim, then,
Child of thy pitying love, I see thee stand—
Once more the jest-word of a mocking band,
Bound, sold, and scourged again.”

“ A Christian up for sale !
Wet with her blood your whips, o’ertask her frame,
Make her life loathsome with your wrong and shame,
Her patience shall not fail.”

“ Hoarse, horrible and strong,
Rises to Heaven that agonizing cry,
Filling the arches of the hollow sky,
How long, O God, how long ? ”

CHAPTER XXIII.

ANGELS OF MERCY.

It was a dark, dreary night when a horseman was passing through a deep, solitary valley in Armenia. From a distance a faint sound was heard. The man followed the voices, nearer and nearer. "Ch, it is the voice of children; they are crying," he said. A few days previous the town near by had been attacked, all the men killed, the homes destroyed, women and children driven away, and this horseman, knowing the fact, was not much surprised to find some remnants of the sad event. He was at the entrance of a cave from which the voices came. Tying his horse to a tree, he took away the stones piled before the opening, let in the light, and found eight children from four to twelve years old, much frightened at his arrival. Speaking tenderly, and taking some of the little ones in his arms, he quieted them. They felt he was a good man, a friend, and told their tale. They spoke of how their homes were burned, their fathers killed before their eyes, and the mothers, some killed and others carried away by force while they ran away for safety. For three days they had been in this cave. It was winter, the mountains were covered with snow. The children were hungry, and

had nothing to eat. They were poorly clad and had no covering. Not daring to go out of the cave for fear some of the bad men might find them, when the older ones saw the little ones fainting, almost dying, their agony was beyond control. In tears and distress they poured forth the bitter cry which was heard by this good man. He brought his bag, gave them all the food he had, and spent the night there, sharing his scanty coverings with them.

When morning came, speaking some comforting words of Jesus and His loving care, he dispelled the children's fear, then tied two of them on his horse, took two of them in his arms, and the older ones walking, they started. Many miles were thus travelled till they reached a city of safety, and the children were there sheltered and relieved by this angel of mercy—an agent of a relief association.

For the past four years the bitter cries of desolate Armenia, of the bereaved widows and orphans have been heard from the mountain tops, lonely hills, deep ravines, woods, ruined homes, crowded stables, caves, prisons, inns, and street corners, and their echoes have reached the four corners of the earth. They were left homeless, friendless, hopeless. Who would be to them as "Angels of Mercy"?

"We will!" said the foreign missionaries, who kept their posts at the time of danger. "Come home," was the demand from the home land; friends, relatives, even the Governments urged this. The ship was ready, waiting at the shore; tumult and carnage prevailed in the land. Selfish diplomats called them "foolish,"



A RED CROSS AGENT ON HIS MISSION OF RELIEF.

yet they stood firm at the approach of death, even when fire and sword came near their dwellings. They sheltered as many as they could and ministered personally to the sick and dying, by food, medicine and raiment, while sounding the bugle-cry in behalf of these sufferers to the people across the ocean. Up to this time they have helped to save many thousands.

A noble Jesuit priest in a mountain town should be specially mentioned. He opened the door of his monastery, welcomed all villagers of every name and creed, and himself standing at the door answered the pursuers: "Smite me first, then you will reach to the others!" All were thus safely rescued.

Amid many foreign representatives, besides the missionaries, Sir Philip Currie, the English Ambassador at Constantinople, should be singled out with special appreciation. While all his wise suggestions and zealous labors as a diplomat failed in good results, through no fault of his, he came forward as a friend to the sufferers, and through his personal leadership and influence moved the tender hearts of Great Britain to pity and charity, and did all he possibly could.

"We will!" said the native helpers of the surviving Armenians. Already deprived of friends and relatives, while themselves in need, they helped and served the needy. Priests, pastors and people, amid danger and sacrifice, at the very gate of hell, stood faithful to their holy calling to ease pain, heal the wounded and comfort the sorrowing.

Societies and many representatives in the United

States, the Dominion of Canada, England and Germany said, "We will." The Armenian Relief Association temporarily rendered early and needed help. The Armenian National Relief Committee has done, and is doing, a great service in relief work throughout those vast destitute regions, establishing and supporting many orphanages with their industrial departments.

The Red Cross Society came to the front with generous aid. While their leader, Miss Barton, administered the campaign from Constantinople, the faithful and fearless agents entered the field and dispensed the most needed help.

Who can forget the prompt and encouraging mission of that wide-spread weekly, *The Christian Herald*, the friend of all good works? That and many other religious and secular papers most worthily and gladly offered invaluable service, not only through contributions collected, but by keeping vividly before the public the imperative demand for relief.

And last but not least is the aid given by the Asia Minor Apostolic Institute, with Harutune at its head, an enterprise in its infancy--yet among the first to advocate and share in some relief work among the orphan and fatherless children.

All these and similar agencies in America, England and Germany have administered, and some are continuing to administer, relief to the widows, orphans and destitute.

But what could they have done had it not been for the hearty co-operation and support of Christian



ONE OF THE ORPHANAGES OF ARMENIAN NATIONAL RELIEF COMMITTEE, OORFA ;
ALSO SOME OF THEM AT WORK IN THE INDUSTRIAL DEPARTMENT.

churches, societies, Sabbath Schools and individuals, who have been willing and generous in their giving? Amid many pressing demands and responsibilities they did not forget the perishing remnants of the Mother Church of Ararat; they held up the trembling hands, cheering and encouraging the missionaries and native distributors.

Clergy, officers and people, with genuine sympathy, mourned with those who mourned, and did not give rest to themselves until they had done their part. Widows gave their mite, the poor sent their self-denying gifts, even small children from their little banks or from spending money gave a share or their all, to help rescue and save the fallen, the friendless and the dying. Thus under God many proved "Angels of Mercy."

A poor Armenian barber providentially escaped from the sword—his house, however, being plundered and his children having nothing to eat. Early in the morning, with prayer and a heavy heart he left for his shop, to try and earn a few pennies to bring bread to his starving family. Reaching the door, to his great surprise he saw two children asleep in that sheltered corner. He touched the eldest child, a boy of nine, who awoke frightened, yet noticing the gentle face of the man, said: "Did Jesus send you?" "What do you mean, my child?" "Yesterday some bad men came and killed our father and took mother away. We cried after mother, 'Oh, take us with you,' and she cried for us, but they said, 'We don't care for those little dogs; we will take you as you are

nice looking.' They dragged mother by her hair—oh, how she cried. We followed her, crying, too. At the last corner when she went out of sight, she called out to us, 'My dear children, Jesus will send some one for you. Pray to Him.'

Then the boy continued his sad story: "All day myself and little sister walked, hungry, cold and crying—none spoke to us or helped us. Late at night, in this little corner we fell down and slept. You are the first one that spoke to us. Did Jesus send you?" The barber was deeply touched, and though poor himself, believing that these children were sent to him, said, "Yes, my child, Jesus sent me—I will take you to my home." Then gently clasping the little girl in his arms, the boy following, he went home, telling his wife: "Trouble not. Jesus has sent these children and He will surely send daily bread for them as well as our own." Life for them with these two extra children was a constant struggle and anxiety, until he happened to see a leaflet containing four pictures, and after that the burden became lighter, and his spirit was cheered.

The first picture represented many destitute women and children. They were almost naked, starving skeletons. Around them stood a group of people of a different faith, well clad, with life's necessities in their hands, motioning and saying to the destitute, "Come to us; we will feed and clothe you, we will take care of you." The children seemed eager, and pulling their mothers said, "Oh, let us go," even stretching forth their hands for bread. The mothers

tried to check the little ones. "We cannot go to them, we cannot receive their gifts. If we do so that means giving up Jesus and the faith, because they will never take and help us unless we deny Him. Let us still patiently wait and pray."

Picture the second showed the same group of destitute ones, but the other party had disappeared, and around them were churches with crosses on their steeples. Many groups were here and there. A minister and his officers appeared in consultation, and underneath was written: "Let us save some of them—we can." Little groups of societies seemed much stirred and enthused. "We, too, will do what we can," was their motto. And little children were standing near: "We will share our food and clothing with them," was printed. Individuals, poor, trembling and clad in deep mourning, were there, with hands raised toward the destitute, and beneath was the writing: "I will give a helping hand." Up in the sky bands of angels were dimly seen as floating clouds.

Picture the third. The scene was greatly changed. The starving were fed, the naked clothed, and weeping ones were comforted. Those who helped and those who were helped were happily together in different groups, and angels were floating in the air, bringing crowns and putting them on those who had done their part in the name of the Lord. The crowns had shining stars on them, one, two or many.

The fourth picture. A last scene appeared; Christ, the King, was sitting on His glorious throne. The last judgment had been given. To the left a large

crowd was entering into thick darkness—a faint writing was seen: “Depart from me! I was an hungered and ye gave me no meat, naked and ye clothed me not, sick and in prison and ye visited me not.” On the right was a large multitude in white raiment, rescued and rescuer together, while the King’s hand was raised above them and the writing in bright gold was read: “Come, ye blessed of my father—inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these . . . ye have done it unto me.” They all appeared soaring above to bright firmaments, and a still larger throng appearing to meet them. Thus, those who have come up out of great tribulation, martyrs, saints and the hosts of believers who loved His appearing, with the Angels of Mercy and Angels of Light, entered into glory—glory everlasting!

“A noble army—men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour’s throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.
They climbed the steep ascent of heaven,
Through peril, toil and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!”

APPENDIX.

GLIMPSES OF ASIA MINOR APOSTOLIC
INSTITUTE.

AN EDUCATIONAL, INDUSTRIAL, EVANGELICAL AND BENEVOLENT
ENTERPRISE TOWARD PERMANENT RELIEF OF WIDOWS AND
ORPHANS OF THE LATE ARMENIAN MARTYRS. MAIN
CENTRES IN ICONIUM, TARSUS, AND MARASH.

THE REV. HARUTUNE S. JENANYAN, PRINCIPAL.

American Headquarters:

1301 DIVINITY PLACE, W. PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Acting Treasurer in United States:

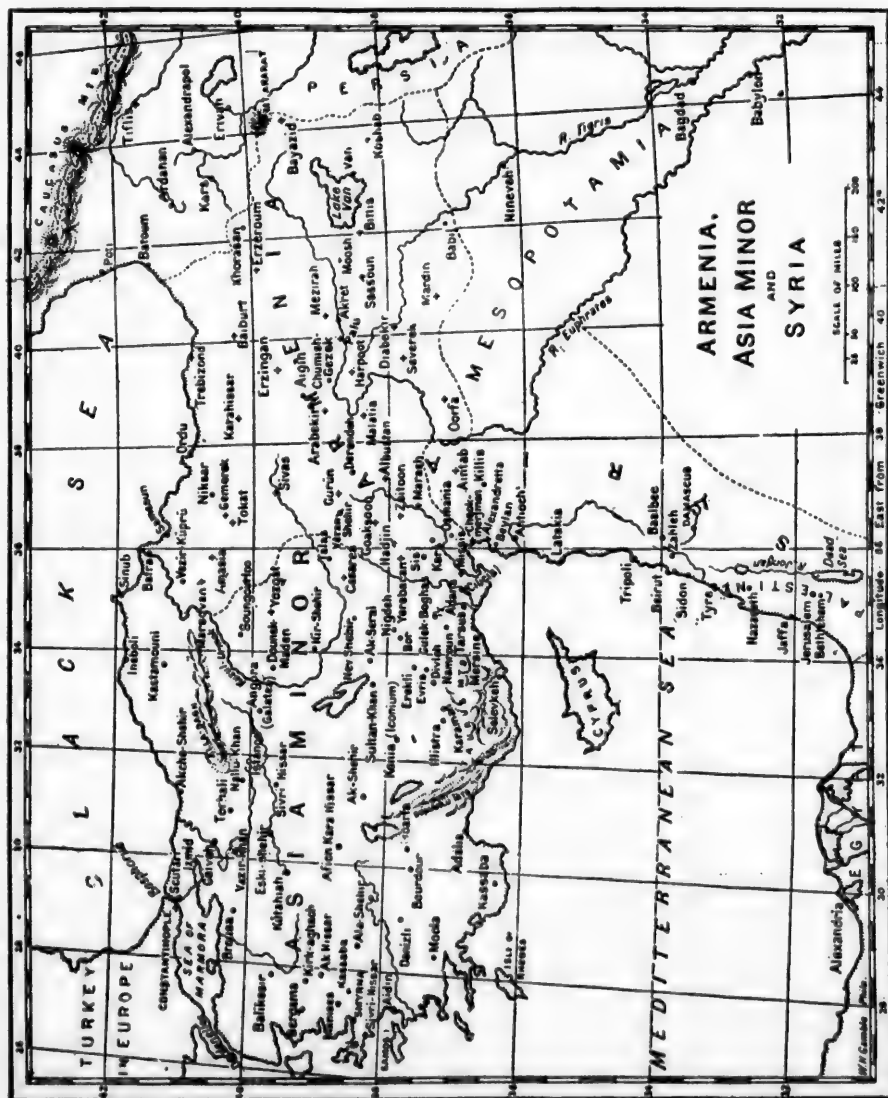
GEORGE S. HICKOK, ESQ.,

Cashier, the National Park Bank,
New York City.

Acting Treasurer in Canada

ELIAS ROGERS, ESQ.,

20 King Street West, Toronto,
Canada.



THE CRADLE LAND OF CHRISTIANITY, NOW IN SORROW AND WOE.



APPENDIX.

ASIA MINOR APOSTOLIC INSTITUTE.

EDUCATIONAL.

THE Institute started its work as a day school in Iconium, modern Konia, January, 1892. Its influence spreading and scholars increasing, now it has over one hundred students of both sexes. In the Boys' Department the curriculum thus far has included the English, French, Turkish, Greek and Armenian languages, the Holy Bible, Mathematics as high as Trigonometry, Universal History, Physiology, Physics, Astronomy and Geology.

Lately, through the kind permission of the Government, the standard of the school has been raised to that of a regular college, and to the above-mentioned courses are added higher Mathematics, Zoology, Botany, Chemistry, Political Economy, Moral and Mental Philosophy, Logic, Rhetoric, Bookkeeping, Music, Gymnastics, Drawing, also Latin and German languages.

The Institute, however, does not content itself with theoretical teaching only, but, in addition, gives the students some professional training, whereby they may become self-supporting and help to develop the land. This coming year Photography will be taught in the advanced classes, while preparations are being made for departments in Pharmacy, Dentistry and Agriculture.

To the already existing faculty the appointment of a new superintendent and several professors gives every hope that the Institute will prove to be one of the best colleges in the Empire, and render a great service throughout that land.

The first class graduated in the year 1897. Some of these are teaching in Iconium and elsewhere, others are now in American

colleges preparing for greater usefulness in the future. The educational work is not limited to Iconium. Three schools in Tarsus; two in Marash; one in Azizia, and another in Sivas—numbering altogether 460 students of both sexes—are under the charge and support of the Institute.

This enterprise differs from other missionary institutions in



THE REV. HARUTUNE S. JENANYAN WITH HIS FAMILY.

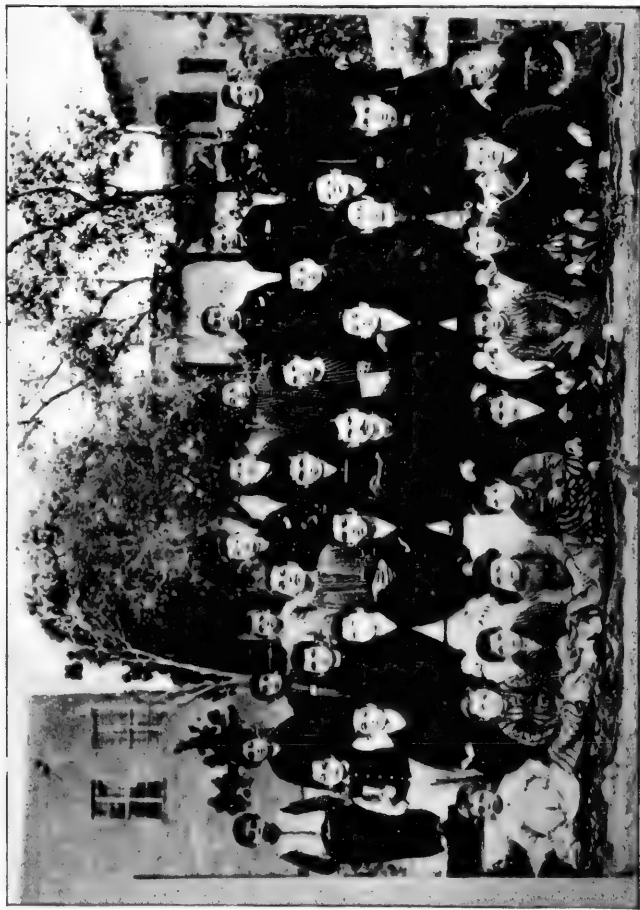
being carried on chiefly *by* the natives as well as *for* the natives. Now twenty-eight instructors are rendering most direct and efficient services in their various departments, and, with the utmost economy, thus reaching the ultimate aim of Foreign Missionary societies to develop an efficient and self-supporting native agency.

PARTIAL LIST OF THE WORKING FORCE OF THE
INSTITUTE.

- Principal H. S. Jenanyan, '87, Union Theological Seminary, New York.
Mrs. Helene R. Jenanyan, '86, Normal School, New York.
Hagop Rejebian, M.D., '89, Post-graduate Medical School, New York.
Armenag Haigazian, B.D., '96, Hartford Sem.; Ph.D., '98, Yale University.
Rev. H. Geov. Kalayjian, '84, Theological Seminary, Marash, Turkey.
Miss A. Mikaelian, '94, American Girls' Seminary, Caesarea, Turkey.
Miss Semma Jenanyan, '95, Kindergarten, Normal School, Syracuse, N. Y.
Rev. Hagop Coomrian, '80, Theological Seminary, Marash, Turkey.
Rev. Melkon Jenanyan, '98, Auburn Theological Seminary, Auburn, N. Y.
Mrs. Osanna Topjian, '90, Girls' College, Marash, Turkey.
Solomon Nevshahirlian, '89, Berberian College, Constantinople.
Leon Tamzarian, '97, A. M. A. Institute, Iconium.

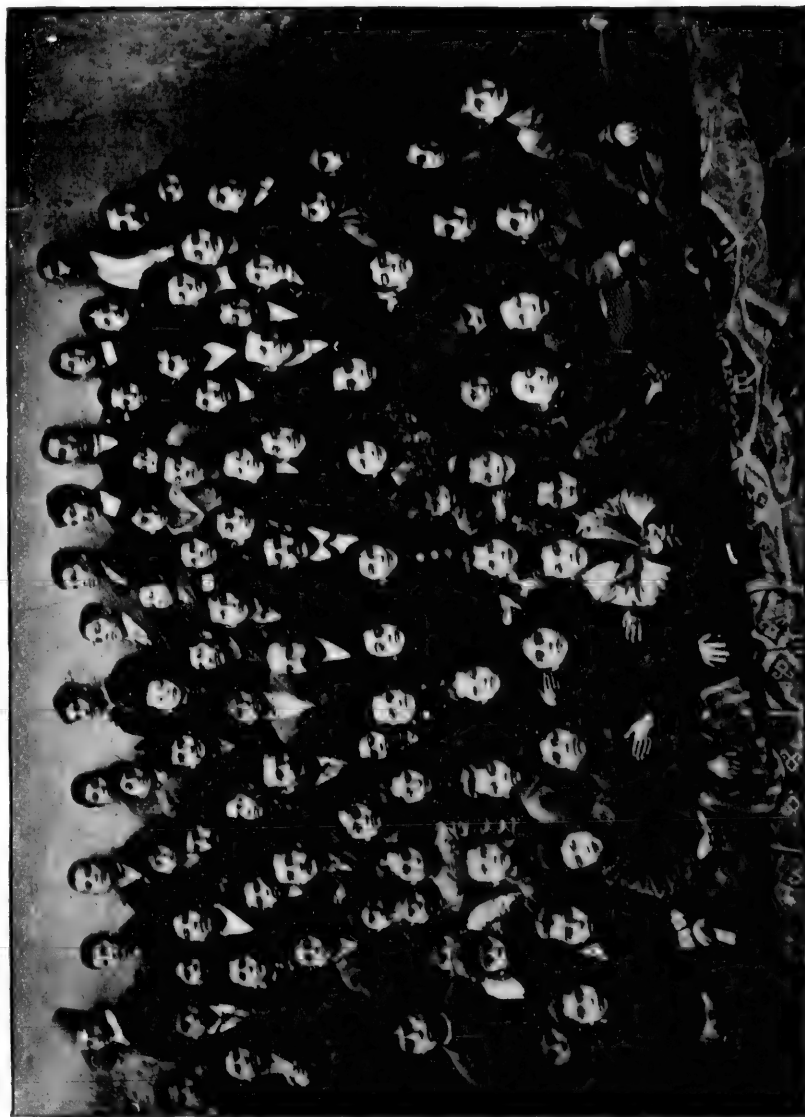
UNDER PREPARATION FOR FUTURE WORK.

- Hagop Markarian, Lafayette College, Easton, Pa.
Toros K. Yasharian, Lehigh University, South Bethlehem, Pa.
Ardashes Merdinyan, Penn. College, Gettysburg, Pa.
Carnig Kooyoumjian, Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.
Roupen Kazanjian, College of Pharmacy, Philadelphia, Pa.
Vasileos Eftyhithes, Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, Canada.
Anton Nicholas, Victoria University, Toronto, Canada.
Samuel Sarkissian, Collegiate Institute, Hamilton, Canada.
Nazar Rejebian, Ontario College of Pharmacy, Toronto, Canada.



ASIA MINOR APOSTOLIC INSTITUTE, ICONIUM—TEACHER AND PUPILS, 1892.

ASIA MINOR APOSTOLIC INSTITUTE, ICONIUM—TEACHER AND PUPILS, 1892.



ASIA MINOR APOSTOLIC INSTITUTE, ICONIUM—FACULTY AND STUDENTS, 1897.

EVANGELICAL.

The Asia Minor Apostolic Institute stands and operates entirely on non-sectarian basis, and labors to win to Christ all who come under its influence. Superintendents and teachers in all the branches are engaged in preaching and teaching the Word in Sabbath services, Sunday Schools and Young People's societies, and most encouraging accounts of spiritual change and development are received. Many of the members have proved means of blessing in the various churches they have attended, whether Protestant, Gregorian or orthodox Greek ; and through these mediums to help the long-suffering Oriental churches to revive from within, and prove living witnesses for Christ and the truth, is the ultimate aim of the Institute. While friends of the work rejoice to see lives changed for the better, disheartened ones led to the source of comfort and blessing, and many bitter tears wiped away with the hope of eternal salvation, there is every reason to believe that greater blessings are in store for that land through the instrumentality of this and similar institutions.

BENEVOLENT.

Since the late massacres in Armenia and part of Asia Minor, the pressing demand has been to relieve widows and orphans of the martyrs, who may be numbered by tens of thousands. So the Institute, establishing a permanent relief work through its treasury, has sent help to eleven different cities, giving aid to nearly 5,000 widows and their little ones. Through the industrial work of the women, many of the above are now self-supporting, and others are partly helped to that end. Besides aiding hundreds of orphans with their widowed mothers at home and many in the schools, there have been established four Orphanages for both sexes—two in Marash, and one each in Tarsus and Sivas ; so including those in the day schools, several hundreds of boys and girls of different grades—fatherless, motherless, or destitute ones—are under supervision and support. God permitting and providing, and Christian philanthropy co-operating, what a great service it will mean to the country and the cause of Christ to thus aid, educate, and prepare these to help themselves and others.



SIVAS ORPHANAGE OF A. M. A. INSTITUTE.

The boy on the extreme right is the last arrival, and will serve to show how the others looked on entering the orphanage.



ORPHANS IN TARSUS SCHOOLS UNDER THE CHARGE OF ASIA MINOR
APOSTOLIC INSTITUTE.



GIRLS' DEPARTMENT IN TARBUS SCHOOL, INCLUDING ORPHAN GIRLS OF THE OPPOSITE PAGE.



ENDORSERS.

The following and many other clergymen of wide experience and great success personally endorsing and signing the Permanent Relief Mission of Asia Minor Apostolic Institute, say :

“Rev. H. S. Jenanyan, an Armenian missionary, the founder of St. Paul's Institute, Tarsus, and also founder and principal of Asia Minor Apostolic Institute, is now providentially in this country.

“The late massacres in the places of his ministry—the martyrdom of co-workers and many Christians—have naturally increased his responsibility and energy in the fields of his labor, and for a time his whole purpose is to give permanent shelter and relief to the most destitute widows and orphans whose husbands and parents have been martyred. His scheme of having these cared for in some homes, and the widows enabled during a period to be placed in a position for self-support through some service and handiwork, while the orphan or fatherless may be placed in good institutions for sustenance and training, is wisely conceived, and is a most practical method for saving those who have no means of earning a livelihood. While other relief channels may be exhausted by decreasing contributions, this method may prove permanent. Mr. Jenanyan's wide and successful experience in that country, his knowledge of the people and their present condition, his exceeding carefulness in not personally taking contributions, but having funds sent to the acting Treasurer, while holding himself responsible to report to donors and advisors of his mission, give us every assurance that his motives are unselfish and for the good of his people and country.

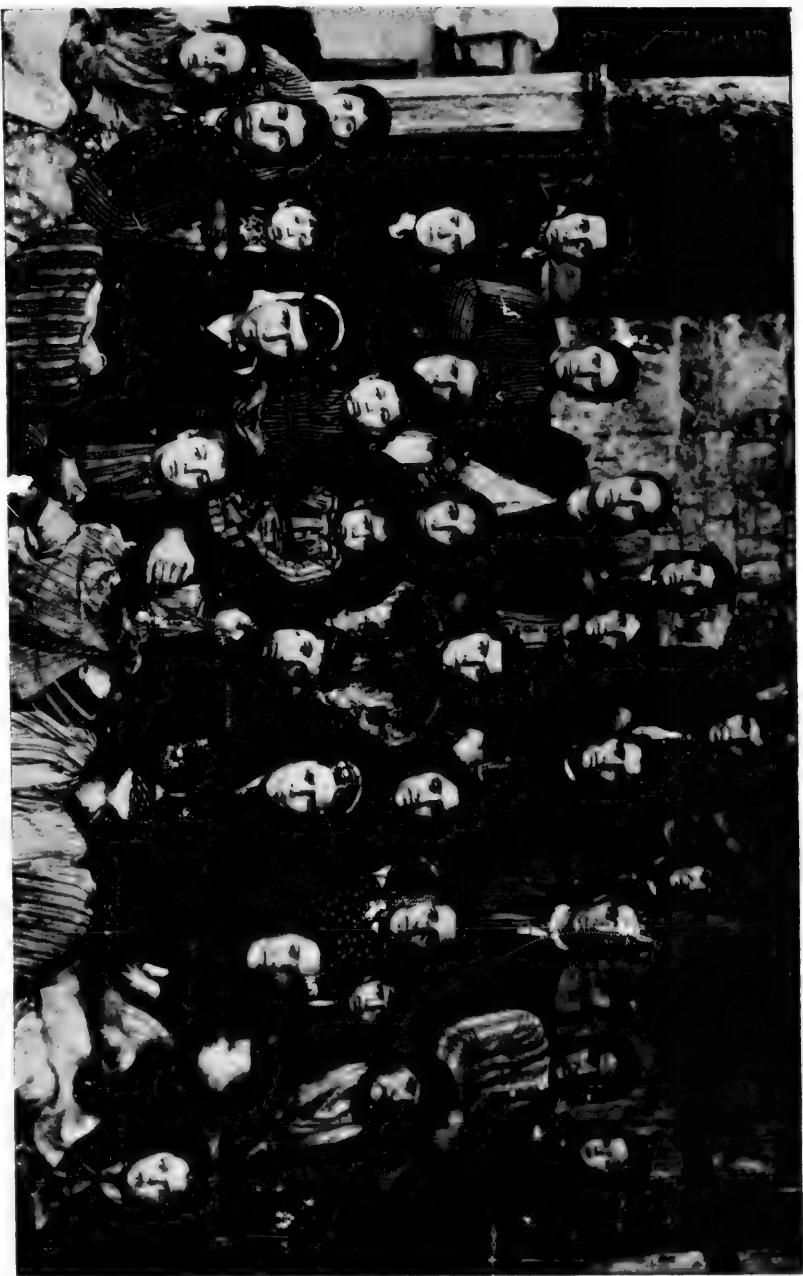
“We therefore bespeak for this brother and the cause the hearty sympathy and support of those who may find this the

"Yours in the bond of Christ,"

Bishop E. G. Andrews, D.D., LL.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. Robert Russell Booth, D.D., LL.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. David J. Burrell, D.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. W. H. P. Faunce, D.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. David H. Greer, D.D.	-	New York City.
The late Rev. John Hall, D.D., LL.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. A. B. Leonard, D.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D., LL.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. C. H. Parkhurst, D.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. J. Lewis Parks, D.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. Josiah Strong, D.D., LL.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. B. B. Tyler, D.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. S. H. Virgin, D.D., LL.D.	-	New York City.
Rev. E. Winchester Donald, D.D.	-	Boston, Mass.
Rev. George C. Lorimer, D.D.	-	Boston, Mass.
Rt. Rev. William Lawrence, D.D., LL.D.	-	Boston, Mass.
Rev. Albert H. F. umb, D.D., LL.D.	-	Boston, Mass.
Rev. George D. Baker, D.D.	-	Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. S. W. Dana, D.D.	-	Philadelphia, Pa.
Bishop C. D. Foss, D.D., LL.D.	-	Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. A. G. Mortimer, D.D.	-	Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. Joseph A. Seiss, D.D., LL.D.	-	Philadelphia, Pa.
Rev. Kerr Boyce Tupper, D.D., LL.D.	-	Philadelphia, Pa.
Rt. Rev. O. W. Whitaker, D.D., LL.D.	-	Philadelphia, Pa.
The late Rt. Rev. N. S. Rulison, D.D., LL.D.	-	S. Bethlehem, Pa.
Rev. M. Valentine, D.D., LL.D.	-	Gettysburg, Pa.
Rev. W. F. Heil, D.D.	-	Reading, Pa.
Rev. R. S. Storrs, D.D., LL.D.	-	Brooklyn, N. Y.
Rev. Cyrus Hamlin, D.D., LL.D.	-	Lexington, Mass.
Rev. G. T. Purves, D.D., LL.D.	-	Princeton, N. J.
Rt. Rev. John Scarborough, D.D., LL.D.	-	Trenton, N. J.
Bishop John P. Newman, D.D., LL.D.	-	Saratoga, N. Y.
Bishop E. B. Kephart, D.D.	-	Baltimore, Md.
Bishop N. Castle, D.D.	-	Elkhart, Ind.

The preceding endorsement is also signed by the following leading clergymen of the Evangelical Churches in Toronto, Canada, where Rev. H. S. Jenanyan made a brief visit in order to interest the people of the Dominion :

Rev. A. H. Baldwin, M.A.,	-	-	-	Toronto, Ont.
Ven. Archdeacon Boddy, M.A.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. Septimus Jones, M.A.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. Principal Sheraton, D.D., LL.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rt. Rev. Edward Sullivan, D.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. S. S. Bates, B.A.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. C. A. Eaton, M.A.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. B. D. Thomas, D.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. W. W. Weeks,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. H. P. Welton, D.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. Thomas B. Hyde,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. Morgan Wood,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. Charles A. Wookey,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. R. P. Bowles, M.A., B.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. William Briggs, D.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. Chancellor Burwash, S.T.D., LL.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. A. Carman, D.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. S. D. Chown, D.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. W. H. Hincks, LL.B.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. A. Sutherland, D.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. Principal Caven, D.D., LL.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. Alexander Gilray, D.D.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. William Patterson,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. J. A. Turnbull, LL.B.,	-	-	-	" "
Rev. W. G. Wallace, B.D.,	-	-	-	" "



GROUP OF ARMENIAN WIDOWS WHO, WITH THEIR 176 CHILDREN, HAVE BEEN RELIEVED BY THE INSTITUTE



ORPHANS AS THEY APPEARED WHEN RECEIVED INTO MARASH ORPHANAGE, A BRANCH OF THE INSTITUTE.

ORPHANS AS THEY APPEARED WHEN RECEIVED INTO MARASH ORPHANAGE, A BRANCH OF THE INSTITUTE.



MARASH ORPHANAGE OF A. M. A. INSTITUTE AFTER A YEAR.



ORPHANAGE IN ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH OF MARASH BRANCH.

DEFINITE WORK ACCOMPLISHED.

Four thousand five hundred destitute widows with their little ones helped since 1896, many of whom now are self-supporting through industrial departments ; others still being aided to that end.

Three hundred and fifty orphan or fatherless children sheltered and relieved, many being educated to help themselves and others in coming years.

Three hundred and forty boys and girls are in day and boarding-schools receiving training and education.

One Bible woman in Tarsus has thirty-five women and maidens whom she visits daily, teaching them to read the Bible, also rendering valuable missionary services to many families, in comforting them and leading them to a better life.

The Evangelical Church in Azizia, whose support was discontinued by their Missions owing to lack of funds, applied to the Institute at a crisis, and the needed amount was sent, thus saving a good congregation and school from abandonment and cheering a disheartened pastor.

Fourteen promising youths and maidens are partly relieved and helped for their education in colleges in the United States and Canada, thus preparing themselves for efficient work in connection with the Institute.

Families and many individuals, in all to sixty-four most needy and destitute refugees, a helping hand was given on reaching this country.

Through the encouragement and aid of the Institute the religious services have been carried on among the Armenian refugees in Cairo, Egypt, Boston, Mass., and Philadelphia, Pa.

The preceding brief report, will suffice to show that God's special favor has been upon Asia Minor Apostolic Institute from the beginning up to this time. The work in all its departments as to methods, economy and rapid progress, stands ahead of any missionary enterprise of its kind in the whole country.

The Principal, Rev. H. S. Jenanyan, and his family are now in America, giving all their time and energy toward the establishment and furtherance of the work. Their stay is temporary. With the hearty and speedy co-operation and support of Christians in this country, they hope to return and personally superintend the Institute in its various branches, aided by a corps of able workers who are now under preparation.

WHAT MONEY CAN DO.

\$5, AUXILIARY MEMBER.—Provides lodging, bedding and clothing for a widow or orphan one year.

\$10, PATRON.—Feeds a destitute person one year.

\$25, BENEFACTOR.—Supports an advanced maiden or youth in a school one year.

\$50, SUSTAINING MEMBER.—Shelters and sustains a widowed mother and her three children one year.

\$100, LIFE MEMBER.—For the permanent establishment of Asia Minor Apostolic Institute in its different branches.

\$500.—Endows a scholarship for an orphan youth or maiden.

\$1,000.—Secures a home to shelter 50 orphan boys or girls.

\$5,000.—Endows a professor's chair in the educational work.

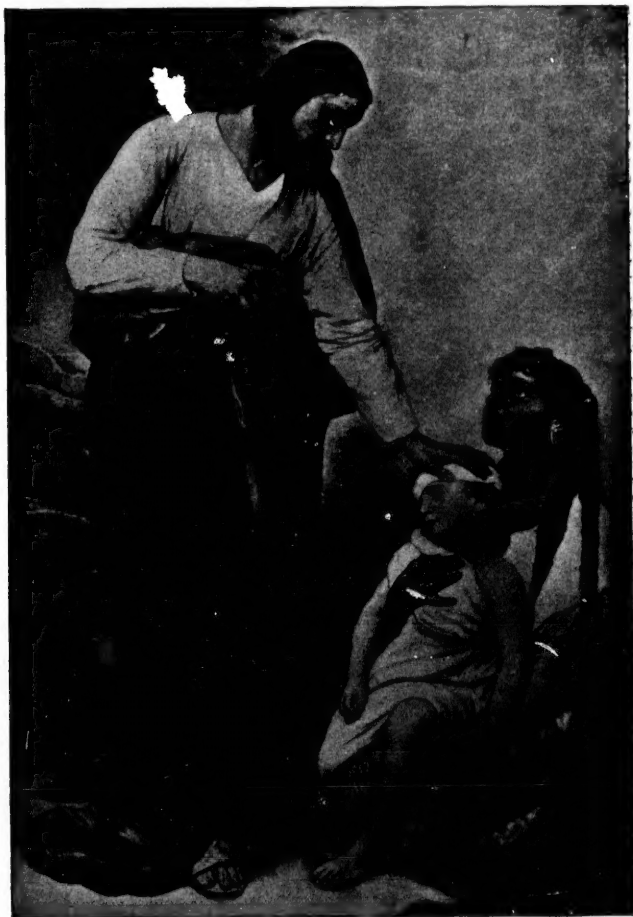
\$10,000.—Institutes for young women to shelter and train them as Bible readers, nurses, and for practical work, accommodating about 200.

\$10,000.—Hospital work for women and children.

\$30,000.—Institutions for orphan boys at two centres, with farms and industrial branches, each accommodating 200.

Will it be too much to call for \$100,000 to fully meet the demands of Asia Minor Apostolic Institute in all its departments? One thousand churches or generous individuals, each giving or raising \$100 life memberships will thus help erect lasting memorials for Christian benevolence. In case of a church contributing \$100 its pastor becomes a life member.

DONORS PROVIDING FOR THE DESTITUTE CAN NAME SUCH FOR THEIR DEAR ONES, WHILE TOWARD THE ESTABLISHMENT CERTAIN BRANCHES OR DEPARTMENTS MAY BE NAMED ACCORDING TO THEIR WISHES. LARGE AMOUNTS CAN BE PAID QUARTERLY IN A YEAR, OR DURING FOUR YEARS.



A FRIEND OF THE FRIENDLESS.

"It is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that one of these little ones should perish."

"Defend the poor and fatherless—Deliver the poor and needy—Rid them out of the hands of the wicked."

"Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

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